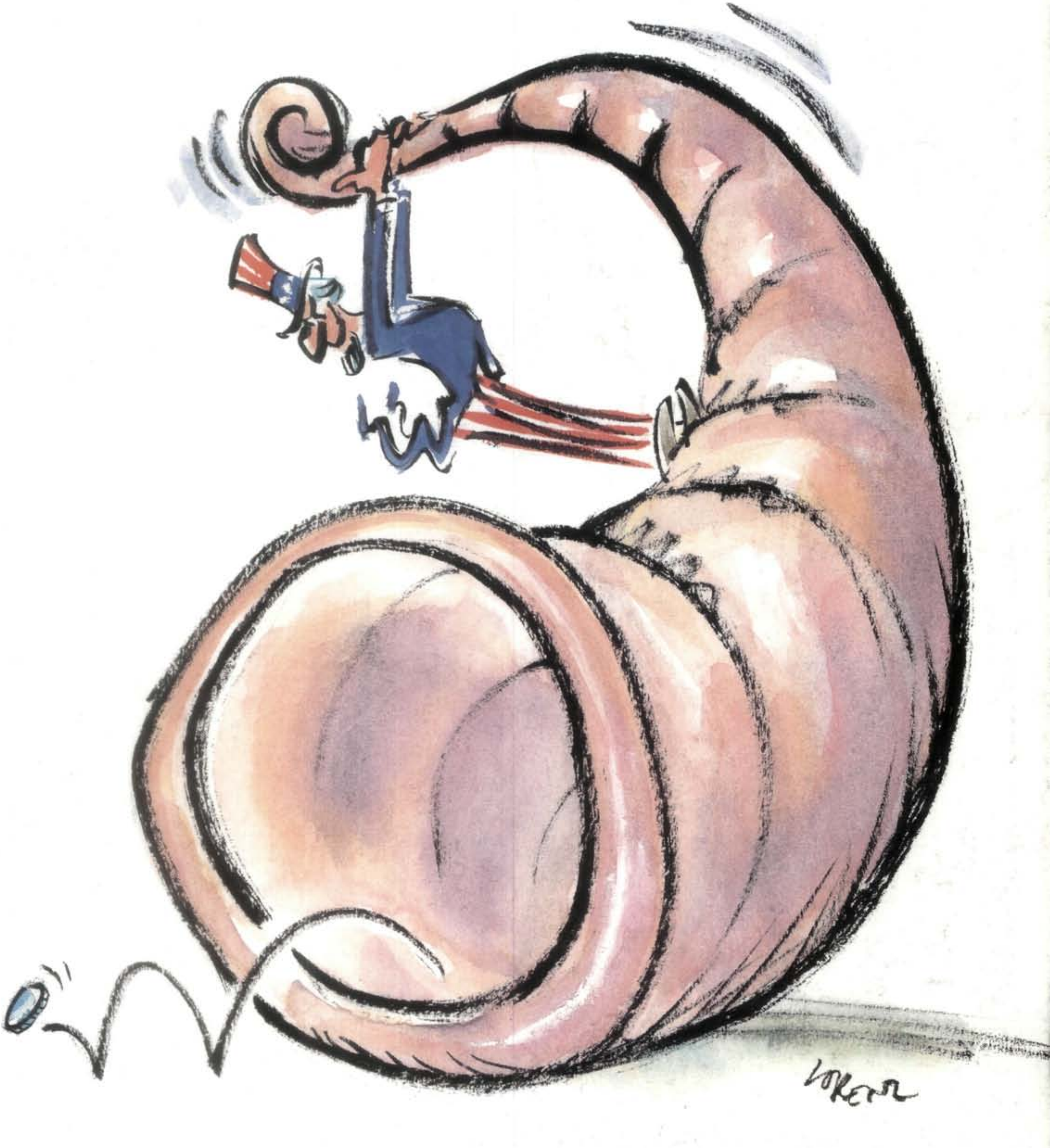
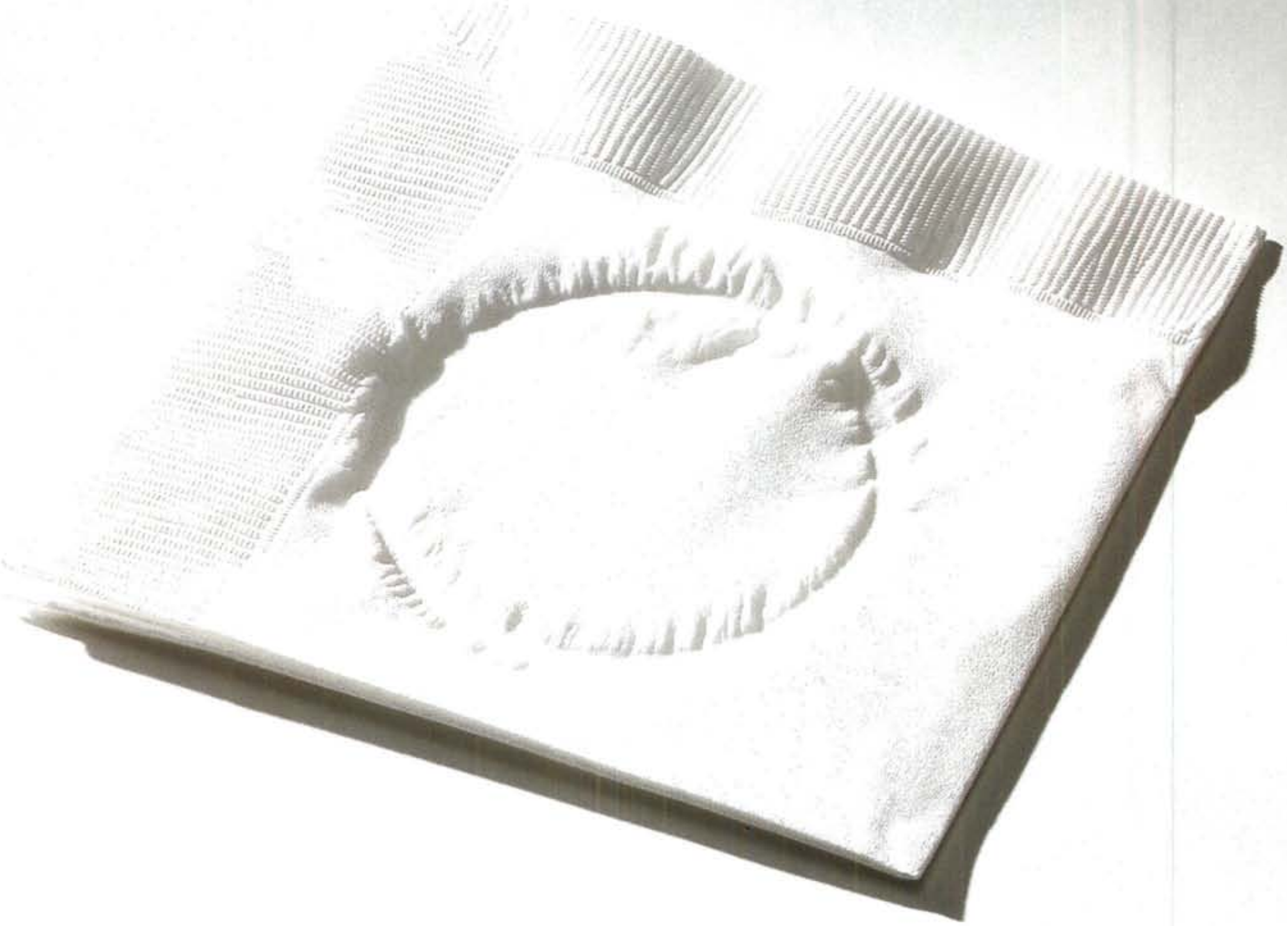
April 15, 1991

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75

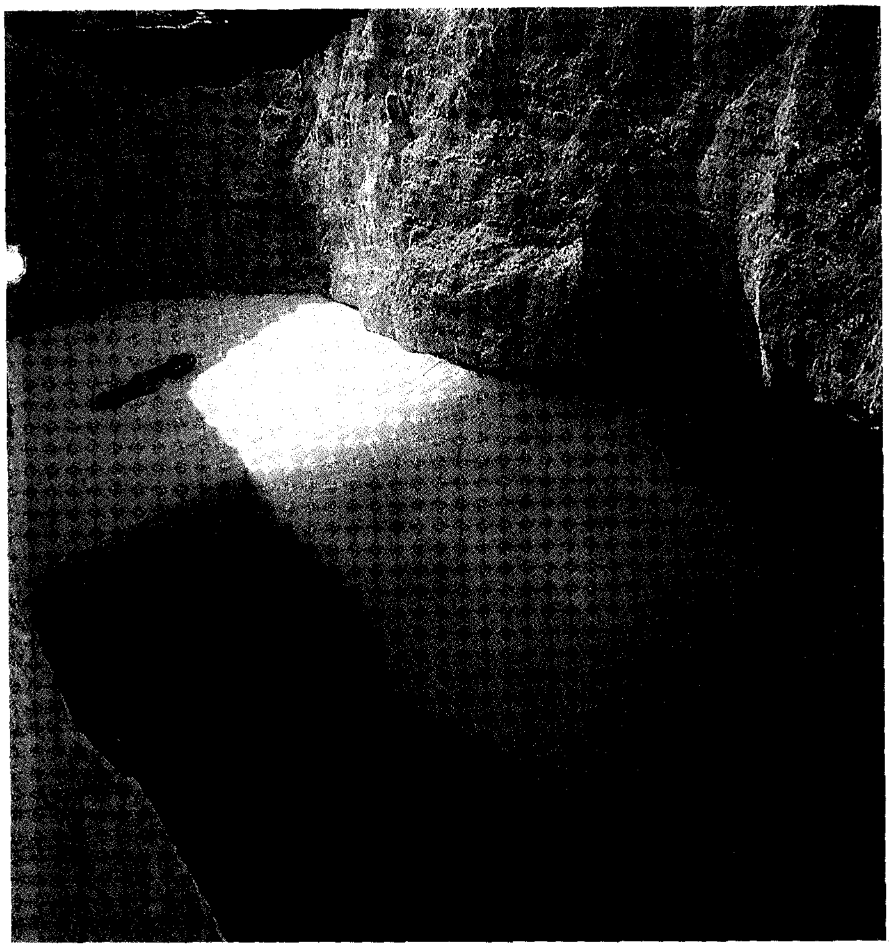


Cutty Sark Blended Scots Whisky. 40% Alc. by Vol. Imported by © W. A. Taylor & Co., Miami, Florida 1991.

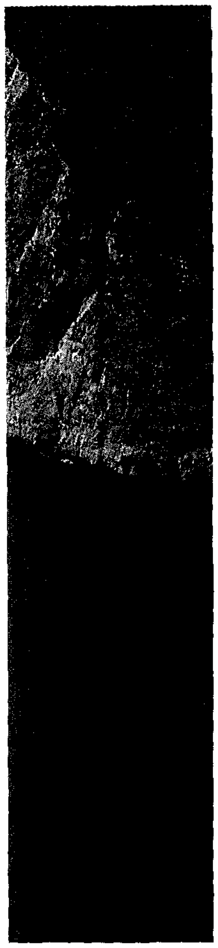


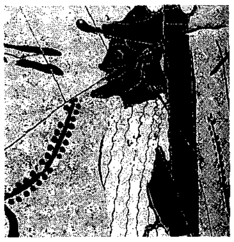
Some people order certain drinks to be cool,
others to be trendy.
But this is the only impression you leave
when you order Cutty Sark.
And if that's all right with you,
you're probably pretty impressive already.

CUTTY SARK®
SCOTS WHISKY
UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH



SEDUCED BY OVER 30,000 BEACHES, NO WONDER ULYSSES TOOK TEN YEARS TO GET HOME





ULYSSES, KING OF ITHACA, THE INGENIOUS VICTOR OF THE TEN YEAR TROJAN WAR WHO TOOK AS LONG TO GET HOME. POSSIBLY DUE TO AN INNER WAR. A CONFLICT BETWEEN THE URGE TO GET HOME AND THE ATTRACTIONS ENCOUNTERED EN ROUTE.

A ROUTE ACROSS TURQUOISE SEAS DOTTED BY MORE THAN 2,000 ISLANDS. THE INVITATION OF 15,000 KILOMETRES OF SUN DRENCHED COASTLINE, REVEALING THE HIDDEN DELIGHTS OF 30,000 BEACHES. NEVER ENDING SUMMERS WHERE THE SUN SHINES FOR ALL OF 330 DAYS. THESE ARE THE SEAS WHICH THE GODS TRAVERSED. THESE ARE THE SEAS THAT AWAIT YOU IN GREECE.

TAKE YOUR TIME SOAKING UP THE SUN. SUMMER IS LONG AND, BESIDES, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE ANOTHER.

THE GODS COULD HAVE MADE THEIR BEACHES ANYWHERE. THEY CHOSE THE COASTLINE OF GREECE.

ΕΛΛΑΣ

GREECE

Chosen by the Gods

OLYMPIC AIRWAYS

FOR MORE INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT THE GREEK NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION:
NEW YORK OLYMPIC TOWER, 645 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10022. TELEPHONE (212) 421-5777 **CHICAGO** 168 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, SUITE 600, CHICAGO, IL 60601. TELEPHONE (312) 782-1084 **LOS ANGELES** 611 WEST SIXTH STREET, SUITE 2198, LOS ANGELES, CA 90017. TELEPHONE (213) 626-6696

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

RECEIVED
APR 14 1991

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

APRIL 15, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
"THE FACE" . . . . *Milan Kundera* 34
"PILL BUGS" (POEM) . . . . *James Reidel* 36
"THE AFTERNOON OF ROME" (POEM) . . . . *Debora Greger* 42
A REPORTER AT LARGE (ARMENIA AND AZERBAIJAN) . . . . *Robert Cullen* 55
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 77
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (RADIO HOMEMAKERS) . . . . *Jane and Michael Stern* 78
"THE RENDEZVOUS" (POEM) . . . . *Maxine Kumin* 84
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 94
BOOKS . . . . *Helen Vendler* 99
BRIEFLY NOTED 103

COVER: *Lee Lorenz*

DRAWINGS: *Danny Shanahan, Ed Fisher, Edward Koren, William Steig, Michael Maslin, Leo Cullum, Al Ross, Lee Lorenz, Mick Stevens, Gahan Wilson, Robert Weber, Henry Martin, William Hamilton, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Tom Funk, Victoria Roberts, Donald Reilly, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, Charles Barsotti, George Booth*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager/cfo; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and associate publisher; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVII, No. 8, April 15, 1991. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1991 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $56.00. Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

HOTELS

UNITED STATES
Austin
Boston
Chicago
Chicago (Ritz-Carlton)
Houston
Houston (Inn on the Park)
Los Angeles (Beverly Hills)
New York (The Pierre)
Newport Beach, California
Philadelphia
San Francisco
Seattle (The Olympic)
Washington, D.C.

CANADA
Montreal
Toronto
Toronto (Inn on the Park)
Vancouver

LATIN AMERICA
Mexico City (1992)

EUROPE
London (Inn on the Park)
Paris (1993)

ASIA
Tokyo (1992)
Singapore (1993)

RESORTS
Canada (Minaki Lodge)
Dallas (Las Colinas)
Maui (Wailea)
Nevis, W.I.
Santa Barbara (The Biltmore)
Carlsbad, California (Aviara, 1992)
Hawaii (Kona, 1993)

For reservations, call your travel agent, or in the U.S. call: (800) 332-3442; in Canada (800) 268-6282.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

© 1991 Four Seasons Hotels Ltd.
MARLENE IS THE SOUL OF CONCERN. SHE CANNOT SLEEP WELL AT NIGHT UNLESS SHE IS CERTAIN YOU WILL.
Marlene Wei
Housekeeper
Four Seasons Hotel
Chicago

Her radiant smile belies a steely determination — to transform your room into a haven of tranquility. With pillows the way you like them, French-milled soaps, and stacks of thick bath towels, morning and night. Like her untiring colleagues who press your jacket within the hour, polish your shoes overnight, and unfailingly take your phone messages, Marlene's mission is to enhance your personal comfort and, in turn, your professional efficiency the following day. Which makes a Four Seasons Hotel the kind of investment you never lose sleep over.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

Periodically, we like to use this space in a notice-board way, to publicize the efforts of certain small or struggling companies to better themselves financially. So when a memo came in from Francine L. Trevens announcing "a major fund-raising event" for the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players at Symphony Space on April 14, at 5 P.M., we thought it was worth a mention. FLT Press Representatives are famous (with us, anyway) for turning out tasteful but to-the-point cries for help on behalf of underendowed theatre groups, and this one, which was full of reminders about small theatres that have recently bitten the dust, got our attention. Among the celebrities who will be showing up to take part in the event—it's called "Look Who Loves Gilbert and Sullivan"—are Oscar Brand, Stephen Lang, and John Rubinstein.

Also in the spirit of if-we-don't-then-who-will journalism, we thought we'd point out that the Atlantic Theatre Company, whose production of the David Mamet adaptation of Chekhov's "Three Sisters" opens this week, is selling immortality in the form of sponsored seats in their new theatre, on West 20th Street (it used to be the Apple Corps). Seats go for a hundred, two hundred, and five hundred dollars, and each contribution buys a plaque with your name on it.

We stopped by the Atlantic the other day, and Robin Spielberg, who composed the music for the Chekhov production, took us back to the company's office to show us a sales chart detailing how many of the theatre's seats had been sold and by whom and for how much. She told us that there was a sales contest in progress among members of the company, and we couldn't help thinking of the real-estate sales contest among the real-estate brokers in Mamet's "Glengarry Glen Ross." "What does the winner get?" we asked. "A Cadillac?" Miss Spielberg, who plays the maid (a non-speaking role) in "Three Sisters," thought for a moment. Then she said gaily, "I don't know, maybe a part?"

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Black Eagles—A play by Leslie Lee, about the Tuskegee Airmen, the black fighter pilots of the Second World War. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

The Good Times Are Killing Me—A play by Lynda Barry. Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson head a fourteen-member cast; Mark Brokaw directed. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Grand Finale—The Ubu Repertory Theatre presents a 1987 farce by Copi (Raul Damonte). Translated from the French by Michael Feingold and directed by André Ernotte. Previews April 10-14. Opens April 15 at 8. (15 W. 28th St. 679-7562.)

I Hate Hamlet—Nicol Williamson, Celeste Holm, and Evan Handler in a new comedy written by Paul Rudnick and directed by Michael Engler. Opens April 8 at 6:30. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

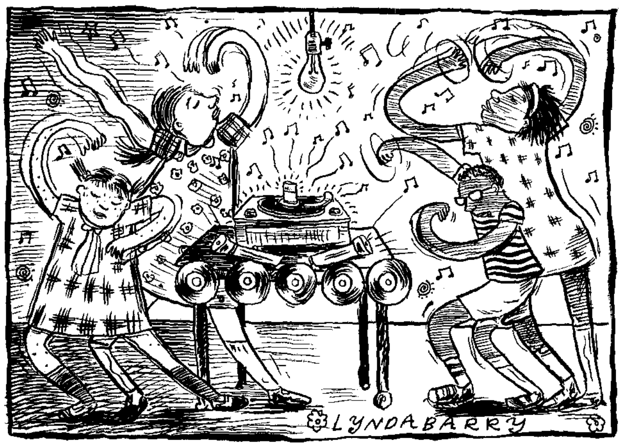
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

Making History—The New York première of a 1988 play by Brian Friel. A production of the Irish Repertory Theatre. Preview on April 9. Opens April 10 at 8. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Miss Saigon—Jonathan Pryce, Lea Salonga, Hinton Battle, Barry K. Bernal, Liz Callaway, and Willy Falk in the musical by Claude-Michel Schönberg, Alain Boublil, and Richard Maltby, Jr. (Kam Cheng plays Miss Salonga's role in certain performances.) Directed by Nicholas Hytner. Previews through April 10. Opens April 11 at 6:30. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 563-2266.)

Native Speech—A play by Eric Overmyer. Opens April 12 at 8, and runs through May 5. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 869-3530.)

The Old Boy—A new play by A. R. Gurney, with Stephen Collins. Directed by John Rubinstein. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)



"The Good Times Are Killing Me"

Red Scare on Sunset—Charles Busch wrote and stars in this comedy about an actress battling Communism in nineteen-fifties Hollywood. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

The Secret Garden—Mandy Patinkin and Daisy Eagan lead the cast of a new musical based on the Frances Hodgson Burnett classic. Marsha Norman wrote the book and the lyrics, and Lucy Simon provided the score. Susan H. Schulman directed. In previews. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Three Sisters—Melissa Bruder, Mary McCann, and Elizabeth McGovern star in David Mamet's adaptation of the Chekhov play. Directed by W. H. Macy. Previews April 12-16. Opens April 17 at 8, and runs through May 4. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-8755.)

The Will Rogers Follies—A new musical starring Keith Carradine. The book is by Peter Stone, the score by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Directed and choreographed by Tommy Tune. In previews. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Advice from a Caterpillar—A romantic comedy by Douglas Carter Beane, with Ally Sheedy, Dennis Christopher, David Lansbury, and Harley Venton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

And the World Goes 'Round: The Songs of Kander & Ebb—A musical revue, with Bob Cuccioli, Karen Mason, Brenda Pressley, Jim Walton, and Karen Ziëmba. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 246-0102.)

Buddy: The Buddy Holly Story—Anyone who thinks that rock and roll lives on had better steer clear of this ersatz docu-musical about the life of Buddy Holly. (11/19/90) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Candida—Laurie Kennedy has the title role in a revival of Shaw's play. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes April 21.)

Carreño—A show based on the life of Teresa Carreño, the Venezuelan composer, pianist, conductor, and singer. Written and performed by Pamela Ross and directed by Gene Frankel. Most performances are in English; a few are in Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Daugherty & Field Off-Broadway—The cabaret team of Bill Daugherty and Robin Field in a revue of swing and show tunes. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

The Fever—A one-man play written by, and starring, Wallace Shawn. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes April 21.)

Fiddler on the Roof—The Israeli actor Topol makes a commanding Tevye—the best of all of them—in this production, which falls somewhere between revival and facsimile. The songs are by Bock and Harnick; the dances and staging are re-created from the Jerome Robbins originals; and the costumes are from the Patricia Zipprodt originals. (12/3/90) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A revival of the 1962 Jerome Weidman–Harold Rome musical, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. With Jim Bracchitta, Deborah Carlson, Carolee Carmello, Patti Karr, Alix Korey, Richard Levine, Vicki Lewis, Evan Pappas, and Sam Brent Riegel. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes April 21.)

Jackie Mason: Brand New—The comedian brings his one-man show to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting three plays in rotating repertory: Shakespeare's JULIUS CAESAR and a double bill of Georg Büchner's WOYZECK and LEONCE AND LENA (through April 29). (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

The Kingfish—A play about Huey Long, by Larry L. King and Ben Z. Grant. With John McConnell in the title role. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Lost in Yonkers—There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in New York during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

Lucifer's Child—Julie Harris in a one-woman play about Isak Dinesen that was written by William Luce. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Mambo Mouth—John Leguizamo's show, in which he portrays seven different characters. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Mule Bone—This play with music, a collaboration between Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes, was written in 1930, during the Harlem Renaissance, but was never produced, because the authors quarrelled. The setting is a small Florida town with an exclusively black population. The first act, brimming with episodes (and humor and characters), is just this side of chaos, but the second act tells a clear story about the trial of a young man who knocks out his best friend with a mule bone. Under the strong direction of Michael Schultz, every moment is lively. The members of the company represent the cream of black theatre over the past twenty years or so. Taj Mahal was the composer. (2/25/91) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Closes April 14.)

Nebraska—A play by Keith Reddin. (Naked Angels Theatre, 114 W. 17th St. 727-0020. Closes April 19.)

New York Theatre Workshop—Presenting three one-person shows in rotating repertory: JEFFREY ESSMANN'S ARTIFICIAL REALITY and a double bill of Dario Fo plays, EVE'S DIARY (with

In 1987, critics said Bose® changed the way people thought about loudspeakers.

"Superb sound and virtual invisibility."

"...side by side with speakers costing three to five times as much, the AM-5 consistently produced the more exciting and listenable sound..."

Julian Hirsch,
Stereo Review, 1987

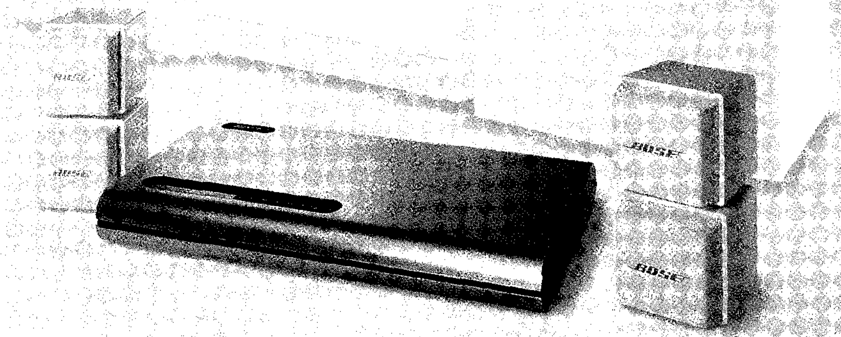
BOSE
BOSE
BOSE
BOSE

Now, they're saying it about our Lifestyle® music system.

"No visible speakers, no stack of components, nothing that looks like sound equipment."

"Hit the start button and suddenly the room fills with music of exemplary clarity and fullness."

Hans Fantel,
The New York Times,* 1990



Call us today to arrange for a personal audition at a participating dealer near you.
Try the Lifestyle music system in your own home for two weeks. Then part with it, if you can.

For more information and a *free* Lifestyle music system video, call;

1-800-444-BOSE (2673)

8:30AM-9:00PM (ET). In Canada call 1-800-465-BOSE (2673) 9:00AM-5:00PM

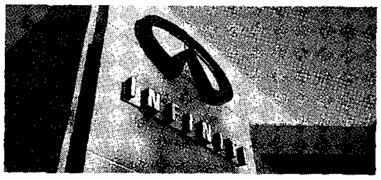
BOSE®
Better sound through research.

© Copyright 1991 Bose Corporation, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168, USA. (508) 879-7330 FAX (508) 872-6541. Bose products are distributed worldwide.
Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. Features and specifications subject to change without notice. *© Copyright 1990 by the New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.

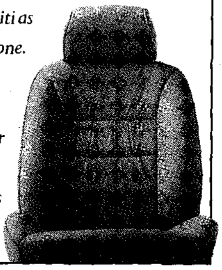
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Car makers always worry about how many miles you put on their cars. At Infiniti, our added concern was how many miles does the car put on you?

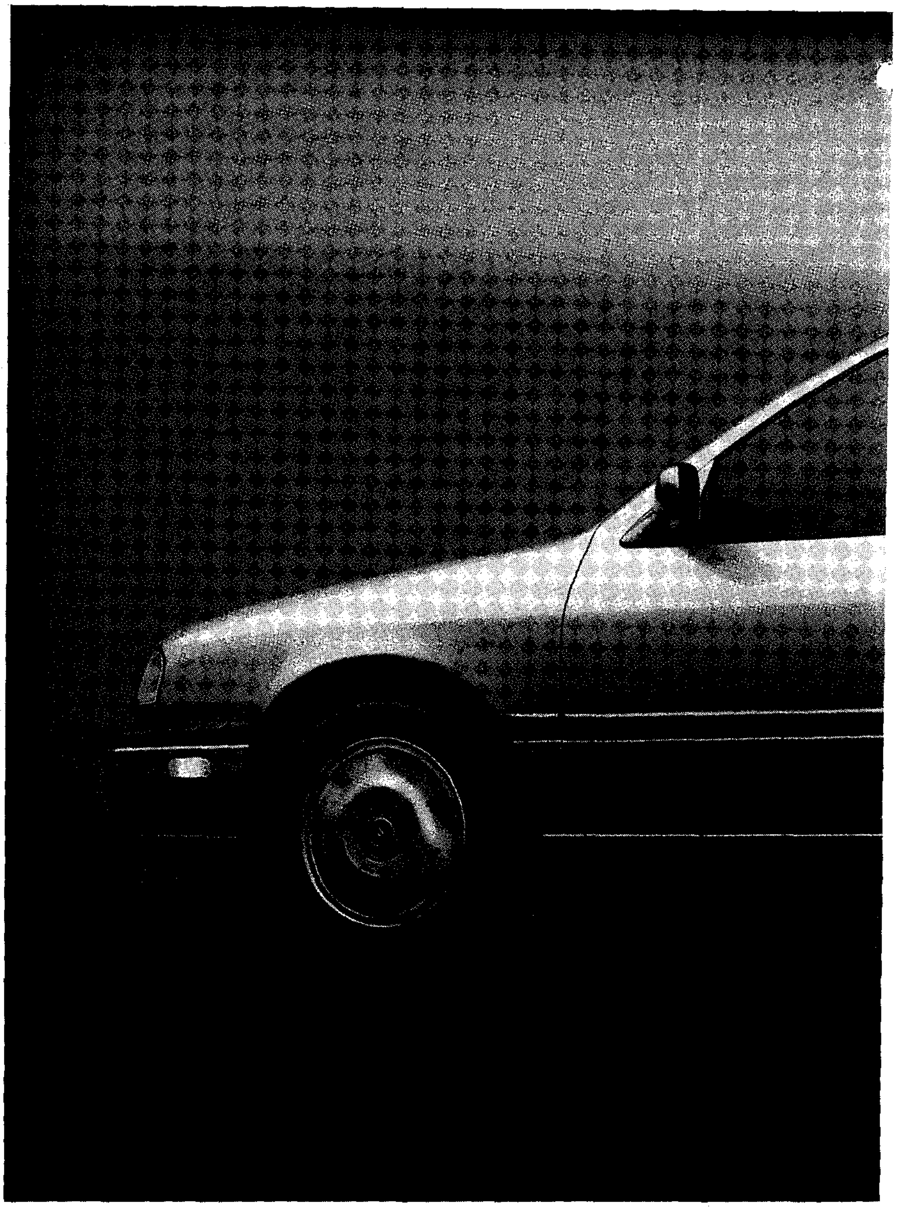
You can measure the stress limits of the engine and the chassis. But what about the driver and passengers?



An Infiniti loaner car is standard when you make an appointment for service. All part of the Infiniti Total Ownership Experience,℠ which makes owning an Infiniti as pleasurable as driving one.



The luxurious environment can be further enhanced with rich leather seating surfaces and power sunroof.



The Infiniti G20™ mid-size luxury sedan is a brilliant example of stress reduction. Which allows another, more pleasurable sensation to surface. Absolute exhilaration.

We began by putting the driver and passengers first. The interior cabin was actually designed before the exterior. Creating a more spacious, luxurious, environment. Like that of a much larger sedan.

What you'll find is, this not only minimizes fatigue and tension. It just plain gives you the luxury of additional room.

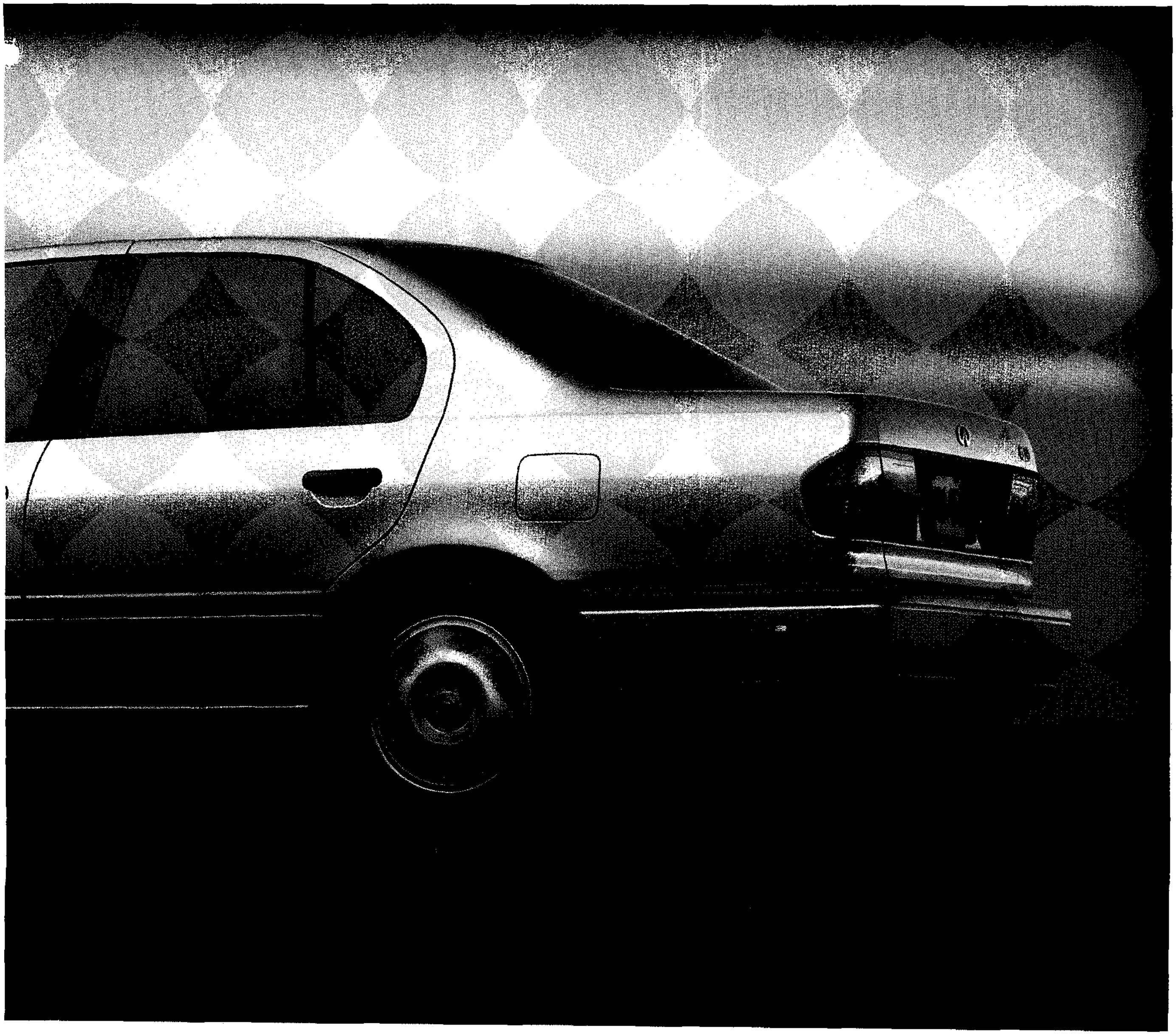
We also found that nothing reduces stress like having control. Feel the G20's stable handling, agile maneuverabilit

G20
$20,635*

To arrange a guest drive, call 1-800-826-6500.

**M.S.R.P. fully-equipped, including automatic transmission, leather seating surfaces, power sunroof and destination charges; title, taxes and license fees not include*

© 1991 Infiniti Division of Nissan Motor Corp. in U.S.A.



and capacity for quick acceleration, and you'll know exactly what we mean. And why it's been called one of the best handling front-wheel drive cars in the world.

Then, let's not forget the price of admission, $20,635.* That should definitely take some pressure off of entering the luxury car market. The G20 from Infiniti. The only anxiety you might encounter is figuring out why it's taken you so long to purchase one.

INFINITI®

Jane Kaczmarek) and **THE STORY OF THE TIGER** (with Rocco Sisto). (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200.)

OH, KAY!—A joyous revival of a musical originally done here in 1926, this time with an all-black (all-gifted) company. The score, by George Gershwin, with lyrics by Ira Gershwin, and the singing and nimble dancing of the whole company are so glorious that they nearly compensate for the damnable din of amplification. (11/1/90) (Lunt-Fontanne, *205 W. 46th St. 246-0102.*)

ONCE ON THIS ISLAND—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PENN & TELLER'S REFRIGERATOR TOUR—The dynamic duo has returned to Broadway. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

PYGMALION—A production of Shaw's comedy, with Anthony Heald as Henry Higgins, Madeleine Potter as Eliza Doolittle, Earle Hyman as Colonel Pickering, Charles Keating as Alfred Doolittle, and Anne Pitoniak as Mrs. Higgins. Paul Weidner was the director. (4/8/91) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes April 28.)

REMEMBRANCE—A play by Graham Reid, with Aideen O'Kelly, Henry J. Quinn, Ann Dowd, Terry Donnelly, Ellen Tobie, and Mickey Kelly. Directed by Terence Lamude. (Irish Arts Theatre, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN—Eileen Atkins is sublime in this stage adaptation of the Virginia Woolf essay. Easily the most civilized entertainment on offer, this one-woman show is something every lively-minded young woman above the age of fifteen—fourteen if she's particularly lively-minded—will want to see. (3/18/91) (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

SABINA AND LUCRECIA—A play by Alberto Adellach. Three performances a week are in English; four are in Spanish. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes April 21.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF FIRE—Ron Rifkin gives an impeccable performance as a publisher—a refugee from Nazi Germany—whose difficulties with his grown children are no greater than those with himself. The play, by Jon Robin Baitz, is not flawless, but it is consistently absorbing and very well acted, under the direction of Daniel Sullivan. With Sarah Jessica Parker, Patrick Breen, Jon Tenney, and Maria Tucci. (4/1/91) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

THE SUM OF US—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed, but cast and direction are both excellent. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

TAKING STEPS—This very funny farce by the inspired English playwright Alan Ayckbourn is a technical as well as a dramatic triumph. The action, which takes place in a three-story suburban house, is played on a one-level set; the actors mime climbing up and down steps indicated on a path surrounding the set. The plot deals with a marriage that is coming apart, to the surprise and shock of the husband. The performances, unfortunately, do not match the precision of the play (except for those of Christopher Benjamin, as the husband, and Spike McClure, as a young solicitor). But no ineptitude can dim the brilliance of this comedy. (3/4/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes April 28.)

YORK THEATRE COMPANY—Presenting a revival of **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.** Jack Cirillo heads a cast of sixteen. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes April 28.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties.

Julie Harris in "Lucifer's Child"

Starring Tom Wopat and Michael Rupert. (*Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.*) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (*Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.*) . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A *musical comedy* by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **PRELUDE TO A KISS:** Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Ashley Crow is the bride, Steve Guttenberg is the groom, and John Randolph is the old man. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.) . . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story —one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. The cast also includes Courtney B. Vance and John Cunningham. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN:** This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray, it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

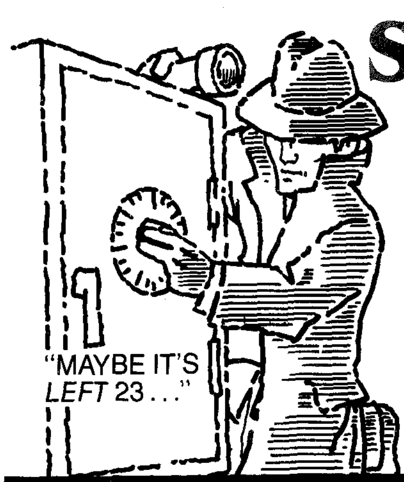
DANCE

YOU'RE in the stalls of an opera house. Around you, in two tiers of boxes, are beautiful, rare women in beautiful, rare evening clothes, many of which are ornamented with the feathers of beautiful, rare birds. The theatregoers incline toward the stage, where a dozen or so more women—attired in extravagant and sweeping ball gowns—are poised in the midst of enacting a party. Most of the performers are swathed in white or pastels. One, however, wears a great black cocoon of a dress, and her hands, in long pink gloves, make enigmatic gestures toward the recesses of a star-speckled grotto. There is a haunting tension in the scene, but one can't say why, exactly—and that is what makes it valuable. It is a world of kisses about to be kissed and bubbles about to be broken—the kind of ineffable, seductive, and inevitably doomed world that the word "ballet" used to conjure up. Now you can visit a museum and really put yourself in the picture—the Metropolitan Museum of Art, as it happens, where the interior described above is on view as part of "Théâtre de la Mode," a show (winding up April 14) about French fashion just after the Second World War. But prepare yourself to feel awkward and outsized: the theatre turns out to be a doll's house, in which the beautiful, rare women are mannequins thirty inches tall.

This spellbinding miniature theatre was fashioned in 1945 by Christian Bérard, one of the greatest scenic and costume designers in ballet history; the dresses are by a flock of Paris couturiers from fifty years ago. (The dramatic story of the exhibition was recounted in these pages last year, in Holly Brubach's In Fashion column of August 27.) The actual choreography of the mannequins, however, is the work of the Met's own Katell le Bourhis, associate curator for special projects at the museum's Costume Institute. Recently, Miss le Bourhis told us that she had a lot of freedom in setting up the figures. She explained that "Théâtre de la Mode" was a touring show, and that the dolls were arranged differently in every venue. Bérard himself left no guidelines for how he wanted the mannequins to gesture or to relate to one another. On the other hand, for most of the dresses there *is* a "proper face," or ideal angle, that will best show off their silhouette, their workmanship, their fabric. Miss le Bourhis said she had fallen in love with the set, especially the grotto, which Bérard endowed with a layered, uterine quality. "In this set, I feel proud to be a woman," she said.

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—"Nocturne," "Short Symphony," "Cinque Madrigali," and "Airs." (*Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St.* April 8 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

AMERICAN BALLROOM THEATRE—A two-week engagement. April 9 at 7:30, April 13 at 2 and 8, and April 17 at 8: "Posin' " (New York première), "The Rainbow Room," and "Tango & Waltz." . . . ¶ April 10-12 at 8, April 14 at 2 and 7:30, and April 16 at 8: "It Takes Two" (New York *première*), "Presley



Some spend life trying to get the right combination of authors and savings.

OTHERS TRY *MYSTERY GUILD.* Lucky you!

You've figured out the *safe* way to get the best mystery writers. *And* save as much as 60% off publishers' edition prices. Quickly now—before someone else spots our offer. Clip the *Mystery Guild* coupon!

Take any books for when you join now!

7625 $18.95/**$8.98**
0760 $18.95/**$8.98**
0877 $16.95/**$7.98**
3889 $18.95/**$8.98**
3897 $19.95/**$7.98**
7583 $17.95/**$8.98**
7633 $18.95/**$9.98**
0869 $18.95/**$7.98**
7575 $18.95/**$7.98**

7617 $18.95/**$10.98**
0711 $17.95/**$7.98**
3806 $17.95/**$7.98**
3822 $21.95/**$12.98**
3368 $19.95/**$7.98**
*3913 $18.95/**$7.98**
6163 $22.00/**$9.98**
0620 $17.95/**$7.98**
0471 $19.95/**$7.98**

*8466 $19.95/**$11.98**
0901 $19.95/**$11.98**
0638 $19.95/**$8.98**
7567 $21.95/**$13.98**
0778 $18.95/**$7.98**
0679 $16.95/**$7.98**
0075 $19.95/**$9.98**
0927 $17.95/**$7.98**
6551 $17.95/**$7.98**

8540 **$10.98x**
2600 $16.95/**$7.98**
0588 $19.95/**$11.98**
2055 **$8.98x**
0091 $15.95/**$7.98**
6577 $25.00/**$12.98**
2089 $18.95/**$7.98**
2915 $22.95/**$8.98**
6544 $17.95/**$7.98**

x Hardcover edition exclusively for Club members * Explicit scenes and/or language

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOUR MEMBERSHIP'S ACCEPTED . . .

A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION. If you're not 100% satisfied with your books, return them within 10 days *at our expense* and owe nothing. The Club Tote is your free gift to keep.

HUGE DISCOUNTS ON HARDCOVER BOOKS. Save as much as 60% off publishers' edition prices. Club books are sometimes altered in size to fit special presses.

THE FREE CLUB MAGAZINE. You'll receive up to 15 issues a year. Each issue reviews the Featured Book Selection(s) plus a wide variety of alternate books from the Club's extensive library.

SHOPPING MADE SIMPLE. To get the Featured Book Selection(s), *do nothing*—it will be sent automatically. If you prefer another book—or none at *all*—simply return your Member Reply Form by the specified date.
A shipping and handling charge is added to each order.

AN EASY-TO-MEET OBLIGATION. Take up to 1 year to buy 4 more books at regular low Club prices. Afterwards, you may resign membership anytime.

RISK-FREE RETURN PRIVILEGES. If you get an unwanted book because your Club magazine was delayed and you had less than 10 days to respond, simply return the book *at our expense.*

Prices in fine print are for publishers' editions.
Prices in bold print are for Club hardcover editions.

FREE TOTE
with membership

MYSTERY® GUILD

MAIL TO: *Mystery Guild*
6550 East 30th Street, P.O. Box 6362
Indianapolis, IN 46206-6362

Please write book numbers here:

YES! Please enroll me in *Mystery Guild* according to the risk-free membership plan described in this ad. Send me the 6 BOOKS I've indicated—plus my FREE CLUB TOTE. Bill me just 99¢, plus shipping and handling.

SAVE MORE—TAKE ANOTHER BOOK NOW FOR $2.49 (write book number)
☐ Send me the book I've indicated and reduce my commitment to only 3 more books. Bill me just $2.49, plus shipping and handling.
18323 20

18324 22

Mr./Mrs.
Miss/Ms. ______________________
please print

Address ______________________ Apt. ________

City ______________ State ________ Zip ________

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members serviced from Canada, where offer is slightly different. Sales tax added where applicable. We reserve the right to reject any application.

NYK 4/91

DANCE–Cont'd

Pieces," and "Tango & Waltz." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through April 21.)

Carlota Santana Spanish Dance Arts Company—Presenting a program of Spanish dance, including, *por supuesto,* flamenco. (INTAR II, 508 W. 53rd St. 279-4200. April 12-13 at 8 and 10:30 and April 14 at 5.)

Donald Fleming/Margarita Guergue—Presenting solo works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. April 12-14 at 8:30. For reservations, call 529-2318.)

Robert Kovich Company—In "Echo Solo / Zephyr Chorus," an evening-length work created in collaboration with the composer Rhys Chatham. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. April 13-14 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

WE didn't think we had any pressing need to catch Keely Smith's recent show at Rainbow & Stars, but then, midway through the two-week engagement, we heard an edition of David Garland's "Spinning on Air" show, on WNYC, that was devoted to her. Aside from an interview with Ms. Smith, the program concentrated on a wide selection of her recordings. Much of what we heard was remarkable—splashy, gussied-up standards recorded in the fifties with her then husband, the bandleader Louis Prima; lovely, affecting ballads from a 1965 album called "The Intimate Keely Smith"; a few cuts from her most recent release, "I'm in Love Again" (1985), a comeback album of sorts, which retains much of the lively, offkilter spirit of her earlier work; and other bits and pieces from her long career. The material recorded with Prima (they began working together in 1948, married in 1953, and split up in 1961) was especially appealing: the arrangements overflow with Vegas pizzazz, and Ms. Smith's bold, can-do vocals are a perfect emblem of fifties optimism.

At Rainbow & Stars, Ms. Smith was backed by a trio, and so wasn't equipped for anything too flashy, but she still managed to put her imprint on even the most familiar standards. Her arrangements were consistently fresh, and her voice is in fine shape—strong, clear, and expressive, with the same buoyant, unaffected quality that we'd heard on the radio. The show wavered between feeling and clowning. At one moment Ms. Smith might be singing a delicate ballad, and at the next she might be doing a campy version of "Just a Gigolo," reminding the audience, "I didn't steal that from David Lee Roth; he stole it from me."

Mr. Prima's name kept cropping up during the evening. Ms. Smith referred to songs she recorded with "oh, what's-his-name," sang a few of their big numbers ("That Old Black Magic"), and told the audience that a "major motion picture about Louis and Keely" was in the works. As she began to speculate about who might star in the film, an antsy woman in the audience called out, "Sing another song." Ms. Smith, unflappable, replied, "Oh, don't worry, I'll get to that. I didn't talk for thirty-three years, and now they can't shut me up."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**IRIS WILLIAMS,** a Welsh chanteuse whose rendition of "Amazing Grace"—in Welsh, naturally—was a big hit in her native land, begins a month-long engagement on April 9. The show, Ms. Williams' Gotham début, is devoted to the music of Jerome Kern. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Tuesdays through Thursdays belong to Al Bundy, Fridays and Saturdays to Mabel Godwin, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's everything a cabaret should be: sleek, elegant, intimate, and slightly decadent. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** has more or less sublet the place, her engagement having now been extended through April 21. One has never known how seriously to take the wonderfully campy, over-the-top singer, and she seems to like it that way. On the one hand, there's the fact that Légère's a trained pianist, cellist, and accordionist, and the fact that she has a four-octave vocal range and has written an opera. On the other hand, there's the fact that she appeared in "The Toxic Avenger II," the fact that she is double-jointed and can play the piano with one leg hitched up behind her head, and the fact that her opera is about a three-hundred-and-fifty-pound cleaning woman who becomes President. Go figure, but go. Dining.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A pleasant, but hardly thrilling, place where patrons are served good jazz and not so good soul food. The club isn't terribly upscale, but it ain't a grungy Village joint either. The room boasts some freestanding plants, some yellow lighting, some slick surfaces, and a gallery of awful jazz portraits. Lately, the club has been booking some very fine talent. Organist **JOEY DE FRANCESCO,** who was touring with Miles Davis at the age of seventeen and who's developed into a fine player in the style of Jimmy Smith, leads a quintet through April 13. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? Vibist **GARY BURTON** and his band trade sets with the **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet April 9-14. Pianist **MC COY TYNER'S** trio shares the stage with trumpeter **ROY HARGROVE'S** ensemble beginning April 16. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock bands used to play here, didn't they? At least *once* in a while? Lately, the Bottom Line has adhered to the do-one-thing-and-do-it-well philosophy—a.k.a. the Kentucky Fried Chicken Principle—rather fastidiously, booking almost exclusively country and folk acts. There's probably nothing wrong with that, except that the club was such a great place to hear rock—big, low-key, convivial—and that music here of late has seemed a bit warmed over. **RONNIE MILSAP** and **SONNY CURTIS** will be here on April 10; **MARY BLACK** comes in on April 11; and **BUSTER POINDEXTER** and his **BANSHEES OF BLUE** are here April 12-13.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. Guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** and his quartet hold forth through April 13. A trio consisting of pianist **LARRY WILLIS,** bassist **LARRY GALES,** and drummer **BEN RILEY** gets started on April 15. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the *Irish Times.* There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic and is *not* Sinéad O'Connor's nickname. The café is a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **DIXIE CARTER** as of April 9. Ms. Carter, who stars in CBS's "Designing Women," has nice cheekbones, megawatts of Southern charm, and an abiding yen for the music of John Wallowitch, with whom she studied. She recently released an album of Wallowitch material recorded live in this same room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Pop Will Eat Itself, at the Ritz

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal fans, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across the floor, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. **BILL CONWAY AND THE SWING EXPRESS,** featuring vocalist **AMY LONDON,** appear on April 14. Music from eight to midnight.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. Saxophonist and singer **LOU DONALDSON** leads a quartet April 9-14. Music after nine.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. Saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who came to prominence with his out-there, mystical meditations as a member of John Coltrane's band in the sixties, appears April 9-14. A trio made up of pianist **MICHAEL MORIARTY,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **TERRY CLARKE** takes effect on April 16. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling, brass-railed bar-and-grill with a menu devoted to such things as bangers and mash. Jazz is generally of the unobtrusive piano-bass variety. **PETE MALINVERNI** and **RUFUS REID** are here April 10-13; **DON FRIEDMAN** and **JEFF FULLER** come in April 17-18. Music from about nine-forty-five.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music-and-performance space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. April 12 belongs to **HUGO LARGO**, and April 13 to the **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET**. Music after nine.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A newish, black-on-black rock club that still has some kinks to work out. The club has some of the most prescient alternative-rock bookings in New York—bands play here when it's still cool to like them. But, on the downside, the Marquee is a sweatbox; and lasting out a set here can be a test of endurance for anybody not willing to die, or at least sweat an awful lot, for rock and roll. The patrons are twentyish and pretty well behaved. There's not always enough elbowroom for such things as stage-diving, but somebody usually does it anyway. The iconoclastic Brits known as **POP WILL EAT ITSELF**, whose latest record includes a sample of, among other things, the deposed preacher Jimmy Swaggart, will perform on April 12.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the aroma coming from the nearby Maxwell House factory might give them a boost.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose occasional Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a main dining room that strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. A twentieth-anniversary tribute to Sondheim's "Follies" is currently in progress, featuring **JO SULLIVAN**, **DAVID CRYER**, **EMILY LOESSER**, and others. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot*. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" **LUCIE ARNAZ** is here through April 13, singing songs by Cy Coleman, Billy Joel, Duke Ellington, and Cole Porter. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—**RUBÉN BLADES**, a literate and politically minded songwriter, performs here on April 12. Blades, who likes to communicate with his audience in both Spanish and English, is a poised, controlled performer, but he's the calm at the center of a storm: his tight rock-jazz-and-Latin band keeps the dance floor hopping. Guitarist, singer, and songwriter **ROGER MC GUINN**, the former leader of the Byrds, is here on April 13. McGuinn, whose twelve-string Rickenbacker guitar was the bedrock of the Byrds' sound, recently released a solo album, "Back to Rio," that might sound eerily familiar. Both shows begin at nine.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and one of the city's more international booking policies: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the places explored. The Brazilian singer **ELZA SOARES** performs on April 13. Her voice is boisterous, growling, a little coarse—like a cross between Eartha Kitt and Satchmo—and she gets some remarkable effects with it: bird noises that even birds can't make, and simulated percussion sounds that leave Al Jarreau in the dust. For the most part, Ms. Soares sticks to the flashy, tacky, carnival style of Brazilian pop. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN'S** trio will be around for two weeks beginning April 9. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that has become an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is a little slicker and a lot roomier than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. **ARCADY** is here on April 18.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia, but the music is anything but stale. The fierce saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN**, who's known for his fleet-footed improvisation, is here through April 14. Mondays are reserved for the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra, the late Mel Lewis's big band. Music after nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Pianist **CAROL BRITTO** is playing in duos through April 13; pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** start up on April 15. Music from eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THERE are two great Easter shows in New York: the one under the big, rounded, gold proscenium, with all those high-kicking ladies; and Broadway's Annual Easter Bonnet Competition, at the Majestic Theatre. The latter is a one-night-only affair attended mainly by theatre people. Several weeks before Easter, the casts of more than two dozen Broadway and Off Broadway shows create fantasy hats representing their productions, which are then displayed at the Atlas Florist in the Marriott Marquis, while gypsies and fans vote for their favorites. Then, on the evening of the competition, the hats are paraded out onto the Majestic stage in a ninety-minute, underrehearsed (the cast volunteers, and they all have night jobs), overly talent-laden, delightfully spirited Broadway spectacular. The show climaxes with the presentation of awards for design and, more important, for money raised for Broadway Cares, which helps people with AIDS.

This year's production had a homecoming theme, complete with cheerleaders, pep boys, alma mater, competing classes (introduced by faculty members, such as "nurse" Jane Summerhays, "coach" Tom Wopat, "chem teacher" Michael Rupert, and "guidance counsellor" Marcia Lewis), and alumni participants like Stockard Channing and Len Cariou. The evening was presided over by "principal" Tracey Ullman, who, under latex for her role in "The Big Love," was almost unrecognizable, but who declared that, considering the randiness of the proceedings, she was not about to "take my rubber off for nobody." There were original songs, "in" jokes about Jerome Robbins' tyranny and Gary Busey's motorcycling, hats with flying cats and dropping chandeliers, and the cast of "Fiddler" singing a

NWAY
Without Black, it would all be flat.
Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
AGED 12 YEARS
Ultimately, there's Black.
© 1991 SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET CO. NY, NY JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 43.4% Alc/Vol (86.8°).

fifties bebop supper-club rendition of that show's "Far from the Home I Love." The audience had one dead spot: some members of the press, who were not only rude enough not to pay but also prone to sit on their hands, should be expelled from next year's event. Otherwise, the grandstand—bursting mainly with a wildly enthusiastic God-I-hope-I-get-it student body brandishing pom-poms, banners, and sign cards (after two deliberately misspelled attempts, friends of "Prelude to a Kiss" coördinated "FIGHT AIDS, GIVE BUCKS")—turned each effect into a showstopper, especially the grand-total banner announcing that more than a quarter of a million dollars had been raised. "Bless you, bless you, what you've done is so wonderful," said a lady after the show to a pretty novitiate. "Gee thanks," she replied over her shoulder, "but I have to catch a cab." Then she ran out to Eighth Avenue, hoping to make "Nunsense" by eight.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

RINGLING BROTHERS AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS—The hundred-and-twenty-first version of "The Greatest Show on Earth." (Madison Square Garden. Through April 28. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

CIRQUE DU SOLEIL—Aerialists, clowns, jugglers, and contortionists *avec une différence.* (Battery Park City, starting April 11 and running through May 5. For information about show times and tickets, call 509-5550.)

"THE HOSPITAL"—An avant-garde chamber opera by John Moran. Mr. Moran, Paige Snell, and Daniel Harnett comprise the cast. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. April 11-13 at 10.)

P.S. 122—April 11-14 at 9:30: Richard Elovich in "Someone Else from Queens Is Queer"; directed by Itamar Kubovy. Through April 28. . . . ¶ April 12-14 at 8: Eric Bass presents a comic performance work with puppets; directed by Richard Edelman, with music by Alan Bern. . . . ¶ April 12-14 at 11: Doug Varone in "Force Majeure." . . . ¶ April 15 at 8: Mal Pelo, two dancer-actors from Barcelona. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Cirque du Soleil

ART

IN the midst of this great big chill in the art business—one in which several galleries, some less than a year old, have already shut down, and in which many others are rumored to be closing—a recent Bennington College graduate named Matthew Marks has opened shop on Madison Avenue. It's a good-looking, pristine space on the fourth floor of an old-fashioned, five-story edifice whose most notable occupant is Wittenborn, the venerable art-book purveyors. The address—No. 1018, between 78th and 79th Streets—is in fact commonly referred to as the Wittenborn Building, which no doubt helps make it an ideal setting for the dapper young Marks, who has made his reputation as a private dealer of tony works on paper, and whose optimistic and hushed new enterprise seems, indeed, to bear the stamp of success à la nineties.

The gallery's first show (through May 4) is of artists' sketchbooks—intimate stuff that doesn't warmly invite criticism. Lying flat in spare cases are an intriguing and varied assortment of cahiers, notepads, workbooks, and folders that were once the very private property of some twenty-four artists, whose names suggest an impressive if rather clubbish agenda spanning Abstract Expressionism to the present, with Louise Bourgeois taking her frequent missionary's position as lone matriarch.

Because the pages of the books are periodically turned, this show changes. Francesco Clemente's sketched self-portrait, for example, was a knockout at the opening, but a week's passing produced a somewhat saccharine Madonna and Child. Some of the books on view are very like adolescent written journals, with doodles and splotches, while others suggest unexpectedly scientific approaches. Many, however, are true mirrors of the artists' full-blown work. John Chamberlain's crushed and doctored cigarette packs are wonderful, witty studies for his big crushed sculptures. Schematic drawings by the Bartleby-like Robert Ryman—known also for his paintings' exquisitely subtle and precise hardware supports—are in a manila office folder labelled "Old Fasteners." Lucian Freud's drawings are brilliant, caustic, and nastily bawdy. The up-and-coming Richmond Burton's are sumptuously tactile, and as thoroughly refined and airtight as his paintings. Myron Stout's melancholy, moonstruck abstractions are the most starkly romantic of the lot. Rounded and shaded—Old Masterly, in fact—they are hauntingly, almost tragically complete. They have that magic, lonesome aura of work made for no one but oneself, of work made at night.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and twenty-five paintings, drawings, and etchings by Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863). Also on view is a previously unpublished sketchbook of Delacroix's 1828 trip to Touraine. Starts April 10. . . . ¶ "The Fauve Landscape" brings together nearly a hundred and twenty-five paintings made between 1904 and 1908 by Derain, Matisse, Braque, and their circle of friends. Through May 5. . . . ¶ "Théâtre de la Mode," a re-creation of a 1945 fashion exhibition that was presented in miniature on thirty-inch wire mannequins. Through April 14. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art of the Forties" is a cacophonous, exceptionally interesting show (including around three hundred works in many mediums, all from the museum's collection), chock full of messy meanings and emotions and wild contrasts. There is Matisse's exultant "Jazz," but also the little-known Alton Pickens' perfectly ghoulish "Carnival." There is Pinin Farina's gleaming red sports car, the "Cistalia 202 GT," but also David Siqueiros' rough and mud-caked red "Hands." In short, the exhibition offers the viewer an intense and bifurcated picture of a decade that was itself schizophrenically fragmented. Through April 30. . . . ¶ An unprecedented survey of paintings and drawings by the Russian avant-gardist Liubov Popova (1889-1924). Popova was clearly more of a sensualist, as well as a worldlier citizen, than her colleague Kasimir Malevich. Her "Painterly Architectonics" (1916-18), for instance, which are among her best works, convey more visual charm but much less spiritual heat than Malevich's Suprematist icons. Through April 23. . . . ¶ For the museum's "Projects" series, the artist Michael Craig-Martin has created a mural-size three-part wall drawing using architectural drafting tape. Through April 23. . . . ¶ "Ben Franklin Dreams the New World," a video installation by Peter Rose. Through May 12. . . . ¶ "British Photography from the Thatcher Years." Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The first installment of the Biennial, which focusses on artists whose stars began to rise in the fifties and sixties, is on the second floor. The second installment, which moves on to artists from the late eighties and nineties, is on the fourth floor. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Leon Golub's first three-dimensional installation, titled "WorldWide," employs photographic details from his wall-size canvases, reproduced onto transparent sheets of plastic. Starts April 12. . . . ¶ "Albert Bierstadt." Appropriately subtitled "Art & Enterprise," this show—the first major Bierstadt exhibition in twenty years—is good old vulgar entertainment. This German-born, more or less self-taught late-Hudson River School artist (1830-1902) was an inspired stuntman-painter who relied on a grab bag of compositional and technical tricks to convey his visions of Manifest Destiny. Most often, this means anecdotal scenes and incidental details (dot-and-daub work) in the foreground, with broad and woozy strokes for mountains above and beyond. Through May 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Manifest Destiny," a small show of rare nineteenth-century books and illustrations relating to government expeditions into "frontier" areas in the United States. Through April 30. . . . ¶ A show that examines the ecosystems of tropical rain forests around the world, such as those in the Congo basin, the Amazon basin, Madagascar, and Borneo. Through June 2. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—"The Nearest Edge of the World," an exhibition of works in several mediums by nine contemporary artists from Cuba. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The museum's collection—begun in 1896 by the three Hewitt sisters, Amy, Eleanor, and Sarah—is ably represented by "A Design Resource," a show of seven hundred objects. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A hundred sculptures and thirty-one drawings by Jacques Lipchitz. Through April 14. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Ninety sketches, studies, and more elaborate preparatory drawings by the master baroque portraitist Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641). Through April 21. . . . ¶ A smaller selection of forty drawings by seventeenth-century Flemish artists such as Rubens, Jacob Jordaens, and David Vinckboons. Through April 21. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Academy's "Annual Exhibition" includes more than a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and watercolors. Through May 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The first document presented in the Society's "Markers of Change" series is one of the twenty-three surviving original copies of the Declaration of Independence. Through April 17. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Road, Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88), one of the twentieth century's singular talents, designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his sculptures. It contains a wide range of his work—from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures to several types of stone carvings—and documentation of his prodigious public art. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with the artist's works. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of works by Romare Bearden, which includes a hundred and forty-one oils, collages, and watercolors. Starts April 14. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Hannelore Baron (1926-87)—Small collages and boxed assemblages from the nineteen-eighties. Kurt Schwitters and Joseph Cornell were Baron's most obvious models, but this extremely refined, introverted, and largely self-taught artist was also influenced by Egyptian art, ancient textiles, and religious texts. A very stark biographical note at the gallery informs us that Baron emigrated to this country from Germany in 1941, after her home had been vandalized during Kristallnacht and her family had narrowly escaped extermination. The note goes on to say that she was both claustrophobic and agoraphobic. Her exquisite, extremely miniaturized works convey something of both sensations. Through April 20. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

David Salle—This is sort of his Old Master show. Salle's palette, always febrile, is now full of Greuze greiges, sickly High Mannerist yellows, and poignantly hollow slate blues. The background of each of these large paintings is a lightly traced, brushed-up reproduction of some connoisseurish Old World thing. Over these scenes and pastorales Salle imposes his skittish and voluble imagery. The photo-silk-screened inset is an effectively disruptive new device. In "Hamlet Mind," for instance, the masterwork of the show, a photographic inset of a shrouded shape—a woman in purdah, perhaps—seems an icon of perversity in relation to its more commonly fetishistic counterpart, a painted image of two women in Pierrot costumes, looking scared, as if faced with a disapproving master. There are all kinds of strange bondage metaphors in the kinky middle distance of these paintings, where literal-minded feminists had best not prowl. Once again, Salle-ome performs his old dance of the veils—that *nouvelle-vague* ballet of mid-thought weirdness, where love slaves beckon and subjects are sometimes loath to reveal their sources, their forms, and, on occasion, their names as well. Through May 4. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Short List—**james lee byars,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through May 18); **ralston crawford,** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through April 20); **michael david,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through April 27); **nathan oliveira,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through May 8); **david storey,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through April 27).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Nell Blaine—Post-Impressionist still-lifes of the finest color-bursting bouquets around. These canvases overflow with delight in seeing, but they don't look rushed. Rather, they look as if they were made by someone who, fearful of losing the pleasures of scent and sight, couldn't wait to get down one set of impressions and move on to the next. Through April 20. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Chamberlain—There was always an Abstract Expressionist sense of conflict to Chamberlain's crushed-metal sculptures, but now it looks as if he's having some fun. Instead of suggesting auto accidents, as did his earlier works, these new sculptures are almost lyrically gestural. Chamberlain is now bending his metal in ways that seem related to Twombly's airiest squiggles, and painting it with sun-enriched tropical colors. Through April 13. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

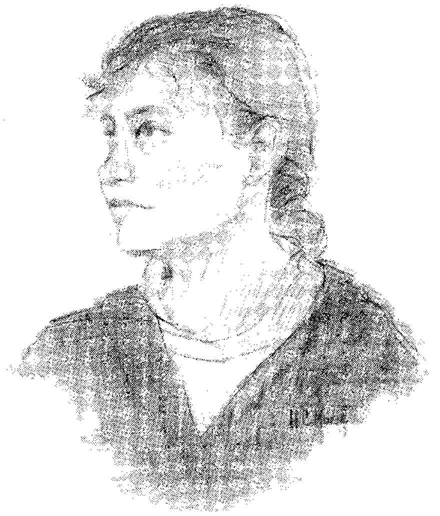
Win Knowlton—The raw loft, once the architectural style of choice for contemporary-art venues in SoHo and Tribeca, has become nearly extinct during the real-estate wars of the past few years, but its spirit has been revived, in an eerily nostalgic way, in this strong show of new sculptures. The revival is found in the most unlikely of places—in a gallery on 57th Street's "showroom" strip, on a vast, gutted floor that's awaiting renovation as part of Blum Helman's expansion. Knowlton has filled the space with sculptures scattered about in a casual manner that is somewhat reminiscent of the early days of P.S. 1. Small works made of bits of wire or rubber tubing embedded in glass sit on window ledges and on the outer edges of the floor. Larger sculptures, made of concrete and metal, are in the center. In keeping with the architectural references, the works have by a process aesthetic similar to that prevalent around 1970, and a number of them seem to be homages to Richard Serra and Eva Hesse. There are also hints of Isamu Noguchi. Historically minded ironies abound, but it's not clear how much of the irony is intentional. Through April 20. (20 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**lennart anderson,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through April 27); **willard boepple,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 27); **lynn chadwick,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (through April 27); **ivan chermayeff,** Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 4); **sue coe,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through May 4); **john de andrea,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 20); **marcel duchamp** and **gonzalo fonseca,** Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. (through April 30); **david humphrey,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 27); **alun leach-jones,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 13); **joan mitchell,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 20); **piet mondrian,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 27); **juan muñoz,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 27); **darragh park,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through April 13); **gabor peterdi** and **david provan,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 30).

GALLERIES—SoHo

James Biederman / Susan Leopold—In what is something of a breakthrough exhibition for him, Biederman has taken nonobjective painting and animated it with masterly streaks of rich, sensuous paint. / Leopold constructs tiny interiors that are viewed through the wrong end of convex lenses, which distort the images so that three-dimensional forms sometimes read as 3-D photographs or holograms. Some are a bit too gee-whiz, and others rely too heavily on Hopperesque urban despair, but a series situated in a replica of the Carmine Street pool is quite captivating and magical. The series takes you from the pool to the locker room and on to the showers. With their shiny tile floors, bright "natural" reflected sunlight, and artificial light fractured by the chlorinated water of the pool, these curious spaces seem to be an update of De Chirico-style metaphysics. Through April 20. (Weber, 142 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Sophie Calle—Calle is a conceptual artist with an unusually titillating agenda. Basically, she snoops, but to a degree that most people can only fantasize about. And she is a very methodical fly on the wall: she creates documents—photographs, logbooks, diary texts, and the like—out of her endeavors, some of which have a borderline criminal tinge, or seem to invite danger. These include a number of deeply vicarious adventures, such as following a complete stranger from Paris to Russia and reporting on his every move; taking a temporary job as a hotel chambermaid in Venice and reporting on the contents of the dishevelled rooms, and thereby on the lives of their transient occupants; and contacting every person whose name was listed in an address book that she found on the street. This two-gallery show, the first in New York of this much-talked-about artist, amounts to a midsize survey of her eighties works. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St., open Wednesday evenings until 8, through April 13; and Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St., through April 20.)



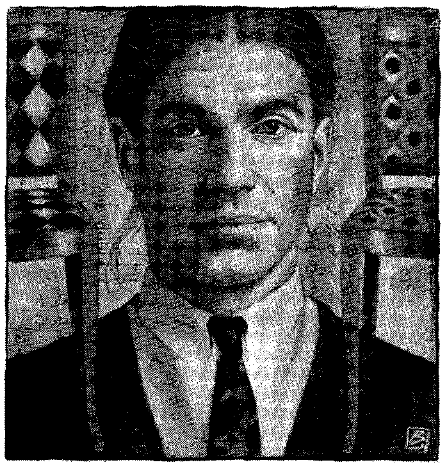
Louisa Chase

Francesco Clemente—Five self-portraits, on paper, by the master of the genre. The works date from the late seventies, and each consists of a spare, inky image on a large field. Usually the self is seen in part, along with another figure—one assumes it to be another self—also seen in part. In one work, for example, Clemente reaches out for a pair of hands; in another, his upper body shares a womblike tondo space with a headless naked torso—his ethereal counterpart. Clemente's self-portraits are captivating because he seems to expose himself while at the same time never giving away much of anything. In the largest work, the artist kneels with one arm outstretched, a look of disengaged fascination on his face, while his clothes, rendered as a separate figure, fall away. The work is at once calming and unsettling, a portrayal of the artist's alienation from himself. Through April 26. (Rubenstein, 130 Prince St.)

Antony Gormley—An overwhelming installation consisting of a mass of thirty-five thousand very small, crudely formed terra-cotta figures. Their only facial features are two pencil pokes for eyes, and the finger-molded bodies are similarly lacking in detail, as if they were cloaked. The sculptures, which average about six inches in height, are placed side by side to fill the entire massive back gallery. The piece is entitled "Field," and it is a field in the broadest sense, a mental as well as an actual space. All the figures face the viewer, creating an effect that is a bizarre reversal of Caspar David Friedrich's famous depiction of man facing the elements: the viewer replaces the man and the figures the sea, so that the viewer is left to contemplate an unknowable that in turn contemplates him. Through April 27. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Maren Hassinger—A good show of solid minimalist sculptures. The main piece, called "Paradise," consists of a grid of wavy industrial cables, partially unravelled, each embedded in a concrete plinth. The work locates nature in industrial materials, and expresses a sense of love for the abandoned. Through April 13. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

Robin Hill—Recent Fiberglas-and-resin sculptures of organic, somewhat tortured shapes. One work includes a paper-thin cast of itself, which lies on the floor around it in several



John M. Armleder

pieces, as if it had just shed its skin. Another comes in three parts, all cast from the same mold, but in different materials: one form is made of solid wax; the second is made of paper, and is hollow; and the third is made of rubber, and looks deflated. What starts out as a study of materials ends up as an examination of various degrees of vulnerability. Through April 13. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

OLIVIER MOSSET—Four large, beautifully executed nonobjective paintings in green, or black and green. These are generic commentaries on abstract painting—closer to Buren's striped wallpaper than to Marden's saturated surfaces of contemplation. Through April 13. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway.)

JAMES NARES—Large gestural drawings made through a photographic process. The artist swings light bulbs, flashlights, and the like through the air, photographs the "drawings" that are thus made, and develops them with green-, purple-, and sepia-tinted chemicals. Some of the images are ribbony, others look like scratchy tufts of long hair. All have an air of quiet intelligence. Through April 13. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

ED PASCHKE—New paintings, in this tough, terrific artist's familiar haute-funk style, with Trinitron colors and effects like airwave distortions. A composite face suggesting a black woman is the subject in each, but this serial image has been given a phrenological code of symbols and pictograms—Ancient Greek, Egyptian, Shinto, Islamic, Christian, Hebraic . . . the works! Through April 16. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

DAVID RABINOWITCH—This minimalist sculptor visited Romanesque churches in Germany in the early seventies and has been making large-scale drawings inspired by them since 1977. These five, his most recent, have no identifiable reference to their source, nor do they have a clear relationship to the artist's sculptures. What they do have is a keen balance of light, texture, and stroke, and an even keener feel for subtle structure—a sense of balance without symmetry. Through April 30. (Flynn, 113 Crosby St.)

JUDITH SHEA—Although Shea switched her main material from fabric to bronze several years ago, her figurative sculptures are still governed by a sense of the body as a hollow skin, an often thin veneer for the absentee self. These pseudo-classical bronze statues are overly contrived, but they also show a visceral intelligence and a guarded appreciation for fragility. One "damaged" sculpture depicts a female, nude from the waist up, who holds a white dress. Theoretically, the dress could clothe her, but it is on the end of a bolt of fabric, which lies partially unravelled at the sculpture's base. The piece might sound almost corny, but it's a captivating study of dependence, representation, and presence in absence. Through April 27. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

SHORT LIST—**JOHN M. ARMLEDER**, Gibson, 568 Broadway (through May 18); **ROSS BLECKNER**, Boone, 417 West Broadway (through April 27); **LOUISA CHASE**, Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through April 27); **GENE DAVIS**, Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (through April 20); **ROBERT GROSVENOR**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through May 4); **JAN GROTH**, Brown, 560 Broadway (through May 1); **JOSEPH KOSUTH**, RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (through April 13); **GUILLERMO KUITCA**, Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through May 2); **SUSAN LAUFER**, Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through April 27); **BARRY LE VA**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through April 27); **PABLO PICASSO**, The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (open Wednesday evenings until 8, through June 13); **ARCHIE RAND**, Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through May 18); **DEE SHAPIRO** and **MARILYN GREENBERT**, Zarre, 379 West Broadway (through April 20); **H. C. WESTERMANN**, Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through May 11).

OTHER GALLERIES

"PERSPECTIVES OF CONCEPTUALISM"—Most of the works in this densely packed exhibition of Soviet conceptual art look like student versions of the kind of conceptual art already very familiar in New York. The American viewer, however, is at a disadvantage. Much of the meaning in the work seems to reside in linguistic puns and local concerns that don't translate well, such as the issue of the scarcity of soap. There is an abundance of war imagery on display—toy tanks, uniforms, a lot of olive green. Nonetheless, the works would have an almost naïve innocence were it not for the evident struggle that went into obtaining the battered materials that were used. Ilya Kabokov's piece about the futile attempt of his mother—a dutiful Communist if ever there was one—to obtain modern housing in her ailing years, and the stonewalling of this good soldier by an indifferent bureaucracy, communicates beyond culture and artistic practice. Through April 21. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

WHILE making our rounds last week, we ended up attending a photography show in an unexpected place—on the ceiling of a taxi. The ceiling was covered with pictures—mostly publicity shots, but also snapshots and Polaroids—contributed by passengers who wanted to be part of the road show in Edward McCormack and Brian Giordano's cab. Delighted by this roof of faces, we asked Mr. McCormack, who was driving at the time, to tell us more. "It all started with a couple of pins and buttons, and they attracted the photographs like a magnet," he explained. "It makes my life easier, because it keeps people's minds off traffic and being late. Sometimes people say, 'I wish I had a picture to put up there,' and I tell them, 'Keep one in your pocket—you never know.' Recently, two people who'd been in the car before got in again, and this time they had their pictures."

Many of the photographs are of models and actors, and we wondered if this means of publicity had helped anybody's career. Yes, said Mr. McCormack. "There have been people in casting who noticed a face they liked and took down the telephone number." When we asked if he had any well-known people up there, he said wisely, "Over the years we've had our share of celebrities, but they're in the position of not having to carry their pictures around. We do have a photograph of Miss New Jersey, though, and a couple of actors who are working steadily."

When we got to our stop, we worried aloud about what would happen to this roof of dreams when the car retired. We were happy to learn it would be conserved. "The last time we moved," Mr. McCormack told us, "it took about three and a half hours to transfer it all, and we had only a third of what's up there now."

ALEXANDER RODCHENKO (1891-1956)—An exhibition of seventy-eight photographs, nearly half printed by the artist himself, including several hand-tinted works. Through April 16. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Open Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

"BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHY FROM THE THATCHER YEARS"—A show of seventy-five photographs—by Paul Graham, Chris Killip, John Davies, Martin Parr, and Graham Smith—that comment on the quality of life in Britain for the middle and lower classes in recent years. Through April 28. (Museum of Modern Art.)

SHORT LIST—**BRUCE BARNBAUM** and **KAREN HALVERSON**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through May 25); **JOSEF BREITENBACH**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through April 27); **JOHN COPLANS**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 20); **LEAH DEMCHICK**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through April 20); **ALLEN GINSBERG**, Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 13); **EIKOH HOSOE**, Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through May 4); **FRANK MAJORE**, Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 20); **ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG**, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through May 4); **SEBASTIÃO SALGADO**, International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (Tuesdays, noon to 8; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6; through June 11); **JOSEF SUDEK**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (through April 25); **JAMES WELLING**, Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through May 4).

BORDERS

When it comes to highway-embankment work, ordinary vegetation need not apply. "We're looking for plants that are cheap, tough enough to compete with weeds and survive pollution, able to look good year-round, and not too jazzy or delicious—we do want people to keep their eyes on the road," says Kim Mulcahy, horticulturist for the division of arterial highways of the city's Department of Transportation. He recently re-landscaped a mile-long stretch of the Van Wyck Expressway near J.F.K. Airport; the project, paid for with public and private funds, is the most significant accomplishment to date of the department's three-year-old Adopt-A-Highway program.

To expose the Van Wyck's original flora—willow oaks, yellow-blossomed cornelian cherry trees, and fragrant sumac bushes—Mulcahy and work crews ripped out haystacks of wild grapevines, diversity-killing stands of ailanthus and mulberry, and aggressive patches of mugwort. "It takes a day to liberate four trees," he says. To the long-suffering old-timers he added native and imported pines, assorted shrubs that produce both spring flowers and fall berries, and eight beds of daylilies—"one of the few plants that doesn't mind being driven over," Mulcahy says. Next he'd like to drape vines over the impersonal concrete sound barriers that have arisen along highways around town and to line the Henry Hudson Parkway with cherry trees. "The Japanese gave us a few cherry trees at the same time they gave so many to Washington, and those few are still living on the Henry Hudson," he says. "If only I could plant more—oh, what unforgettable springtime rides there would be."

HILTON
Hawaiian
HILTON

Now that you have the time…
Hilton brings you the savings!

Save up to 50% at Hilton.

Hilton Senior HHonors gives people 60 and over a way to travel in style…for less!

Senior HHonors members enjoy room rate discounts of up to 50%. That makes the Senior HHonors room rate at some Hilton hotels as low as $45 per night.

Members are guaranteed our *lowest* published rates—even lower than the special rates sometimes made available to AARP members.

And you can enjoy these savings and other membership privileges for as little as $35 a year!

Select from over 330 Hiltons worldwide.

Members receive discounts at over 250 Hilton hotels in the U.S.…and more than 80 throughout the rest of the world! Including such exciting hotels and resorts as the Las Vegas Hilton, Hilton Hawaiian Village, the Scottsdale Hilton Resort & Spa, and London's Hilton on Park Lane.

Enjoy these additional savings and privileges.

As a Senior HHonors member you'll also enjoy a 20% dinner discount at over 260 participating Hilton restaurants in the U.S. and Canada…free membership for your spouse…and the same low Senior HHonors room rate for your children or grandchildren anytime they travel with you.

Money-back guarantee.

If you do not use your Hilton Senior HHonors membership within 30 days, your membership fee is fully refundable.

Choose the membership that's right for you.

- $35 Annual Domestic membership entitles you to savings at more than 250 participating Hilton hotels in the U.S.
- $50 Annual Worldwide membership entitles you to savings at more than 80 international Hilton and Conrad hotels, as well as more than 250 participating Hilton hotels in the U.S.
- $200 Lifetime Worldwide membership entitles you to enjoy savings at all participating Senior HHonors hotels worldwide for a one-time fee.

To enroll in the Senior HHonors program, or to request more information, please call:

1-800-445-8667, ext. 403

or complete and mail the coupon below.

The information we send you will include a complete listing of participating Senior HHonors hotels and rates, and will be mailed within 7 days after we receive your request.

YES! I would like to receive more information about the Hilton Senior HHonors program. Please send me an information package and application.

For faster service, call 1-800-445-8667, ext. 403

Name (please print clearly) ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______ State ______ ZIP Code ______

Reservations are required and may not always be available at participating hotels. Offer cannot be combined with other certificates, coupons, discounts, packages or promotional offers. Rates do not apply to group meetings or conventions and do not include taxes. Rates are subject to change without notice. Other restrictions apply.

MAIL TO: HILTON SENIOR HHONORS
Hilton Hotels Corporation
P.O. Box 645
Addison, TX 75001-9977

HILTON Senior HHonors

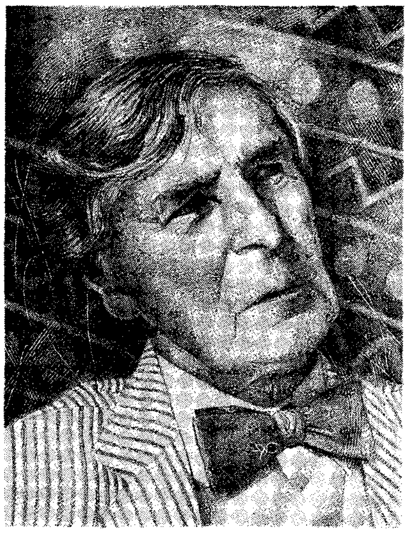
NYRD

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MUSIC

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

An important soprano is about to make her first New York appearance. Adrienne Csengery is not especially well known in operatic circles, though she has been a practicing member of house ensembles in Budapest and Munich. To followers of new music her name immediately brings up another: György Kurtág. In an age that often seems dead to song, Mr. Kurtág has found the knack of writing—well, "songs" does not seem quite right, but concert works, based on poetry, for a classically oriented singer. Ms. Csengery has been his champion. Not his only one—we have already heard Kurtág well sung in New York by Christine Schadeberg—but his principal interpreter and inspiration. Their first big joint success was a cycle called "Messages of the Late R. V. Troussova," in 1981; it was later recorded under Pierre Boulez and won the 1986 modern-music award from the magazine *Gramophone*. Since then, work after work has poured from the composer's pen and been taken up by Ms. Csengery: "Attila Jozsef Fragments," "Scenes from a Novel," "Kafka-Fragments," "Three Old Inscriptions," and "Seven Songs." She sings other music, of course, but she finds a special mission in associating with an exciting new composer, as Jan de Gaetani did with George Crumb, Peter Pears with Benjamin Britten, Pierre Bernac with Francis Poulenc, Elisabeth Schumann with Richard Strauss, and so on. New York is to hear her in the Troussova cycle and in Webern's "Three Songs," Op. 18, in the April 16 concert of the modern-music group Parnassus at Merkin Concert Hall.



Michael Tippett: a première by the Chicago Symphony

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**LA CLEMENZA DI TITO,** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Jane Bunnell, Donald Kaasch, and Julien Robbins; conducted by James Levine. (April 8, April 11, and April 16, all at 8.) . . . **TOSCA,** with Maria Guleghina, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Placido Domingo. (April 9 at 8 and April 13 at 1:30.) . . . With Giovanna Casolla, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Placido Domingo. (April 17 at 8.) . . . **I PURITANI,** with Marina Bolgan, Stanford Olsen, Paolo Gavanelli, and Paul Plishka; Robert Duerr. (April 10 and April 13 at 8.) . . . **LUISA MILLER,** with Aprile Millo, Florence Quivar, Michael Sylvester, Vladimir Chernov, Jan-Hendrik Rootering, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (April 12 and April 15 at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** This year's Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions Winners Concert will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 14 at 2:45. Some of the winners will appear in a free concert at Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall Street, on April 16 at 1.

MUSICAL THEATRE WORKS—Final performances of two fully staged one-act operas with music by Thomas Z. Shepard and librettos by Sheldon Harnick: "A Pig of a Molette" and "A Question of Faith." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 688-6022. April 9-12 at 8 and April 13 at 3 and 8.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. April 12-13 at 7:30 and April 14 at 2:30. Through April 21.)

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—Presenting Vittorio Giannini's "The Taming of the Shrew," staged by Johnathon Pape and conducted by David Gilbert. (Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802. April 10 and April 12 at 8, and April 14 at 2:30.)

"OTELLO"—A concert performance of Verdi's opera, featuring Kiri Te Kanawa, Luciano Pavarotti (here singing his first portrayal of Shakespeare's jealous Moor), and Leo Nucci. Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. April 16 and April 19 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Neeme Järvi conducts Brahms' Serenade No. 1, Mozart's Clarinet Concerto (with soloist Stanley Drucker), and the Concerto for String Orchestra by Jaan Rääts. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 11 and April 13 at 8, April 12 at 11 A.M., and April 16 at 7:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Otto-Werner Mueller conducts Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony, Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso," and Brahms' Violin Concerto (with Cho-Liang Lin, a Juilliard graduate who last month was named a member of the conservatory's faculty). (Avery Fisher Hall. April 10 at 8.)

THE CLASSICAL BAND—Andrew Parrott conducting. At Avery Fisher Hall, April 12 at 8: New York's own period-instrument orchestra performs three touchstones of the Viennese classical style: Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto, K. 467 (with fortepianist Alexei Lubimov), Haydn's Symphony No. 104 (the "London"), and Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture. . . . ¶ At the Metropolitan Museum, April 14 at 8: An all-Mozart program (rescheduled from November 19, 1990) comprising the overture to "La Clemenza di Tito"; the "Gran Partita," K. 361; the "Serenata Notturna," K. 239; and the Symphony No. 25 (the "little G-Minor").

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Michael Morgan conducts Baroque suites and concertos. (92nd Street Y. April 13 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Catherine Comet conducts music by Dvořák and Franck, as well as the New York première of David Ott's Concerto for Two Cellos and Orchestra (with Carter Brey and Eugene Moye as soloists). (Carnegie Hall. April 14 at 3.) . . . **NOTE:** The concert will be preceded at 2 by the McDermott Trio playing Mendelssohn, open to ticket-holders.

HUDSON CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gary Schneider conducts Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" Overture, the New York première of Schnittke's "Moz-Art à la Haydn," and the Beyer edition of Mozart's Requiem (with the Hudson Chamber Symphony Chorus). In addition, guest conductor Jerry Jordan leads a massed choir and soloists in Mozart's "Vesperae *Solennes de Confessore.*" (Carnegie Hall. April 14 at 8.)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY—Georg Solti conducts Beethoven's Third Symphony, as well as the New York première of Michael Tippett's "Byzantium," featuring soprano Faye Robinson. (Carnegie Hall. April 15 and April 18 at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** Mr. Tippett will speak at 6:45, preceding both performances; the lectures are open to ticket-holders.

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducts works by Mozart, Saint-Saëns, and Schumann (his Piano Concerto, with Ruth Laredo). (Alice Tully Hall. April 15 at 8.)

MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Richard Auldon Clark conducts an all-Ives program, including the composer's Third Symphony. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 17 at 8.)

NATIONAL CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Martin Josman directs three sacred works from the late eighteenth century: Mozart's Coronation Mass, K. 317; Haydn's "Mass in Time of War" (also known as the "Paukenmesse"); and Salieri's "Coronation Te Deum." With various soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 17 at 7:30.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY CHAMBER SINGERS—John Daly Goodwin and Penna Rose directing. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. and 50th St. 627-0024. April 10 at 8.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—Five string players perform late chamber music by Mozart. (92nd Street Y. April 9-10 at 8.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—The pianist performs two Mozart sonatas (K. 282 and K. 576) and selections from Granados's "Goyescas." (Carnegie Hall. April 10 at 8.)

CLEVELAND STRING QUARTET—Performing three Beethoven quartets (Op. 18, No. 3; Op. 95; and Op. 135, his last complete work) on a matched set of Stradivarius instruments once owned by Paganini. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 10 at 8.)

ALEXANDER STRING QUARTET—Performing music by Bach, Schubert, and Janáček, with flutist Eugenia Zukerman and cellist Sadao Harada. (Alice Tully Hall. April 10 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—Jerome Lowenthal performs Chopin's B-Minor Piano Sonata and joins violinist Christiaan Bor and cellist Daniel Gaisford for trios by Haydn and Smetana. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. April 11 at 7:30 and April 14 at 4.)

THOMAS ZEHETMAIR AND ALAN FEINBERG—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Mozart, Debussy, and Beethoven (his "Kreutzer"), as well as Schoenberg's Fantasy, Op. 49. (Metropolitan Museum. April 11 at 8.)

PLACIDO DOMINGO—The tenor is featured in a musical salute to Spain, featuring pieces inspired by Spanish themes (by Mozart, Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, and Bizet) and excerpts from classic zarzuelas. With soprano Ainhoa Arteta, mezzo-soprano Dolora Zajick, and the Orchestra of St. Luke's, conducted by Enrique Garcia-Asensio. A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. April 12 at 8.)

HÉLÈNE GRIMAUD—In her New York début, the French pianist performs a recital of Beethoven, Brahms, and Bach-Busoni. (Metropolitan Museum. April 12 at 8.)

MITSUKO UCHIDA—The pianist performs four sonatas by Mozart (K. 282, K. 330, K. 331, and K. 570) and his haunting Adagio in B Minor (K. 540). (Alice Tully Hall. April 12 at 8.)

RICHARD GOODE AND FRIENDS—The pianist joins with violinist Marcia Weinfeld and cellist Richard Sher for music by Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms, and Janáček. A benefit concert. (Bösendorfer Center, 406 E. 79th St. 472-9799. April 12 at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—Michael Jaffee directs a concert of "Italian music English'd" from the late Renaissance, including works by Morley,

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

In just two minutes, this man's face is going to look terrific.

He'll look bright. Brisk. Rested. Ready to start a good day.

Because his face got a brand new start. With Clinique's Face Scrub.

Face Scrub is a tube of fine grains in a non-greasy base. A small amount, rubbed into wet skin, clears away the skin's daily trash: Dead skin cells. Flakes. Excessive oil. Grime.

Face Scrub is the quick dependable way to revive a man's looks. To give his face a younger-looking freshness.

Like all Clinique, Face Scrub is allergy tested, 100% fragrance free. Find it—along with a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Face Scrub. You'll look good as new again. In just two minutes.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

MUSIC—Cont'd

Dowland, Gibbons, and Byrd, based on Italian models. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 13 at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** The concert is preceded at 4:30 by a free lecture by Joseph Kerman, of the University of California, Berkeley, about sixteenth-century Anglo-Italian cultural exchange. (The meeting hall of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, 42 W. 44th St.)

Continuum—Presenting a seventy-fifth birthday salute to Milton Babbitt, including his "*Images" for Saxophone and Tape* (with saxophonist John Sampen), "A Solo Requiem" (featuring soprano Cheryl Marshall), and his Third String Quartet (performed by the Castalian Quartet). (Alice Tully Hall. April 13 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—At the Metropolitan Museum, April 13 at 8: Performing Tchaikovsky's D-Major Quartet, Mozart's Horn Quintet (with French-horn player David Jolley), and Arriaga's Second Quartet. Juan Crisóstomo Jacomo Antonio de Arriaga y Balzola was born in Bilbao on January 27, 1806—the exact date of what would have been Mozart's fiftieth birthday. The coincidence proved uncanny when he began producing high-quality music at an early age (including an opera when he was fourteen). In the second of his three quartets, probably dating from 1821, Arriaga acknowledged Mozart directly by quoting from his Fugue for Strings, K. 546. As it turned out, *all* of Arriaga's music was written at an early age: he died of galloping consumption ten days before his twentieth birthday, having justly earned the nickname of the Spanish Mozart. . . . ¶ At Alice Tully Hall, April 17 at 8: Performing quartets by Mozart and Beethoven, as well as Fauré's C-Minor Piano Quartet, with pianist André-Michel Schub.

Vladimir Feltsman—The pianist performs Bach's Second Partita, Prokofiev's Eighth Sonata, and Schumann's "Carnaval." (Avery Fisher Hall. April 14 at 3.)

Pomerium Musices—*Alexander Blachly directs* sacred works by three Flemish masters: Josquin Desprez, Pierre de la Rue, and Alexander Agricola. Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st Street, just east of Broadway. 666-0675. April 14 at 4.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—*Members of the ensemble, in various configurations,* perform works by Mozart, Beethoven, Henze (his "Quattro Fantasie" for wind-and-string octet), and Oliver Knussen (his "Ophelia Dances"). (Alice Tully Hall. April 14 at 5 and April 16 at 7:30.)

New York Festival of Song—Mezzo-soprano Bernarda Fink, baritone Christopher Trakas, and pianist Steven Blier present South American art songs, theatre songs, and tangos, including works by Villa-Lobos and Astor Piazzola. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. April 14 at 5.)

Günther Kaunzinger—Organist, performing works by Franck and Widor, as well as his own transcription of Liszt's symphonic poem "Orpheus" and an improvised organ symphony. Presented by the Friends of Music. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. April 14 at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Goliard Concerts—Patricia Handy directs small-scale choral music by Mendelssohn and Brahms, and several instrumentalists present chamber works by Bartók and Debussy. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 14 at 7:30.)

Davidsbündler—The chamber ensemble performs a Kuhlau flute trio, Brahms' Horn Trio, and Schubert's "Trout" Quintet; performers include pianist Olegna Fuschi, flutist Jeanne Baxtresser, horn player David Jolley, violinist Glenn Dicterow, cellist David Soyer, and double bassist Homer Mensch. (Alice Tully Hall. April 14 at 8.)

Music Amici—*The chamber group presents* works by Poulenc, Satie, and Martinů (his Nonet), as well as two new works: Byron Olson's "Reflections on a Theme of Miles Davis" (featuring jazz trumpeter Randy Brecker) and Carlos Franzetti's Oboe Concerto (with Joseph Robinson, principal oboist of the New York Philharmonic). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. April 14 at 8:30.)

Parnassus—Performing music by Webern and Prokofiev; the première of Richard Festinger's Octet; and György Kurtág's "Messages of the Late R. V. Troussova," featuring soprano Adrienne Csengery. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 16 at 8.)

Robert Glasgow—The organist, who for twenty-four years has served as organ professor at the University of Michigan's music school, presents organ symphonies by Widor and Vierne, spotlighting the newly restored *Positif* division of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin's Æolian-Skinner instrument. (145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. April 16 at 8.)

Donna-Lee Weng—The pianist includes in her New York début recital Bach's D-Major Toccata and sonatas by Scriabin and Griffes. (92nd Street Y. April 16 at 8.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music performed by the piano, clarinet, violin, and cello quartet. (Bösendorfer Center, 406 E. 79th St. April 16 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Tanita Tikaram—This twenty-one-year-old folksinger-chanteuse, who has just released her third album, "Everybody's Angel," is Great Britain's answer to Suzanne Vega (we mean it as a compliment), although she looks about as English as Elvis Presley, to whom she bears a faint resemblance. (Her father is from Fiji; her mother is from Borneo.) Her youth and her postcolonial-cultural-polyglot background accent her music in small, surprising ways—music that, to begin with, is extraordinary for the maturity and penetration of its coffeehouse lyricism. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 11 at 8.)

Kathy Mattea—Artful ordinariness and pleasing sentimentality saturate this West Virginian's best-selling New Traditionalist country music, sung with a Debra Winger-deep voice. *Her best songs combine country's* perennial virtues—a strong story, down-home wordplay, and a devotional underpinning—with intelligence and a victim-free suite of female roles. Mattea's latest album, "Time Passes By," bears a few signs of Nashville-driven overproduction, but there's little doubt she's already done enough to earn her place in the first rank of country stardom. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 12 at 8.)

Ella Fitzgerald—This gig (only the sweet and great Ella could conjure up such a relaxed word in conjunction with the dress-formal Radio City Music Hall) presents the rich opportunity to hear the singer in two settings. The first will be an intimate workout *with the Mike Wofford trio, and the second* with the Louie Bellson orchestra. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. April 13 at 8.)

Pet Shop Boys—Radio City. April 9-10 at 8.

Blue Gene Tyranny—Merkin Concert Hall, 123 W. 67th St. 362-8719. April 11 at 8.

Stéphane Grappelli—With the Swingle Singers. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. April 11 at 8.)

Soup Dragons—Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. April 11 at 9.

Jazz Concert—Joe Sample, Gerald Albright, and Lalah Hathaway. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. April 12 at 7 and 11.)

Deep Purple—With Winger. (Radio City Music Hall. April 12 at 8.)

"Court Music and Dance of Central Java"—Performed by the New York Indonesian Consulate Gamelan, with assisting artists. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. April 13 at 7. No charge beyond museum admission.)

Paco Peña—Merkin Hall. April 13 at 8:30.

Sonny Rollins—With Jim Hall and Roy Hargrove. (Carnegie Hall. April 13 at 8.)

Alvin Lucier—With Brian Johnson, Roy Wiseman, and Margaret Leng Tan. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 15 at 8.)

Manhattan Marimba Quartet—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. April 17 at 8.

Cabaret Series—April 10: Rita McKenzie. . . . ¶ April 11: Ann Hampton Callaway. . . . ¶ April 12: Sylvia Syms. . . . ¶ April 17: Anne Francine. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Evenings at 8. Through April 19.)

Sonny Rollins

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Opening day is April 8 when, at 3:10, the Queens posse takes on the Philadelphia Phillies. On the mound will be the sixteen-million-dollar man and future video star, Dwight Gooden. (Justify our love, Doc.) The Mets continue against the Phillies April 9 at 1:40, and April 10 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Expos, April 11-12 at 7:40, and April 13-14 at 1:40.

Yankees—*The Bombers'* home opener follows a week's road trip, so by the time we get a first glimpse they could be six games up (knock wood). Vs. the Chicago White Sox, April 15 at 1, April 16 at 7:30, and April 17 at 1.

Knicks—Vs. the Indiana Pacers, April 12. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, April 16. (Game time, 8:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, April 12. . . . ¶ Vs. the Indiana Pacers, April 16. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; the Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Nets and the Devils play at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

CHAMPIONSHIP—HOCKEY

Stanley Cup Playoffs—The Rangers host the Washington Capitals, if necessary, April 11 and 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ The Devils host the Pittsburgh Penguins, if necessary, April 11 and 15, at 7:35.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Gone Fishing—The Urban Park Rangers, along with the Hudson River Foundation and the Inwood Heights Parks Alliance, are sponsoring an afternoon devoted to the shad that spawn in the Hudson River. It's an opportunity to see fisheries, eat fish, that sort of thing. (Meets at the Boathouse in Inwood Hill Park, 218th St. and Indian Rd. April 14 at noon. Call 1-800 834-3832.)

Posters, Posters, Posters—Ads for circuses, movies, wars, fairs, and romantic getaways are among the exhibits at the International Vintage Poster Fair. (St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. April 13, from 11 to 8, and April 14, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door.)

Bauhaus—*An exhibition at Cooper Union, in* which the roots of the architectural movement are revealed to have been in turn-of-the-century kindergarten design. The show features nineteenth-century toys and playground equipment and runs through May 11. (7 E. 7th St. Open Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Saturdays, noon to 5. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—April 11 at 5: Richard Goldstein reads from his new book, "Superstars and Screwballs: 100 Years of Brooklyn Baseball." (New York Bound Bookshop, 50 Rockefeller Plaza. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: Vickie Karp, Mary Stewart Hammond, and Edward Herrmann reading from their own poetry. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ April 11 at 8: Eleanor Bergstein and Richard Price read scenes that never made it into the final versions of screenplays they wrote. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. 787-6557.)

Talks—April 11 at 6:30: John Chowning, Tod Machover, Tim Page, and Roger Reynolds talk about computer music. (New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. For information about tickets, call 870-1670.) . . . ¶ April 14 at 6: Pianist Mitsuko Uchida talks about her career and about Mozart. (Paul Hall, Juilliard School, 144 W. 66th St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, ext. 633.) . . . ¶ April 17 at 7: W. S. Merwin and Alex Shoumatoff talk about rain forests. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. No tickets necessary.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Poison" (directed by Todd Haynes).
Theatre 2: "The Comfort of Strangers" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Femme Nikita" (†).
Theatre 4: "City Zero" (Karen Shakhnazarov).
Theatre 5: (Separate admissions) "Iron & Silk" (Shirley Sun), with Mark Salzman; and "Ay Carmela!" (Carlos Saura, in Spanish), with Carmen Maura.
Theatre 6: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"The Comedian Harmonists" (1976, Eberhard Fechner; in German), a documentary.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†). From April 12: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 3: "Dances with Wolves" (†).

CINEMA 12, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Vanishing" (†).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Defending Your Life" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Meryl Streep.
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney animated film. From April 12: "The Killer" (James Woo, in Mandarin).
Theatre 3: Through April 11: "Superstar: The Life and Times of Andy Warhol" (Chuck Workman), a documentary. From April 12: "The Object of Beauty" (Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with John Malkovich and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 4: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).
Theatre 5: "Mister Johnson" (†).
Theatre 6: "The British Animation Invasion," twenty-five short films.
Theatre 7: "The Grifters" (†).

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dances with Wolves" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 11: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†). From April 12: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 4: "The Marrying Man" (Jerry Rees), with Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 5: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).
Theatre 6: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 11: "GoodFellas" (Martin Scorsese), with Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci.
From April 12: "Eminent Domain" (John Irvin), with Donald Sutherland.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).
Theatre 2: "Defending Your Life" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Meryl Streep.
Theatre 3: Through April 11: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris. From April 12: "The Object of Beauty" (Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with John Malkovich and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 4: "Class Action" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Marrying Man" (Jerry Rees), with Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "New Jack City" (†). From April 12: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Reversal of Fortune" (Barbet Schroeder), with Jeremy Irons and Ron Silver.

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Marrying Man" (Jerry Rees), with Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 2: "The Grifters" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 11: "New Jack City" (†). From April 12: "The Object of Beauty" (Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with John Malkovich and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 2: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Hard Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Class Action" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Defending Your Life" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks, Meryl Streep, Rip Torn, Lee Grant, and Buck Henry.
Theatre 2: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "GoodFellas" (Martin Scorsese), with Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci. From April 12: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through April 11: "True Colors" (Herbert Ross), with John Cusack and James Spader.
From April 12: "Impromptu" (James Lapine), with Judy Davis, Hugh Grant, Mandy Patinkin, Bernadette Peters, and Julian Sands.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Cross My Heart" (Jacques Fansten; in French).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Dances with Wolves" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Hard Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through April 11: "New Jack City" (†). From April 12: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "The Marrying Man" (Jerry Rees), with Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "L'Ange" (1982, directed by Patrick Bokanowski). From April 10: "Echoes of Conflict" (1989, Jorge Johanan Weller; in Hebrew).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Paris Is Burning" (†).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Marrying Man" (Jerry Rees), with Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger.

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Class Action" (†).
Theatre 2: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon), with Frank Whaley.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Long Walk Home" (†).
Theatre 2: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).
Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (Martin Scorsese), with Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci.
Theatre 4: "Reversal of Fortune" (Barbet Schroeder), with Jeremy Irons and Ron Silver.

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Defending Your Life" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Meryl Streep.
Theatre 2: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon), with Frank Whaley.
Theatre 3: "The Hard Way" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).
Theatre 5: "Class Action" (†).
Theatre 6: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.
Theatre 7: "The Grifters" (†).
Theatre 8: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 9: Through April 11: "Warlock" (Steve Miner), with Julian Sands. From April 12: "The Object of Beauty" (Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with John Malkovich and Andie MacDowell.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Marrying Man" (Jerry Rees), with Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger.

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The Long Walk Home" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Hard Way" (†).
Theatre 3: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.
Theatre 4: (Separate admissions) "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†); and "The Grifters" (†).
Theatre 5: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 6: Through April 11: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon), with Frank Whaley. From April 12: "Eminent Domain" (John Irvin), with Donald Sutherland and Anne Archer.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Doors" (†).

LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Godfather Part III" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Andy Garcia, Diane Keaton, and Talia Shire.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Mister Johnson" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "La Femme Nikita" (†).
Theatre 2: "Iron & Silk" (Shirley Sun), with Mark Salzman.

LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
Through April 11: "Alice" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
From April 12: "Daddy Nostalgia" (Bertrand Tavernier, in English and French), with Dirk Bogarde and Jane Birkin.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Defending Your Life" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Meryl Streep.

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Class Action" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven, in German), with Lena Stolze.
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "Open Doors" (Gianni Amelio, in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte. From April 12: "Korczak" (Andrzej Wajda, in Polish).
Theatre 3: "Ju Dou" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Hard Way" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†).
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).
Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 11: "Warlock" (Steve Miner), with Julian Sands. From April 12: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 5: "The Marrying Man" (Jerry

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Rees), with Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 6: "Dances with Wolves" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 11: "Career Opportunities" (Bryan Gordon), with Frank Whaley. From April 12: "The Object of Beauty" (Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with John Malkovich and Andie MacDowell.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "If Looks Could Kill" (directed by William Dear), with Richard Grieco.
Theatre 2: "The Hard Way" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 11: "Guilty by Suspicion" (†). From April 12: "Out for Justice" (John Flynn), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 4: "The Five Heartbeats" (†).
Theatre 5: Through April 11: "GoodFellas" (Martin Scorsese), with Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci. From April 12: "Out for Justice."
Theatre 6: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Dances with Wolves" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman.
Theatre 3: "Ghost" (Jerry Zucker), with Patrick Swayze, Demi Moore, and Whoopi Goldberg.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze" (Michael Pressman).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Warlock" (Steve Miner), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 2: "Class Action" (†).

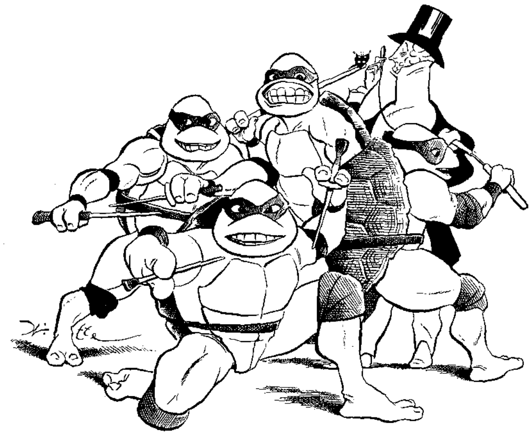
West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
April 8: "The Last Metro" (1981, directed by François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Scene of the Crime" (1987, André Téchiné; in French), with Deneuve.
April 9-10: "Le Chat" (1971, Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret; and "The Widow Couderc" (1974, Granier-Deferre; in French), with Alain Delon and Signoret.
April 11-13: "La Ronde" (1950, Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Donkey Skin" (1975, Jacques Demy; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean Marais.
April 14-15: "The Confession" (†); and "Story of Women" (1989, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
April 16-17: "The Nun" (1965, Jacques Rivette; in French), with Anna Karina; and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969, Renoir; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Françoise Arnoul, and Fernand Sardou.

Cinema Village, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
Through April 9: "Metropolitan" (1990, Whit Stillman), with Edward Clements, Carolyn Farina, Christopher Eigeman, and Taylor Nichols; and "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater, Scott Paulin, Ellen Greene, and Samantha Mathis.
April 10-13: "Freeze—Die—Come to Life" (Vitaly Kanevski, in Russian); and "The Pathfinder" (1989, Nils Gaup).
April 14-16: "Home of the Brave" (1986, Laurie Anderson), with Anderson; and "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983, Godfrey Reggio).
From April 17: "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (†); and "Laura" (1944, Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, and Dana Andrews.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through April 11: "Tabu" (1931, Robert Flaherty; silent); and "Chang" (1927, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack).
April 12-13: "Moana" (1926, Robert Flaherty; silent); and "White Shadows in the South Seas" (1928, W. S. Van Dyke II; silent).
April 14: "Grass" (1925, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack; silent); and "The Yellow Cruise" (1934, Leon Poirier and André Sauvage).
April 15: "The Covered Wagon" (1923, James Cruze; silent); and "The Silent Enemy" (1930, H. P. Carver).



April 16: "Man of Aran" (†); "The Drifters" (1919, John Grierson; silent); and "Granton Trawler" (1934, Grierson).
April 17: "Nanook of the North" (†); and "Eskimo" (1932, Robert Flaherty).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 8: "La Grande Illusion" (1937, Jean Renoir; in French); and "La Bête Humaine" (1938, Renoir; in French).
April 9: "The Lodger" (1944, John Brahm), with Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, George Sanders, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Hangover Square" (1945, Brahm), with Cregar and Linda Darnell.
April 10: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957, Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952, King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Gardner.
April 11: "In a Lonely Place" (†); and "Dead Reckoning" (1947, John Cromwell), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott.
April 12-13: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler), with Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.
April 14: "Princess Tam Tam" (1935, Edmond T. Gréville; in French), with Josephine Baker and Albert Préjean; and "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), with Baker and Jean Gabin.
April 15: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Shame" (1968, Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Björnstrand.
April 16: "My Man Godfrey" (†); and "Nothing Sacred" (1937, William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.
April 17: "The Nanny" (1965, Seth Holt), with Bette Davis, Jill Bennett, and Wendy Craig; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Davis and Joan Crawford.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—April 8 at 2:30: "Notorious" (1946, directed by Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant, and Claude Rains.... ¶ April 8 at 6: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942, Ernst Lubitsch), with Jack Benny, Carole Lombard, and Robert Stack.... ¶ April 8 at 6:30: A program of films by Leighton Pierce, who will be present.... ¶ April 9 at noon: "The Sterile Cuckoo" (1969, Alan J. Pakula), with Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton.... ¶ April 9 at 2:30: "Cabaret" (1972, Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.... ¶ April 9 at 3: "In the Claws of Darkness" (1917) and "The Town Priest" (1917), both Swedish silent films by Georg af Klercker.... ¶ April 9 at 6: "New York, New York" (1977, Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro.... ¶ April 9 at 6: "The Mysterious Night of the 25th" (1916) and "The Nobel Laureate" (1918), both Swedish silent films by af Klercker.... ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "To Be or Not to Be."... ¶ April 11 at 3 and 6: Two programs of Asian videos.... ¶ April 11 at 6: A program of films that originally showed at Cinema 16.... ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "Play Me Something" (1989, Timothy Neat).... ¶ April 12 at 3: "Gypsy Love" (1916) and "Prisoner of Karlsten's Fortress" (1916), both Swedish silent films by af Klercker.... ¶ April 12 at 6: "On the Black Hill" (1988, Andrew Grieve).... ¶ April 12 at 6: "Reveille" (1917, af Klercker; Swedish silent film).... ¶ April 13 at 2: "Venus Peter" (1989, Ian Sellar), with Ray McAnally.... ¶ April 13 at 2:30: "Campaign in Poland" (1940, Fritz Hippler), "Words for Battle" (1941), and "The Nazis Strike" (1942, Frank Capra).... ¶ April 13 at 5: "Melancholia" (1989, Andi Angel), with Jeroen Krabbé and Susannah York.... ¶ April 13 at 5: A program of films that originally showed at Cinema 16.... ¶ April 14 at 2: "On the Black Hill."... ¶ April 14 at 2:30: "Le Retour" (1946, Henri Cartier-Bresson and André Bac; in French) and "Let There Be Light" (1946, John Huston).... ¶ April 14 at 5: "Play Me Something."... ¶ April 14 at 5: "Battle of the Rails" (1946, René Clément; in French).... ¶ April 15 at 2:30: "Melancholia."... ¶ April 15 at 6: "Venus Peter."... ¶ April 16 at 2:30: "Fellow Traveller" (1990, Philip Saville), with Ron Silver and Hart Bochner.... ¶ April 16 at 3: "Le Retour" and "Let There Be Light."... ¶ April 16 at 6: "I'm British but . . ." (1989, Gurinder Chadha) and "The Debt" (1988, Miguel Pereira; in Spanish).

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Programs about contemporary comedians and people who influenced them. *Jane Curtin:* April 9-13: "Reruns" (1988, CBS), an episode from "Kate & Allie"; "Harpo Marx" (1955, CBS), an episode from "I Love Lucy"; and "The Christmas Party" (1953, CBS), an episode from "The Honeymooners."... From April 16: Clips from Curtin's appearances on "Saturday Night Live"; and "That's My Boy?" (1963, CBS), an episode from "The Dick Van Dyke Show." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.... ¶ "On Stage at Carnegie Hall: A Centennial Celebration." April 9-13: "Count Basie" (1981, CBS Cable), with George Benson, Sarah Vaughn, Tony Bennett, and Joe Williams.... From April 16: "Carnegie Hall: The Grand Reopening" (1987, PBS), with Isaac Stern, Leonard Bernstein, Marilyn Horne, Frank Sinatra, and others. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30.... ¶ "A Salute to Monty Python." April 9-13: Episodes 16-20 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin.... From April 16: Episodes 21-25 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15, 2:30, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:15 and 2:30; and Saturdays at 12:15.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 12 at 6:30: "God Speed You: Black Emperor" (1976, Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese); "Blind Alley" (1985, Go Riju; in Japanese), and three films by Sogo Ishii.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 10 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Straight to the Heart" (1990, Léa Pool; in French), with Matthias Habich, Johanne-Marie Tremblay, and Michael Voita.... ¶ April 17 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Life Is a Long Quiet River" (1988, Etienne Chatiliez; in French).

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—April 9 at noon: "Notorious" (1946, Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.... ¶ April 9 at 2:30: "The Big Lever" (1982, Frances Mor-

THE BEST DEAL YOU'LL FIND IN ASIA MIGHT BE RIGHT HERE AT HOME.

FREE DOMESTIC TICKET WITH EVERY ROUNDTRIP TO ASIA.

In Hong Kong, you can still cross the harbor for under a dollar. And entertainment comes with the price of dinner at a traditional restaurant in Seoul.

But the best bargain you'll find in Asia might be right here at home.

That's because now when you fly Northwest roundtrip to any of the dozen business centers we serve in Asia, you'll get a free roundtrip ticket—good for three years—to any city we serve in the continental U.S.

IT'S ALL MADE POSSIBLE BY WORLDPERKS.®

To qualify, you'll have to be a member of our WorldPerks Frequent Flyer Program. To enroll, call 1-800-456-6067, ext. 410. And you have to travel to Asia between April 1 and June 15, 1991.

So fly Northwest, and profit from the knowledge that comes from over 40 years of helping people do business in Asia. For reservations and information call your travel agent or Northwest at 1-800-447-4747.

TO ENROLL IN WORLDPERKS CALL 1-800-456-6067, EXT. 410.

Restrictions: You can earn the Transpacific 10,000 Mile Bonus when using a purchased Northwest fare to fly Northwest roundtrip between select destinations in Asia and the 48 contiguous U.S. and Canada from 4/1/91 to 6/15/91. One-way Transpacific flights earn a 5,000 Mile Bonus. The Transpacific 10,000 Mile Bonus is not valid for flights to or from Hawaii (including stopovers). The Transpacific 10,000 Mile Bonus will automatically appear on a future mileage summary. Please consult your WorldPerks Membership Guide for complete mileage accumulation terms and conditions. © 1991 Northwest Airlines, Inc.

TOKYO SEOUL HONG KONG SINGAPORE TAIPEI OSAKA BANGKOK MANILA SHANGHAI OKINAWA

NORTHWEST AIRLINES

ton). . . . ¶ April 11 at noon: "Chuck Solomon: Coming of Age" (1986, Marc Huestis). . . . ¶ April 16 at noon: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938, Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, *Katharine Hepburn, and Charlie Ruggles.*

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—April 9 at 6:15 and April 10 at 2: "A Spy in the House That Ruth Built" (1989, Vanalyne Green) and "Blind Country" (1989, Ericka Beckman and Mike Kelley) . . . ¶ April 11-12 at 2: "The Deadman" (1989, Peggy Ahwesh and Keith Sanborn) and "Because We Must" (1989, Charles Atlas). . . . ¶ April 13-14 at 2: "Cycles" (1989, Zeinabu and Irene Davis) and "Tongues Untied" (1989, Marlon Riggs). . . . ¶ April 16 at 6:15 and April 17 at 2: "Friendly Witness" (1989, Warren Sonbert), "Site/Recite" (1989, Gary Hill), "Volcano Saga" (1989, Joan Jonas), and "From Here and There Too: Moscow Postcards 1989" *(1990, Hans Breder).*

92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—April 14 at 7:30: "They Were Ten" (1961, Baruch Dienar; in Hebrew).

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—"William Greaves: Chronicler of the African-American Experience." April 13 at 7:30: "Symbiopsychotaxiplasm: Take One" (1968). . . . ¶ April 14 at 2: "Still a Brother: Inside the Negro Middle Class" (1968) and "Black Power in America: Myth or Reality?" (1987).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—April 13-14 at 1:30: "New York, New York" (1981, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ April 13-14 at 5: "Raging Bull" (1980, Scorsese), with De *Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.*

The 1991 Nordic Film Festival—April 12 at 3:45: "The Sacrifice" (1986, Andrei Tarkovsky; Sweden). . . . ¶ April 12 at 6:15: "Under the Glacier" (1989, Gudny Halldórsdóttir; Iceland). . . . ¶ April 12 at 8: "Twice Upon a Time" (1990, Anja Breien; Norway). . . . ¶ April 12 at 10: "Ariel" (1988, Aki Kaurismäki; Finland). . . . ¶ April 13 at 11: "My Life as a Dog" (1987, Lasse Hallström; Sweden). . . . ¶ April 13 at 2: "Atlantic Rhapsody" (1989, Katrin Ottarsdóttir; Faroe Islands). . . . ¶ April 13 at 3:40: "Babette's Feast" (1987, Gabriel Axel; Denmark). . . . ¶ April 13 at 5:15: "Good Evening, Mr. Wallenberg" (1990, Kjell Grede; Sweden). . . . ¶ April 13 at 5:50: "Waltz Regitze" (1989, Kaspar Rostrup; Denmark). . . . ¶ April 13 at 7:30: "Winter War" (1989, Pekka Parikka; Finland). . . . ¶ April 13 at 7:45: "Pelle the Conqueror" (1988, Bille August; Denmark). . . . ¶ April 14 at 11:30: "Brenda Brave" (1988, Daniel Bergman; Sweden) and "Good Night Mr. Vagabond" (1988, Bergman; Sweden). . . . ¶ April 14 at 12:45: "Giselle" (1991, Anne Regitze Wivel; Denmark). . . . ¶ April 14 at 2:35: "The Guardian Angel" (1990, Suzanne Osten; Sweden). . . . ¶ April 14 at 4:30: "Pathfinder" (1989, Nils Gaup; Norway). (Alliance Française, *55 E. 59th St. 355-6160.)*

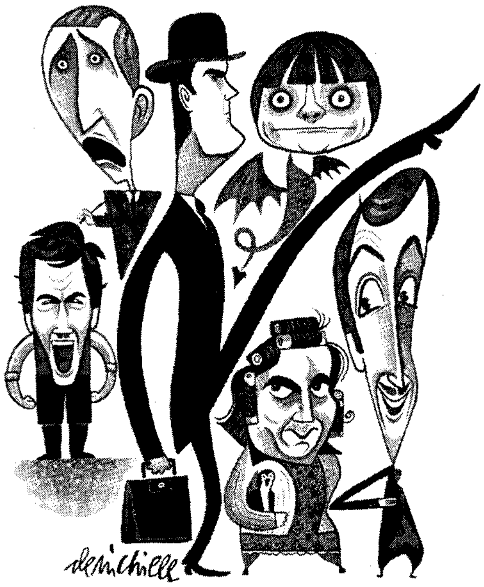
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Class Action—*In this high-concept legal thriller,* directed by Michael Apted, Gene Hackman plays a flamboyant lawyer who specializes in civil-liberties and consumer-advocacy cases, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio plays his daughter, an ambitious associate in a slick corporate-law firm. The script—by Carolyn Shelby, Christopher Ames, and Samantha Shad—contrives to pit the father and the daughter against each other in a negligence suit against an auto manufacturer. Sparks, both personal and professional, are meant to fly, but the Hollywood engineers who designed this piece of product have cut a few too many corners: the thriller plotting is predictable, the family drama is broad and sentimental, and the connections between them are facile. The actors are often saddled with lines so solemnly false that you feel like leaping out of your chair and shouting "Objection!" Yet Hackman and Mastrantonio somehow manage to impart lifelike rhythms to their scenes together: their skill keeps this rickety contraption from stalling completely. Also with Colin Friels, Joanna Merlin, Larry Fishburne, Donald Moffat, and Fred Dalton Thompson.—T.R. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

The Comfort of Strangers—Harold Pinter's screenplay, adapted from a novel by Ian McEwan, is a kinky contemporary variation on the sort of plot that made Victorian readers shiver—the story of innocents lured into the clutches of charming villains. The innocents here are an unmarried English couple (Natasha Richardson and Rupert Everett) vacationing in Venice; the evil seducers are a husband and wife (Christopher Walken and Helen Mirren) whose tastes run to voyeurism and sadomasochism; the dread lair in which the monsters toy with their prey is a huge, ornately furnished apartment with a spectacular view of the city. The director, Paul Schrader, dresses his characters in Armani and sets the camera in motion to swirl gracefully around them, picking up miragelike shimmers from the canals and beautiful but ominous architectural details; the languorous camera movements create an authentically gothic sense of catastrophe just around the corner. Walken glides effortlessly through his role as the embodiment of Old World evil. He gives the character a lordly, sinister air, and suggests, as well, that he's wearing something really odd underneath his superbly tailored white suits. And Richardson is characteristically amazing: she brings a touch of humanity to this rather formal party. The movie improves on the novel by jettisoning its dubious psychology and its pretensions to literary significance. Schrader treats the story as an elegant horror-movie game, a trick done with mirrors, and he carries it off. Dante Spinotti's cinematography and Gianni Quaranta's production design contribute to the luxurious, decadent atmosphere. Music by Angelo Badalamenti.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/8/91.) (Angelika Film Center.)



The Monty Python Series at the Museum of Broadcasting

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the prisoners at the Stalinist show trials in Czechoslovakia in 1952 were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine, non-egotistic performance; with Simone Signoret, Gabriele Ferzetti, Michel Vitold, and Jean Bouise. Screenplay by Jorge Semprun, based on an autobiographical story by Lise and Artur London; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. In French—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; April 14-15.)

Dances with Wolves—Set during the Civil War, this big Indians-versus-Cavalry epic is like a New Age social-studies lesson. Kevin Costner, who directed and is the star, has an untroubled face and laid-back diction. As Lieutenant Dunbar, a Union officer, he sees that the Sioux have a superior culture and he changes sides. This is a nature-boy movie, a kid's daydream of being an Indian. When Dunbar has become a Sioux named Dances with Wolves, he writes in his journal that he knows for the first time who he really is. Costner has feathers in his hair and feathers in his head. He and his friend Michael Blake (who worked up the material with him in mind and then wrote the novel and the screenplay) are trying to show the last years of the Sioux as an independent nation from the Sioux point of view, and it's probably that sympathy for the Indians that the audience responds to. But Costner is a moviemaking novice: instead of helping us understand the Sioux, he simply makes the Sioux like genial versions of us. This three-hour Western weeper, with its sluggish action and poorly shaped scenes, was made by a bland megalomaniac. (The Indians should have named him Plays with Camera.) Shot in South Dakota; the wide-screen cinematography, by Dean Semler, is spacious and open at times, and there are fine images of buffalo pounding by. With Mary McDonnell, Maury Chaykin, Robert Pastorelli, Graham Greene as Kicking Bird, and Rodney A. Grant as Wind in His Hair.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

The Doors—Oliver Stone's film about the sixties rock group focusses on Jim Morrison, its lead singer and main songwriter, who died in 1971, at the age of twenty-seven. Morrison (played by Val Kilmer) presented himself as a combination of shaman and *poète maudit,* and he was a star in life and a legend in death because he made the physical, intellectual, and spiritual excesses of the counterculture sexy. The movie is pure exploitation—an extended, self-important freakout. Stone gobbles up Morrison and the sixties and rock and roll as if they were drugs: he seems less interested in interpreting the Vietnam era than in simply appropriating as much of its unruly, orgiastic energy as he can. He reduces the richly contradictory experience of that period to the myth of Morrison, and, in the process, reduces Morrison and the Doors as well: the movie restricts the viewer's freedom to imagine the sixties culture as anything but a movement with a single voice, or to imagine the Doors as anything but a metaphor. (Kilmer is physically convincing as Morrison, but his performance can be only an impersonation: what the script—by Stone and J. Randal Johnson—gives him to play is the icon, not the man.) For a while, the obviousness and flat-out vulgarity are sort of entertaining, and it might be possible to enjoy the movie as a camp classic if you could ignore the mean-spiritedness that keeps breaking through—the fundamental hostility Stone seems to feel toward his subjects. He wants to turn the audience (and himself) on, but the movie's bad faith and tabloidlike sensibility leave us exhausted and depressed; we feel like voyeurs of our own memories. Also with Meg Ryan, Kathleen Quinlan, and Michael Wincott; the other Doors are played by Kyle MacLachlan, Frank Whaley, and Kevin Dillon.—T.R. (3/11/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, and Ziegfeld.)

La Femme Nikita—The end of French cinema as we know it. Written and directed by Luc Brisson. With Anne Parillaud, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Tcheky Karyo, and (in a cameo) Jeanne Moreau. In French.—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Five Heartbeats—There isn't a good scene per Heartbeat in this rags-to-sequins story of a Temptations-like five-man singing group. The sweet temper and eager-to-please showmanship of director-star Robert Townsend (who co-wrote the script with Keenen Ivory Wayans) can't compensate for his amateur filmmaking. The early sequences of the quintet's formation have some vaudevillian humor and unzipped energy, but then Townsend crams too much in: racism, "crossover" pressures, drugs, criminality, sexual and professional competition, and, yes, religious redemption. None of the Heartbeats (Townsend, Michael Wright, Leon, Harry J. Lennix, Tico Wells, and, later, John Canada Terrell) scores the way Lonette McKee did in the girl-group movie "Sparkle." The only singer who *does*—Tressa Thomas, who plays Townsend's baby sister—performs once and is never heard from again. She tears through a number called "We Haven't Finished Yet." Townsend should have taken that cue: his movie is painfully unfinished.—M.S. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

The Grifters—This adaptation of one of the punchier pulp novels by Jim Thompson retains Thompson's hardboiled pitilessness. It's about three scam artists: tough, seductive Lilly (Anjelica Huston); her son, Roy (John Cusack), who won't have anything to do with her; and his bubbly bedmate, Myra (Annette Bening), a sex fantasy come to luscious life. These chisellers never got a break and don't give anybody else a break. The director, Stephen Frears, and the scriptwriter, Donald E. Westlake, are smart enough not to attempt to make a big thing out of this L.A. film noir. They keep it snappy, and heighten the sexual electricity. And they smack us with discord; we're watching a form of cabaret. Huston is astounding—you can see why the son is getting even with her by throwing his life away, and Bening's two-faced little-girl quality is just what film noir thrives on. (This is a picture with two competing femmes fatales.) It's thin stuff, but it's pretty terrific. (It even has great opening titles.) With Pat Hingle giving the performance of his life.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Guilty by Suspicion—Can a mannequin acquire political consciousness? That's the only question raised by this flaccid anti-HUAC morality play. To judge from Robert De Niro's hollow impersonation of a blacklisted director, the answer is no. Irwin Winkler, the veteran producer who here makes his directing début, has designed De Niro's hero as a good-hearted liberal (circa 1951) who just wants to keep making movies without naming names. Winkler and De Niro hope to forge a magnet for sympathy and instead construct a vacuum. The politics get sucked right in. Only peripheral figures turn out to be lapsed or unrepentant Communists, or even steady sympathizers. The victims include a Joseph Losey-like director (played with amusing snap by Martin Scorsese) and a Dorothy Comingore-like actress (Patricia Wettig, in a stupefying histrionic exhibition). More energy went into creating composite characters than into analysis or drama. The result is less a political rally than an Old Left mix and match. How virtuous is this movie? Annette Bening plays De Niro's ex-wife—a schoolteacher. Because of the blacklist, they kiss and make up. The script is credited to Winkler.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through April 11.)

The Hard Way—Michael J. Fox has said that when he and James Woods teamed up on this numbing farce, they decided to be "cheap, fast, and funny." They got two out of three. With Fox as a congenial Hollywood superstar and Woods as a volatile New York City cop, the movie turns self-parody into self-defeat. The premise sounds promising: Fox apes Woods' every move to research the role of a headstrong cop. But the director, John Badham, reduces the potential Pirandellian horseplay to a series of lame Tinseltown "in" jokes. As a lightweight glamour boy, Fox devalues his own affability. Woods gives intensity a bad name. There may be no surprises left in this performer's bulletproof acrimony, and the script (by Daniel Pyne and Lem Dobbs, from a story by Dobbs and Michael Kozoll) shoots him one expletive-dotted diatribe after another, as if a temper and a mouth were proof of integrity. The moviemakers struggle to be witty and knowing—when the antagonists seal their friendship in the obligatory post-"48 Hrs." fistfight, another character comments on their "male bonding." But even at its most cartoonishly self-aware, "The Hard Way" remains a dullard as well as a contradiction in terms—wholesome, baby-faced camp. Stephen Lang plays the bad guy (a serial killer) and Annabella Sciorra the good woman (a single mother) who bring Woods and Fox together—the easy way.—M.S. (Baronet, Park & 86th St. Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

Ju Dou—It's been compared to James M. Cain, but the postman barely rings once in this tale of adultery Chinese style. In a small mountain village in the twenties, an impotent dye-mill owner (Li Wei), crazed over his lack of an heir, tortures his beautiful young bride (Gong Li). She seeks comfort in the arms of his worker nephew (Li Bao-Tian). There's no compelling plot, only the grinding inevitability of fate and tradition. The director, Zhang Yimou, simply metes out punishment to the lovers, the tyrant—and the audience. The lovers' son does most of the damage. He has the lethal power of the Children of the Damned—unfortunately, without the gimmicky zest of their eerie, glowing eyeballs. Yimou started out as a painter and still photographer. He remains one, devoting more attention to the dye mill's set design than to the story or the characters. The bolts of fabric are colored in subtle, vivid hues; the people are made out of whole cloth. In Mandarin.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza.)

"In a Lonely Place" (playing April 11 at Theatre 80 St. Marks) features Humphrey Bogart at his most volatile, as a screenwriter with a scary temper. He provides the charge for this off-kilter 1950 thriller directed by Nicholas Ray, from a script by Andrew Solt and Edmund H. North (based on Dorothy B. Hughes' novel). It boasts a dead-cert suspense hook. Bogart brings home a hat-check girl so she can tell him the story of a best-seller that she's read and he hasn't. (He's considering adapting it.) Hours later the police discover her corpse: it's been dumped from a moving car. Gloria Grahame, who lives across from Bogart in his patio-courtyard apartment complex, backs up his alibi and then falls in love with him. Soon, like the police captain, she begins to doubt Bogart.

The setup could serve as the jumping-off point for a whodunit or a why'd-he-do-it. But Ray and company play a simple game of "Did he or didn't he?" (As in Hitchcock's "Suspicion," for most of the movie only the screenwriters know for sure.) They toy with our attraction and repulsion for Bogart's character, who combines cynicism, sentiment, honor, and rage. In the opening minutes, his disgust for Hollywood gets us on his side—he insults the pompous husband of an actress and socks the vulgar, conceited son-in-law of a mogul. Later, we see how dangerous his fits of anger can become when he nearly brains a college boy after a minor car crash. At flashpoint, Bogart's violence irradiates his face with infernal fire.

Even as a character study, "In a Lonely Place" is wobbly: Ray can't decide whether the writer is a rebel with or without a cause. But thanks to Bogart's mercurial precision, the film is a Rorschach test with a razor's edge—for Grahame and for the audience.

The Legend of Lylah Clare (1968)—Heavy-handed camp about Hollywood—an attempt to fuse "Sunset Boulevard," "Vertigo," "The Barefoot Contessa," and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" Peter Finch plays a Svengali-like movie director. His great star, the glamorous foreigner Lylah Clare, died mysteriously a few hours after marrying him, and now he is turning a young American actress (Kim Novak) into Lylah. The stale, gaudy script (from a teleplay by Robert Thom and Edward De Blasio) provides roles for Coral Browne as a bitch columnist, Rossella Falk as a predatory European lesbian, and Valentina Cortese as a designer. Maybe an amusing macabre pastiche could have been made of it if the director, Robert Aldrich, hadn't been so clumsy; it's a static piece of filmmaking. With Michael Murphy, George Kennedy, and Ernest Borgnine, who has rarely been worse—he demonstrates his shouting range.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting April 17.)

The Long Walk Home—Sisterhood—and liberalism—are powerful once again in this soul-stirring civil-rights drama. A bit too programmatic for the big screen, it would have been a landmark TV movie. But the cast overcomes. Sissy Spacek plays a proper Southern matron with an independent streak, and Whoopi Goldberg is the housemaid who inspires her to become a car-pool driver during the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955-56. Goldberg has never been better. In a part calling for restraint and constant wariness, she has all-seeing eyes. She summons an embattled dignity that gathers tremendous cumulative force. Spacek is appropriately smug as well as sharply empathic; for a role of this type, she's unusually unsentimental. Working from a script by John Cork (a Montgomery native), under the direction of Richard Pearce, these actresses embody the old integrationist dream: they descry each other's positions and seize a common ground. The movie is designed to be "inspirational," but it respects your intelligence. The climax is rousing, not rabble-rousing.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Man of Aran (1934)—Robert Flaherty gave two years of his life to making this film, and left the Aran Islands with a truly exalted work—the greatest film tribute to man's struggle against hostile nature. The Atlantic, which sweeps in all the way from America, lashes the cliffs of Aran with an almost malignant ferocity; it is considered the most horrible sea in the world. Only thirty miles from Galway, civilized people live on islands of rock so bare that they must gather seaweed to plant their potatoes in. Perhaps because of the mixture of extreme courage and extreme simplicity in the lives of these people, who act out incidents based on past occurrences, the film achieves a true epic quality—a celebration of heroic traditions. —P.K. (Film Forum 2; April 16.)

Mr. & Mrs. Bridge—An adaptation, by the Merchant-Ivory team (the director James Ivory, the producer Ismail Merchant, and the writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala), of Evan S. Connell's novels about the painfully respectable Bridge family of Kansas City. Walter and India Bridge (Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward) are pure exemplars of the middle: they're middle-aged and middle-class; they live in a medium-sized city in virtually the dead center of the United States; and they are neither truly happy nor consciously unhappy. They're monsters of moderation. At the beginning of the film, Ivory seems eerily in tune with the novels' distinctive sensibility. The picture gets by, initially, on its strange mood of chilling coziness, and when we tire of that—and we do, because it doesn't change or develop—the actors keep us engaged a while longer. Newman doesn't try to soften the character, or to distance himself from it with exaggerated effects, and his scrupulousness pays off. The character seems not more likable but more human than it does in the novels; by very simple means, Newman enables us to understand Mr. Bridge's insensitivity and emotional ineptitude. And Woodward, too, gives a delicate, subtle performance; she embodies a foolish woman vividly and unpatronizingly. But the screenplay retains the static quality of the books' construction, so at a certain point the scenes begin to feel arbitrary. And Ivory's perspective on the material seems to become clouded by a storm of minutiae—a surfeit of period detail. (The action takes place in the late thirties and early forties.) In the end, the Bridges aren't large enough either to move us or to terrify us: they're the Ambersons without the magnificence.—T.R. (12/3/90) (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Collet

"Nanook of the North"

Mister Johnson—An adaptation, directed by Bruce Beresford, of a 1939 Joyce Cary novel about a young Nigerian who works for British colonists in a remote rural outpost. The title character (played by Maynard Eziashi) is an outsized, broadly conceived comic invention—a man who seems to identify more strongly with his employers than with his countrymen. He composes grandiose songs of praise to "England, my home" (he's never been there), and he serves the stolid, pipe-smoking colonial district officer with ferocious enthusiasm. For Johnson, the ways of the white man's civilization are the elements of a romance, an epic song full of color and grand adventure: he looks at the world through the eyes of a poet, and transforms all he sees. The subject of the novel isn't the conflict between the culture of West Africa and that of the imperialist occupiers; it's the contrast between the wild fertility of an artist's imagination and the barrenness of his actual circumstances. The movie is skillful, handsome, and consistently enjoyable, but its studied style makes Cary's story seem a far more conventional colonial satire than it really is. For the most part Beresford directs like an intelligent man who just isn't quite getting the point. Eziashi, however, is a splendid Johnson: the movie's few surviving traces of the novel's complex wit are all contained in fleeting expressions on the actor's broad, smiling face. Also with Pierce Brosnan, Edward Woodward, Femi Fatoba, Beatie Edney, Bela Enahoro, Nick Reding, and Kwabena Manso (who gives a lovely performance as Johnson's quiet, very correct friend Benjamin). Screenplay by William Boyd; cinematography by Peter James.—T.R. (4/8/91) (Village East Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—In this entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy about the Depression, Carole Lombard is a rich, gorgeous nit who goes to the city dump to find a "forgotten man." The man she finds—a suave, bitter victim of the economic collapse—is played by William Powell. When she tells him she needs to take him back to a party in order to win a scavenger hunt, he asks what that is, and, sighing, she says, "A scavenger hunt is just like a treasure hunt, except in a treasure hunt you find something you want and in a scavenger hunt you find things you don't want and the one who wins gets a prize, only there really isn't any prize, it's just the honor of winning, because all the money goes to charity if there's any money left over, but then there never is." Lombard has a delirious, breathless plaintiveness at a moment like this—recognition dawning in her. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's likable and well paced even at its silliest. Lombard shrieks happily and Powell modulates impeccably. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Directed by Gregory La Cava, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. Like several of the Astaire-Rogers musicals, this film has a sleek and silvery Art Deco look; the black-and-white cinematography is by Ted Tetzlaff.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 16.)

Nanook of the North (1921)—Robert Flaherty, who began as an explorer and anthropologist, once remarked that in the usual travelogue the filmmaker looks down on and never up to his subject. By looking up, Flaherty created a new genre. He began to record the life of a people with a camera, and then, in editing, to distill the meaning. What Flaherty—a great storyteller—distilled was the heroic beauty in simple everyday experience. Instead of going to a culture with a story, he developed his stories out of what he observed; his films have no human villains, yet they have great drama and a surprising amount of comedy. (Like all great documentarians, he imparts his own spirit to his films.) His feature-length study of the Eskimo Nanook, who lives where nothing grows and who depends on what he can kill, was made in 1920 and 1921. Two years later, while people all over the world were applauding this smiling man in his cold and hostile environment, Flaherty's hero died of starvation. He lives on in this movie in a different way from screen actors of the past: Flaherty closes the distance between Nanook and the audience. Silent.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; April 17.)

New Jack City—A Saturday night not-so-special, with juicy bits and pieces. Mario Van Peebles' primitive but energetic anti-drug melodrama stars Wesley Snipes as a self-made crack king, Ice-T and Judd Nelson as the cops who try to bring him down, and Van Peebles himself as their boss, modestly named Stone. The screenwriters, Thomas Lee Wright and Barry Michael Cooper, portray Snipes' charismatic villain as a brutal ghetto cousin of the eighties white-collar criminals. He believes that a man must "rob to get rich in the Reagan era." He also must extort and murder. In the most jolting sequence, he turns an entire building into a crack apartment house. The narrative is a hash. With its combination of alienation and derring-do, "New Jack City" is like *Melvin* Van Peebles' "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" and Brian De Palma's "Scarface" (it contains clips from both) crossed with "Serpico" and earnest TV cops-and-robbers series. When the drug lord's romantic problems come to the fore, you wonder if you missed an episode. As a whole, the movie resembles sixties biker movies as well as seventies blaxploitation films: the camera keeps riding the action, and the cast is loose and entertaining. Snipes, in particular, both acts up a storm and stays calm at the center of it. His character injects a touch of scuzzball baroque: the odd ridge of his hair style emerges from the fury of his brain waves.—M.S. (23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, and 86th Street East Twin; through April 11.)

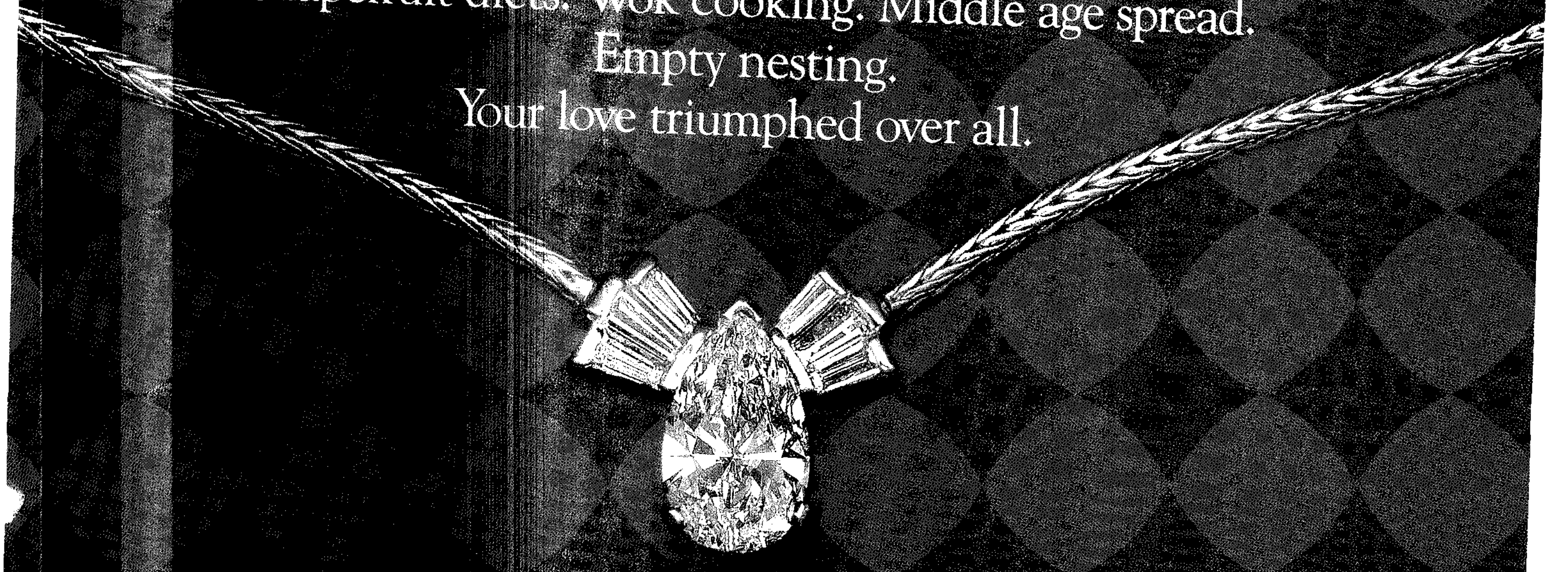
Paris Is Burning—Jennie Livingston's documentary about gay black and Latino men who compete in drag balls is a beautiful piece of work—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The drag queens we see here seem to be holding up a mirror to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom, some present themselves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes); military men; Wall Street businessmen; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds. The criteria by which all these turns are judged is verisimilitude—"realness." The material is almost too rich, too suggestive. Everything about the ball culture signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate image and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor. The most self-aware of the gay men in this picture revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and Livingston makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach. Like all the best documentary filmmakers, she does her subjects the honor of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. The movie is a sympathetic observation of a specialized, private world; it doesn't feel like a violation or an intrusion (or a dissertation). It has its share of sobering, and even tragic, moments, but its spirit is buoyant, because it never strays too far from the crazy exuberance of the ballrooms.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Film Forum.)

The Silence of the Lambs—Adapted from a novel by Thomas Harris, Jonathan Demme's thriller is artful pulp—tabloid material treated with intelligence and care and a weird kind of sensitivity. The heroine, Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster), is an earnest F.B.I. trainee who is selected to interview Dr. Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins), a psychiatrist who is also a famous mass murderer; her superiors hope that Lecter's twisted expertise can somehow be used to help them catch a serial killer known as Buffalo Bill, who flays his victims. In the course of the movie, these conversations between the trainee and the psychiatrist turn into edgy, complex transactions in which she reveals pieces of her inner life in return for his hints on how to find the killer. Hopkins plays the monster with a fine, cold relish: he gives the character a mesmeric animal stillness, the terrifying opacity of a cobra. And the impact of his performance is heightened by its contrast with everything surrounding it: the scrupulous realism of Demme's style, the mundane details of police procedure, and, in particular, the emotional transparence of the heroine. Demme keeps our attention on Starling and her shifting reactions to the world, and his most striking achievement in this picture is his direction of Jodie Foster. The suspense of this manhunt isn't of the straight-ahead kind we're used to: it's reflective, oscillating between approach and avoidance—it has an unnerving intimacy.—T.R. (2/25/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Sleeping with the Enemy—Julia Roberts, as a frightened young wife who fakes her death and changes her identity to escape her rich husband (Patrick Bergin), a psychopathic perfectionist. Roberts is an incredible object—you can at least see why a perfectionist would want to hang on to her. But she's a blank goddess here, and the settings—Cape Cod and Cedar Falls, Iowa (both shot in North and South Carolina)—are uninspiring. The director, Joseph Ruben, does a smooth job, with snappy editing every time there's a cut to the enraged husband on the wife's trail. There are no surprise twists, though; the picture is a glossy combination of secondhand, showing-off-Julia scenes from "Pretty Woman" and secondhand scares from "The Stepfather." Ronald Bass's script, out of a novel by Nancy Price, is one letdown after another.—P.K. (2/11/91) (Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through April 11.)

The Vanishing—George Sluizer's film has a simple, powerful thriller hook: a young Dutch woman, Saskia (the radiant Johanna Ter Steege), vacationing in the South of France with her boyfriend, Rex (Gene Bervoets), walks into a highway rest stop to buy a soda and beer and never comes back. Rex's search for Saskia, which takes place over several years, produces suspense of an unusually melancholy kind. This fiendishly intelligent little movie is adapted from a novel called "The Golden Egg," by the Dutch writer Tim Krabbé (who collaborated with Sluizer on the adaptation), and its form is essentially literary. It's a sophisticated example of the sort of hermetic intellectual mysteries that Borges is famous for: the fates of Saskia and Rex are worked out with an almost geometric precision. But the movie's rigor isn't alienating, and its symmetries are evocative rather than merely clever. The film is about ordinary lives interrupted, hijacked out of time, and Sluizer, with documentary-style attentiveness to detail, does justice to the varied beauty of ordinariness. The narrative is constructed with flawless elegance, but the movie is far less self-contained than it seems: traces of deep feeling keep escaping from the artifice, like puffs of breath into cold, thin air. Not many thrillers have the sort of suggestiveness this picture has. It's a small classic. In Dutch and French.—T.R. (1/28/91) (Cinema 12.)

Bell bottoms.
Psychedelic Rock. Children's braces. Car pools.
Peewee Hockey. Piano practice.
Grapefruit diets. Wok cooking. Middle age spread.
Empty nesting.
Your love triumphed over all.

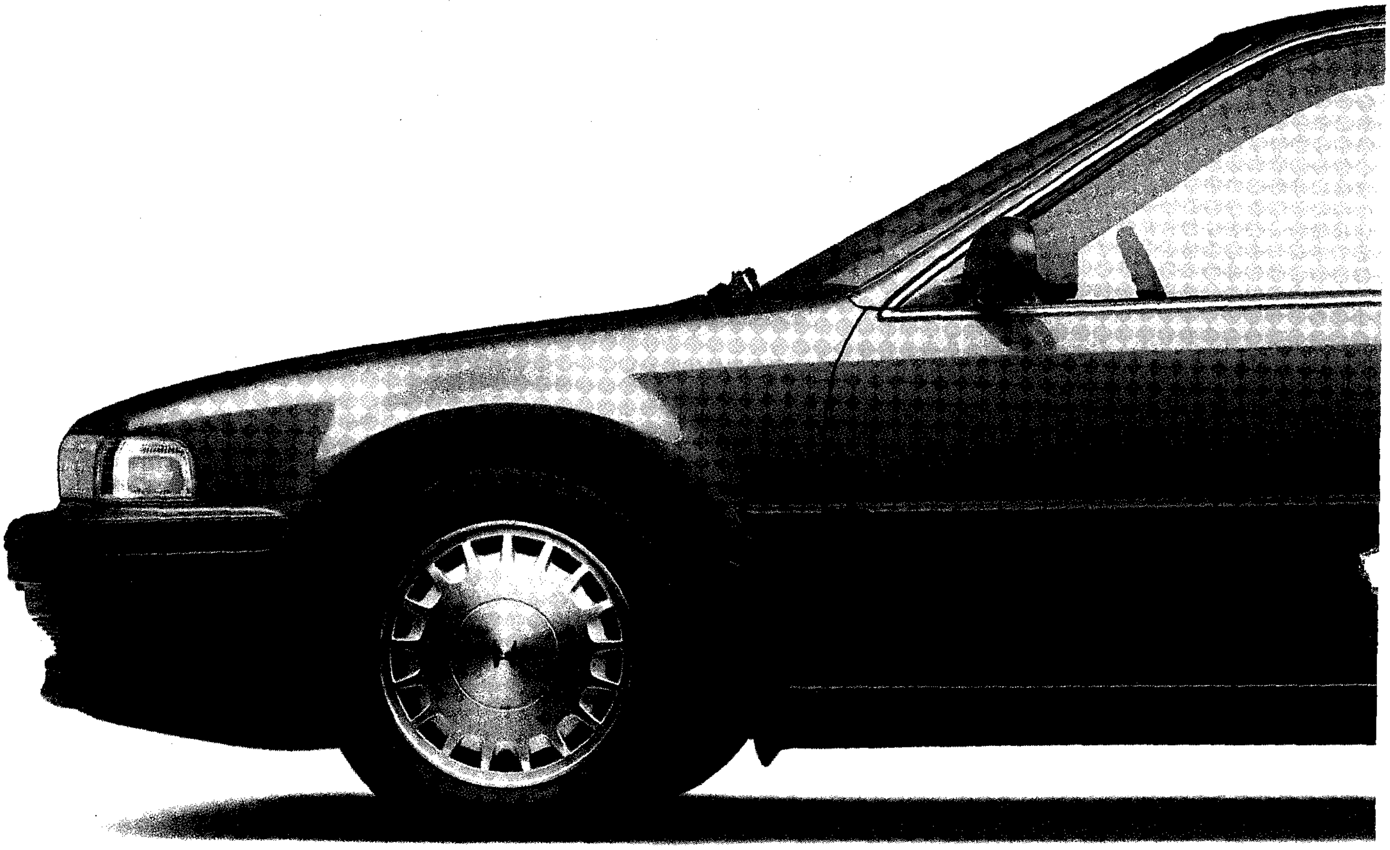


The 25th Anniversary Diamond.
A brilliant celebration of the loving marriage.

This necklace features a center stone of 2 carats.
25th Anniversary Diamond Jewelry is available through these fine jewelers. A diamond is forever.

Mayor's • *Tivol* • *London* • *Lux Bond & Green*

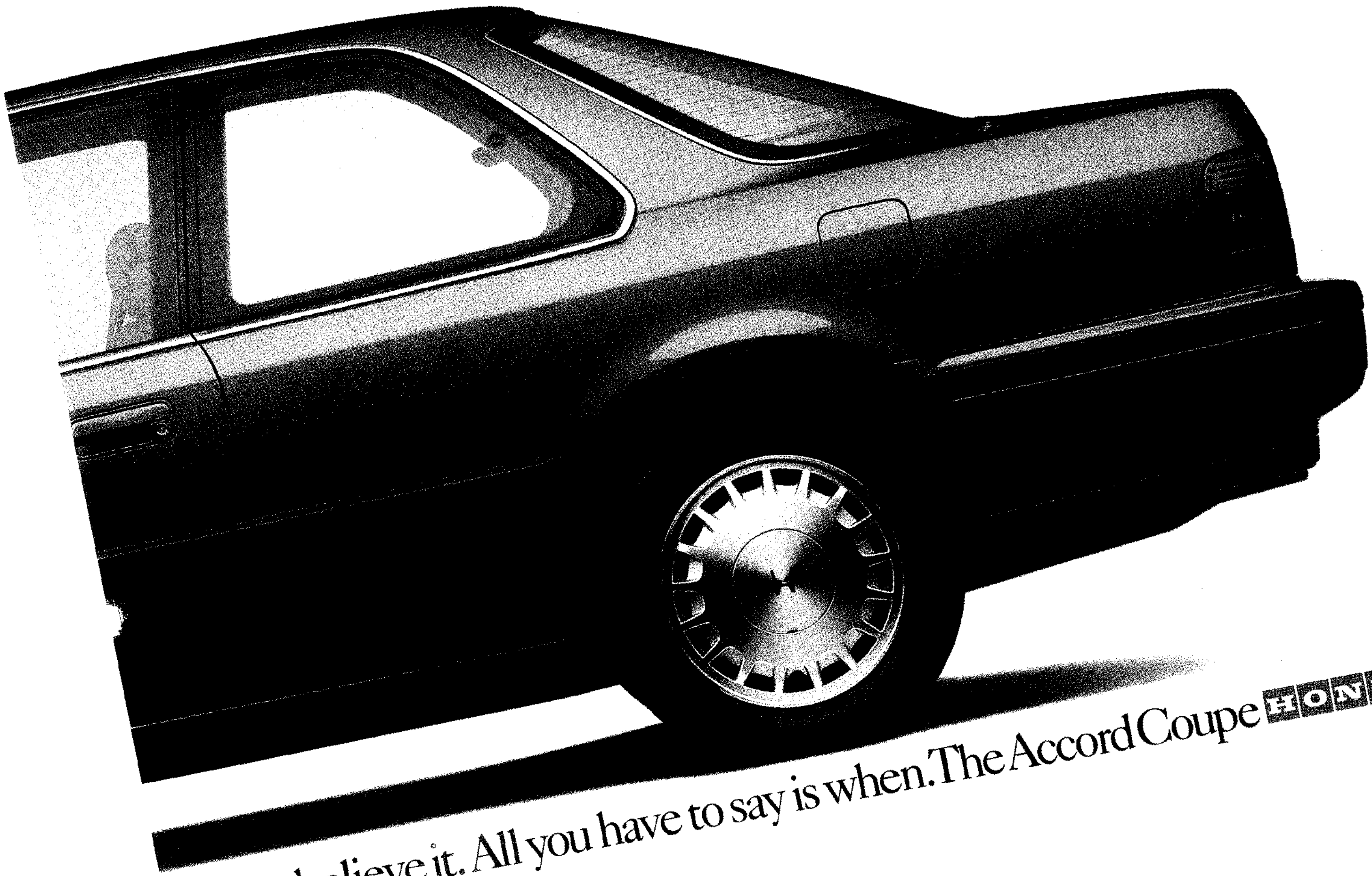
Sure, it looks g



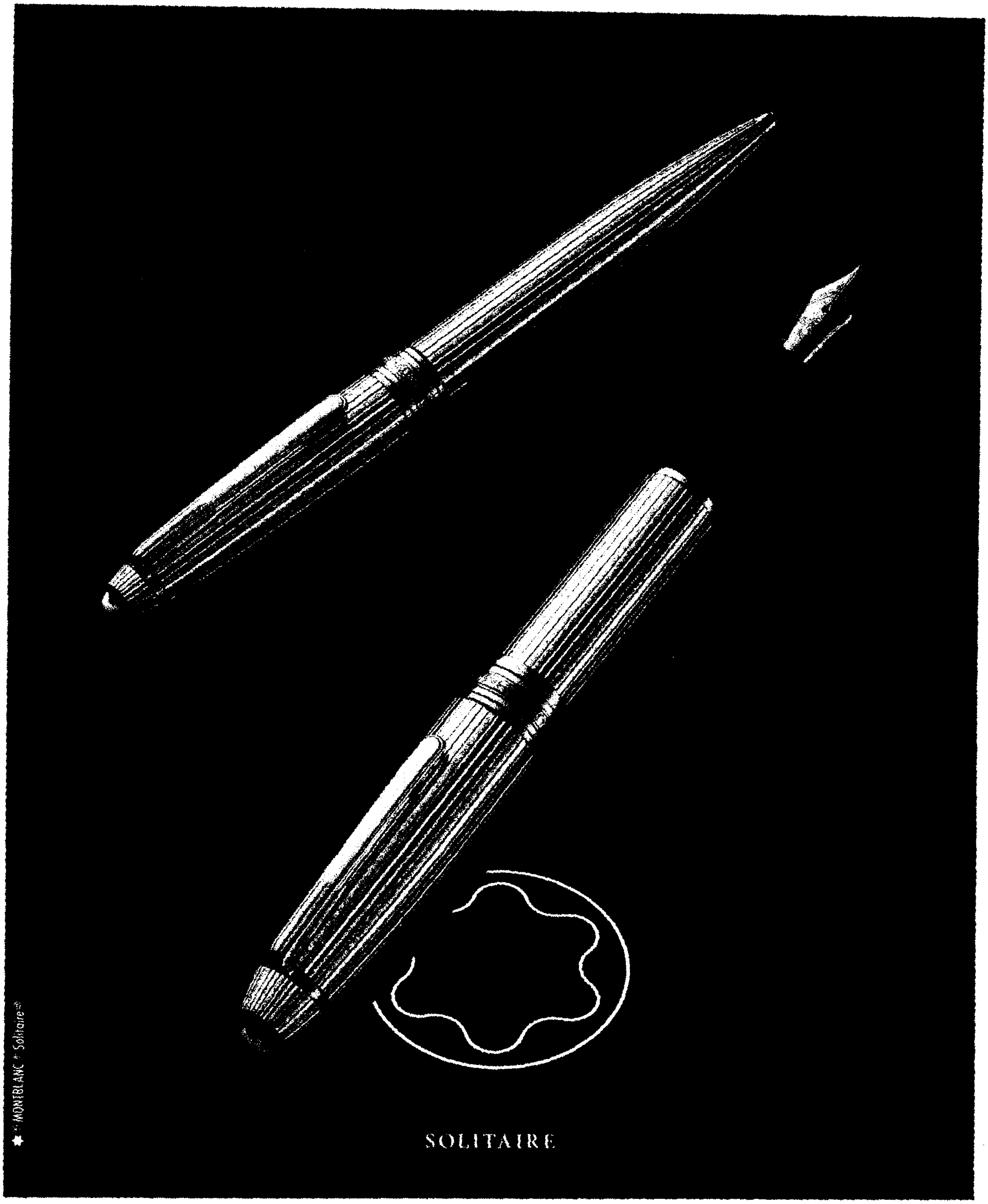
They say that if something looks good, it is good. We say that you have t

© 1990 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

ood on paper.



ive it to believe it. All you have to say is when. The Accord Coupe HONDA


SOLITAIRE
MONTBLANC® Solitaire®

The art of writing.

MONT BLANC

Available at fine jewelers, department stores, quality stationers and other select retailers.
Koh-I-Noor Inc. (800) 877-4810. In Canada, (416) 670-0300

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OPERATION DESERT STORM had barely reached its conclusion, early last month, when events in the region began taking what Ted Koppel, of ABC's "Nightline," called "some alarming and unpredictable turns." The American media generally seemed astonished at the chaos that quickly engulfed the region: famine; pestilence; rebellions viciously suppressed. "Irony" was a notion that got bandied about a good deal, as in Mr. Koppel's observation, on his March 5th program, that over the past eleven years the United States had been particularly concerned with containing the spread of the sort of fundamentalist Muslim movement reigning in Iran—indeed, that concern had accounted for our tilt toward Iraq during the Iran-Iraq War—but now we might be on the verge of seeing a Shiite takeover of southern Iraq. "Is the ultimate irony now possible—that this war may have so weakened Saddam Hussein that we're going to bring about the very thing we tried to avoid eleven years ago?" Mr. Koppel asked. Actually, there was nothing the least bit ironic about what was taking place. Many experts had predicted just such a set of consequences—mass upheavals and then reprisals—following allied intervention, but nobody in the Administration had seemed concerned.

ICES
HELADOS
HELADOS ICES
COCO
PINA
LEMON
CEREZA
COCONUT
PINEAPPLE
LEMON
CHERRY

During the month since Koppel's program was broadcast, the situation in Iraq has deteriorated dramatically. Saddam Hussein quickly unleashed a counter-offensive against the Shiite rebels in the south and went on to subdue Kurdish resistance in the north. Despite President Bush's earlier incitement of the Iraqi people to rise up and overthrow "Iraq's brutal dictator," the United States just stood by, seemingly paralyzed, week after week. Finally, that paralysis was elevated to the status of Administration policy. "President Bush has decided to let President Saddam Hussein put down rebellions in his country without American intervention rather than risk the splintering of Iraq," the *Times* reported on March 27th.

The consequences of that policy played themselves out in the days that followed. On March 31st, the Washington *Post's* Nora Boustany offered a chilling account of how American troops in a remote corner of the Euphrates Valley were forced to watch as the town of Samawah, one of the Shiite rebellion's last strongholds, only a mile away from their observation post, came under the assault of Hussein's Republican Guard. "It's very hard sitting here, not being able to do what we can," Lieutenant Thomas Isom told Boustany. "We have shown more discipline in the last four days than in the whole war." Ms. Boustany wrote of the "horror and frustration" of United States troops, of their "torment" at being forced to "sit passively as they watch enemy Iraqi troops kill trapped civilians."

"Our children were slaughtered in the streets," one refugee told Boustany. "When they saw a child running, they shelled. . . . They were dumping explosive charges from helicopters on the arcaded souk near Kabir Street." A young man said, "Allied planes were hovering above, but they did nothing. Our fate is unknown. We are in the throes of a catastrophe. We have no rights but famine, poverty, and executions in the streets. What is our future?" One deserting Iraqi officer said to an American soldier, "If you don't take me, just shoot me."

In the months leading up to the war, its proponents invariably cited the analogy of Munich, 1938, insisting that here was a tyrant who absolutely had to be eliminated at once, to avoid much worse problems later on. Now it seems that Hussein has suddenly turned back into an unsavory but nevertheless essential adjunct of American foreign policy. The real irony of the current situation is that many of those who opposed the war (and were chided for their isolationism) subsequently came to feel that, having gone this far, we had incurred a moral responsibility to those whose rebellion we had encouraged—a responsibility that would have to be addressed, even at the risk of further United States entanglements and casualties. Meanwhile, many of those who had initially favored the war now seemed to see no problem in abandoning the rebels to destruction: suddenly, Iraq's fate had become merely an "internal matter." And it's a further irony that, despite protestations to the contrary, our present situation in the Gulf all too disturbingly recalls the end of our involvement in Vietnam. This time, we are in military control, of course, and can withdraw on our own schedule, but we are nevertheless trying to hurry away from a disaster in which we are heavily implicated, while acting as if we'd never had anything to do with it.

•

AFTER Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, President Bush said several times that it was necessary for Saddam Hussein, like Hitler, to be appropriately punished for his heinous violations of international law. By coincidence, late last month a gathering was held in Washington to commemorate the forty-fifth anniversary of the verdict in the trial before the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg of twenty-two top figures in Hitler's Third Reich. Attending the reunion, at the Hotel Washington, a couple of blocks from the White House, were more than two hundred prosecutors and their co-workers—interrogators, translators, research analysts—who had served either at that trial or at some of twelve subsequent trials, under American auspices, in which the defendants included, for example, Nazi doctors accused of committing atrocities in the guise of medical experiments; industrialists, such as the officers of I. G. Farben and Friedrich Flick, who had used concentration-camp inmates as slave labor; and members of the Einsatzgruppen, the task forces supervising the Final Solution. Some of the people at the reunion had come to Washington from as far away as Hawaii, Taiwan, Israel, and Switzerland.

On the first afternoon, those on hand convened to hear a panel of onetime Nuremberg prosecutors discuss "Nuremberg, the Gulf War, and International Law." The prosecutor Charles Horsky pointed out that three months after the end of the war in Europe the international tribunal to try the Nazi leaders had been set up by agreement among the four major victorious powers—the United States, Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union. He expressed no confidence that a similar agreement could be reached by the twenty-eight members of the coalition that participated in the Gulf War, and suggested that the United Nations Security Council could, "in its wisdom," create a court and decide who should be on it, where it should meet, and what its jurisdiction should be. The first problem, of course, was that the prime defendant—although, unlike Hitler, he had survived the war—was not in custody, as the Nuremberg defendants (all except Martin Bormann) had been. Moreover, Saddam Hussein had in his keeping most of the documents needed for his conviction. By contrast, in 1945 the Allies had it easy: virtually all the prisoners and what one prosecutor at the reunion described as "a cornucopia of documents" were in American hands.

Another former Nuremberg prosecutor, Walter Rockler, offered a historical rundown of the laws governing warfare, noting that some of the laws dated back to the Geneva convention of 1864 and others to a few subsequent treaties, and that some of them had their absurdities. Poisoned weapons were outlawed, for example—he assumed that the intention had been to prevent the use of bows and arrows by African tribes—but there were virtually no prohibitions against unlimited bombardment, even by nuclear weapons. Daniel Margolies, also a former prosecutor, took note of the Pentagon's recent announcement that only seven per cent of the tonnage dropped on Iraq and occupied Kuwait consisted of the famous "smart" bombs; ninety-three per cent were unguided missiles, and seventy per cent of those did not reach their targets. Civilian casualties were thus inevitable. But then, he added, the bombing of civilians was not a war crime.

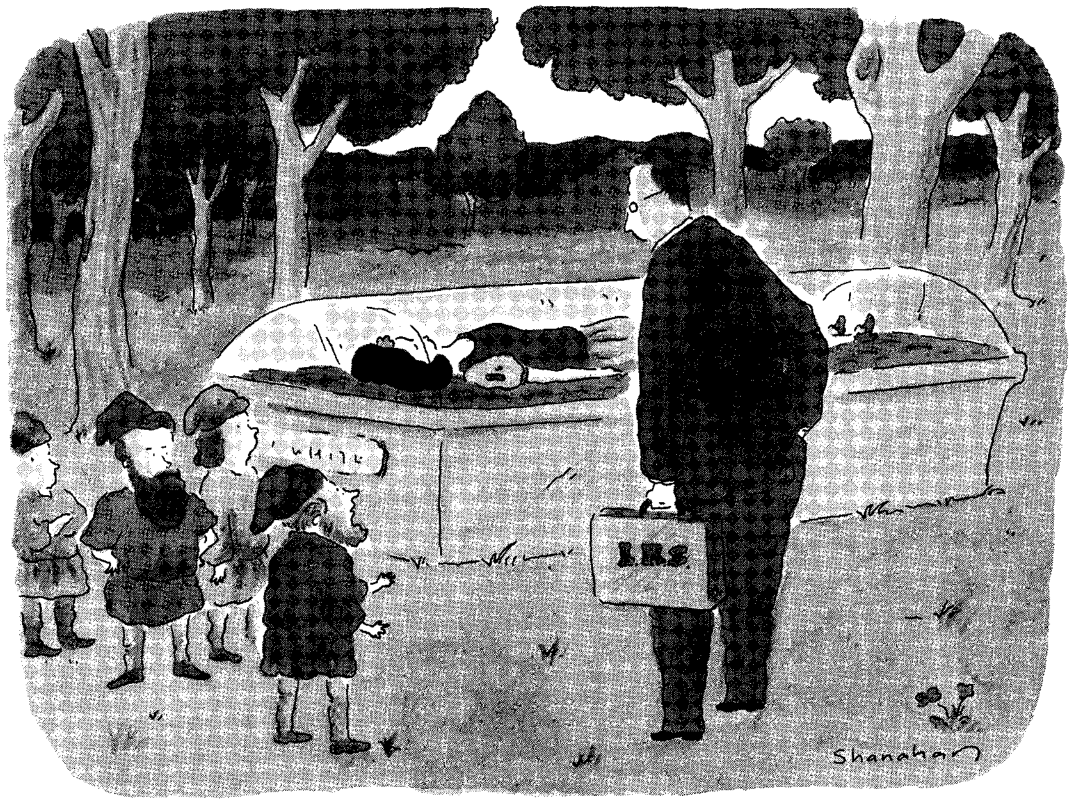
The panel of prosecutors later handed around a draft of a resolution that they hoped those attending the reunion would pass: it called on the United Nations and the United States to take all appropriate action to punish Iraqi nationals responsible for waging the recent war in violation of, among other laws, the principles established at Nuremberg. The first question from the audience was a sassy one: How many millions in debt forgiveness would it cost the United States to bribe the members of the U.N. to adopt such a proposal? Another question was: How could the Nuremberg principle holding that individuals, rather than their superior officers, are responsible for their actions be applied if there was no documentary evidence of guilt? That question was seconded with special fervor from the audience by Telford Taylor, who had prosecuted the German high command before the Tribunal and had been the chief prosecutor at the subsequent trials. Mr. Rockler said that there had been hundreds of wars since 1945, many of them wars of aggression, so it seemed hard to justify the selective prosecution of Iraq. However, several former prosecutors argued that when a civilized society was confronted by a personification of evil, such as Saddam Hussein, not to take some action would be unconscionable. Benjamin Ferencz said that the war-crimes resolution should be the cornerstone of President Bush's "new world order." Henry King said, "You have to start somewhere, and I say *now!*"

Eve Olitsky

At the Hotel Washington, as at most reunions, old times were not forgotten. Happy memories were exchanged of rituals like Sunday-morning touch-football games in the stadium where Hitler had held his giant Nazi Party rallies. Although the median age of those in attendance was bound to be in the mid-seventies, and no one tried to get up a memorial touch-football game, only one or two canes were in evidence, and it was noted with some astonishment that, contrary to all demographic logic, the turnout for the 1991 reunion was almost twice as large as that for a similar reunion twelve years earlier. During the final banquet, after one former prosecutor, William Jackson, hailed those on hand as "survivors of a great adventure," another, Drexel Sprecher, read out the names of nearly three dozen of the Nuremberg adventurers who had met their husbands or wives—often citizens of other countries—at the Palace of Justice, where the trials were held; it was a side result of that long-ago experiment in the administration of international justice which had escaped the attention of historians.

One of the banquet's main speakers was Telford Taylor, who endorsed "the clear desirability of a permanent international court" to deal with war crimes. However, he then read part of a recent Associated Press story from Kuwait which reported that the United States had no plans to interfere while our ally the Kuwaiti government was preparing to try and perhaps execute hundreds of people it had already concluded were war criminals. No matter how high-minded the language of the laws of war, he reminded his old friends from Nuremberg, "the uses of the laws of war may not be to our liking."

• •



"And if she doesn't file?"

• •

Neat

PATENT No. 4,981,732 recently went to Chuck Hoberman, formerly of Greenwich, Connecticut, and now of Greenwich Street in Tribeca, for his Reversibly Expandable Pleated Sheet Structure. We learned this from the *Times* patents column, which runs every Saturday and gives brief descriptions of two or three of eighteen hundred or so inventions for which the United States Patent and Trademark Office has issued patents during the week. There, a few weeks back, along with a toothpaste formula that removes plaque and tartar and a lampshade that cuts glare, was Chuck's invention, which, the *Times* reported, "could make it easier to design pup tents that pop out more quickly, trunks and suitcases that fold up for easy storage and even the trusses of a space-station platform that must be packed tightly for launching into orbit." There, too, in a photograph, was Chuck himself—cropped hair, ascetic-looking face, a startled expression.

Since the column ran, it seems, Chuck's life has been a busy one. Dr. Martin M. Mikulas, whom Chuck describes as "a structural-concepts honcho for NASA," is looking at Chuck's invention for its space-station and lunar shelter potential. A tent manufacturer, a toy company, a theme park, and a fast-food chain also see potential in Chuck's structure. A man in Long Island called Chuck to say that it would make an excellent boat cover, and offered him the use of his three outboards as a laboratory.

In an effort to understand more precisely the nature of Chuck's invention, we arranged to meet him at a gallery downtown. Chuck, who is thirty-five years old and about six feet four, showed up in a dark-blue belted overcoat and dark-blue fedora, carrying a high-tech black leather briefcase in one hand and, in the other, a twelve-sided plastic-foam egg about a foot and a half in diameter. He explained that to the three requirements every inventor must satisfy in order to get his idea patented (Is it novel? Is it useful? Is it non-obvious?) he had added a fourth: Is it neat? "Basically, people have to be able to look at my work and go, 'Wow, that's neat,' " he said, stooping and removing the top half of the plastic-foam egg. He took out a sphere about the size of a basketball, apparently made of aluminum spikes. "I mean, if they go, 'Wow, that would make a great collapsible spaceship,' then great, but ultimately that's not the reason I'm doing this stuff. It should be, I guess. But I think maybe there's something wrong with me, so it's not."

Chuck grasped one part of the sphere between his right thumb and forefinger, and stood up. Smoothly and noiselessly, the sphere transformed itself into a globe about six feet in diameter. Chuck knelt, and the globe changed back into a small sphere.

"Why did you do this?" we asked.

"That's one of those questions," Chuck said shyly. He made the sphere turn into a six-foot globe again. A young woman who had just come into the room said "Wow" softly and stood there for half a minute or so, smiling and watching Chuck.

"But what made you think of doing this?" we asked.

Chuck said that about seven years ago he had begun applying his various skills—he has a fine-arts degree in sculpture from Cooper Union and a master's in mechanical engineering from Columbia—to the problem of how large objects could become small objects without changing their shape. It was, he said, basically an aesthetic problem for him, but he worked at it in a mechanical way. In the case of the sphere, he discovered that if you repeated a geometric unit made up of specially proportioned struts and hubs the overall shape of the spherical structure would remain the same as it contracted and expanded. Different shapes—

domes that retracted from the center, like irises; saddle-shaped arches that grew out of smaller shells—could be made by modifying the basic geometry. And he also found a way to make three-dimensional objects—tents, cylinders, star-shaped structures—out of single pleated sheets.

At first, Chuck didn't think of his ideas as inventions, or of himself as an inventor. He imagined inventors to be antic men who, black in the face, come staggering up the basement steps, choking, to escape yet another attempt to vulcanize rubber. Getting patented, however, had a certain appeal, and so, on the advice of a Columbia professor, Chuck went to see a patent lawyer. "I go into this oak-panelled, very plush office, and sitting across from me is this guy who never cracks a smile," Chuck said. "He goes, 'It'll cost you fifteen to twenty thousand bucks, there's no guarantee I'll succeed, and a patent's no good anyway.' Two years passed. Then I was talking to my friend Erich, who is also an inventor, and he said, 'Why don't you give Leonard Horn a call?' I show him my stuff, and Horn bursts out laughing and goes, 'This is great! This is neat! You want a patent? We'll get you a patent!' "

Chuck now has three patents for folding structures, and three more pending. He also has a handsomely designed résumé, entitled "About the Inventor," on which his patents are listed. He has yet to make much money from the invention biz, and, in truth, he seems a little bewildered by all the commercial applications being pitched at him lately. Nevertheless, he is trying to handle his good fortune in a professional manner. "I think in the end something will happen," Chuck said, repacking his egg. "Things are building toward a critical mass right now, and something will happen. Like I'll get a leasing agreement. My dream would be to see some of my inventions rendered on an architectural scale, but that's a ways off."

We rode with Chuck in a cab back to his apartment, which is a seventh-floor walkup and has a sign outside that says, "Gentleman—Please Do Not Pee on the Door. It Stinks." Chuck stopped on the stairs to pick up his mail. There was a query from a professor in Utah who was looking for "molecular and macromolecular machines to demonstrate and simulate the protein structures and properties by origami-like techniques" and thought maybe Chuck could help. There was also a note from an old high-school acquaintance. "Dear Chuck," the note said. "I saw you in the New York *Times*. I've been struggling and rationalizing to justify my contribution. Thanks."

"That's interesting," Chuck said, scrutinizing the note. "I wonder what he's talking about, though."

Update

A YEAR ago, we had dinner in Oyster Bay with Betty Madison, a lawyer; her husband, Hal, an engineer; and Nancie, a rooster. Last week, we had dinner at the Madisons' again. Nancie did not sit at the table with us this time; he went upstairs to his bedroom after the hors d'oeuvres. But we had not come to see Nancie. We had come to see the latest member of the Madison household—Oceana, a guinea hen.

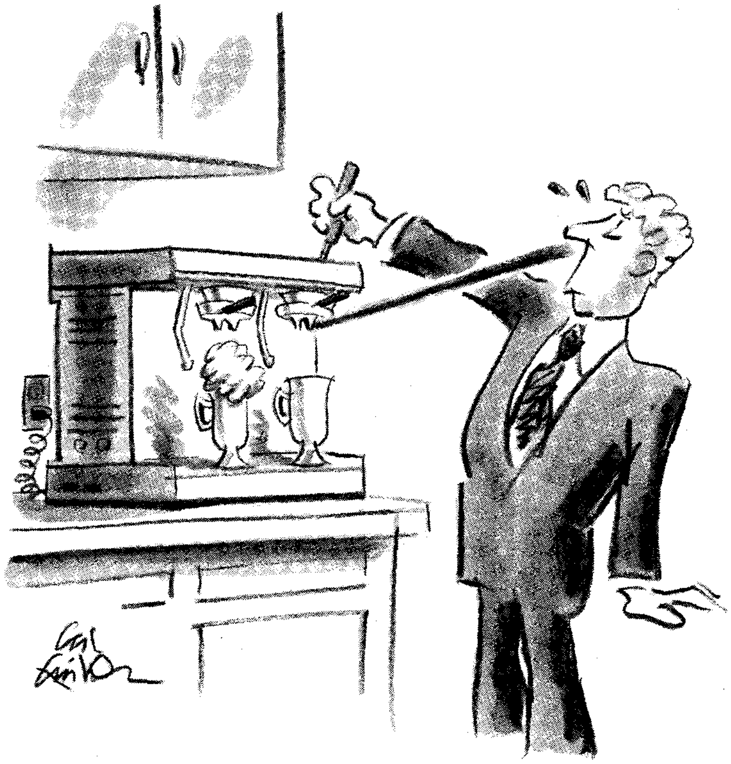
"When I heard you wanted to meet Oceana, I couldn't believe it," Betty told us in the kitchen before dinner. "While Oceana is a beautiful bird, she doesn't have Nancie's personality. Oceana is shy and retiring—the Cinderella syndrome."

At five pounds, Oceana was half the size of Nancie. Her feathers were black speckled with white, and her head, not even the size of a golf ball, was splotched with white. Betty stroked the underside of Oceana's very long neck and picked her up. "Let's show how you kiss," she said. Oceana flapped her wings so frantically that Betty had to put her down.

Betty found Oceana last August, on the beach between Brighton and Coney Island. Mistaking the bird for a sick pigeon, she put Oceana in a box and took her to the vet. The vet said that the bird was a baby peacock, and when he learned that the Madisons planned to keep Oceana he was very discouraging. "He said Oceana would never be happy with us," Betty recalled. " 'Would you like to be living with elephants?' he said."

From studying the encyclopedia, Betty determined that Oceana was a guinea hen, and a few weeks later she read in *Newsday* that the model Christie Brinkley had several guinea hens on her estate in East Hampton and claimed that the birds eat deer ticks, which cause Lyme disease. Thinking that Christie Brinkley could give Oceana a better home than the Madisons could, Betty wrote to her, enclosing a picture of Oceana. Christie Brinkley's assistant called soon afterward, with the news that Christie Brinkley loved Oceana's picture and name. In fact, Christie Brinkley loved the name so much that if she ever has another daughter, she will name her Oceana. Christie Brinkley wanted Oceana to be a part of her guinea-hen flock. She would even pick her up.

By then, however, Hal had become too fond of Oceana to part with her. Betty's attachment came



LA FORZA DEL CAPPUCCINO

later. "I didn't realize the depth of my feeling for Oceana, until she got sick," she said, and she told us about a medical emergency. Usually, Oceana jumped down from the chair she slept on and ate her breakfast, but on a Friday morning recently Oceana stayed in her chair, her eyes closing from time to time and her head lolling. Betty drove Oceana to the vet. By the time they arrived, Oceana was having trouble breathing. The vet on duty, who was just filling in and didn't know much about birds, dosed Oceana with sugar water, wrapped her in a heating pad and hot towels, and gave Betty the name of another vet. Betty rushed to the second vet, and he diagnosed the bird's condition as three-fourths dead. He recommended that Oceana be put to sleep.

"He kept talking about ending her suffering," Betty told us. "I said, 'She's only been suffering for two hours. Put yourself to sleep.' "

The vet told Betty that Oceana could not survive without oxygen.

"Then let's give her oxygen," Betty said.

The vet reluctantly put Oceana in what looked like a fish tank and hooked the tank up to some oxygen.

"The bird is perking up," Betty said.

"Yes, but not that much," the vet said. "And, at any rate, it's hopeless. If we unhook her oxygen, she'll die, and we close at five. I can't leave her with the oxygen on, because it's flammable."

Betty offered to stay overnight with Oceana but was informed that animals' parents were not allowed in the guest quarters. Betty suggested that she take the oxygen home. The vet's oxygen was not for loan. Nor, as Betty learned, was it possible to rent it. "At this point," she told us, "the vet seemed to be losing his patience with me."

The only way she could get oxygen, Betty was finally informed, was to go to the Animal Medical Center, in Manhattan. "Then we'll have to get an ambulance," Betty told the vet.

The first two companies that Betty called refused to take poultry. The receptionist at the third ambulance company said, "We don't deal with animals."

"She's not an animal. She's a bird. And she won't touch anything."

The receptionist was unimpressed.

"I'll pay extra."

"Hold on," the receptionist said. Betty waited a couple of minutes and the receptionist returned. "It will be three hundred dollars, and we don't take credit cards or checks. Cash."

By the time Betty had gone to the bank and returned with the cash, two paramedics were carrying Oceana into an ambulance on a stretcher. "They were so kind," Betty told us. "Even the vet had suddenly become coöperative. He helped set up the oxygen tank. I don't know what changed his attitude."

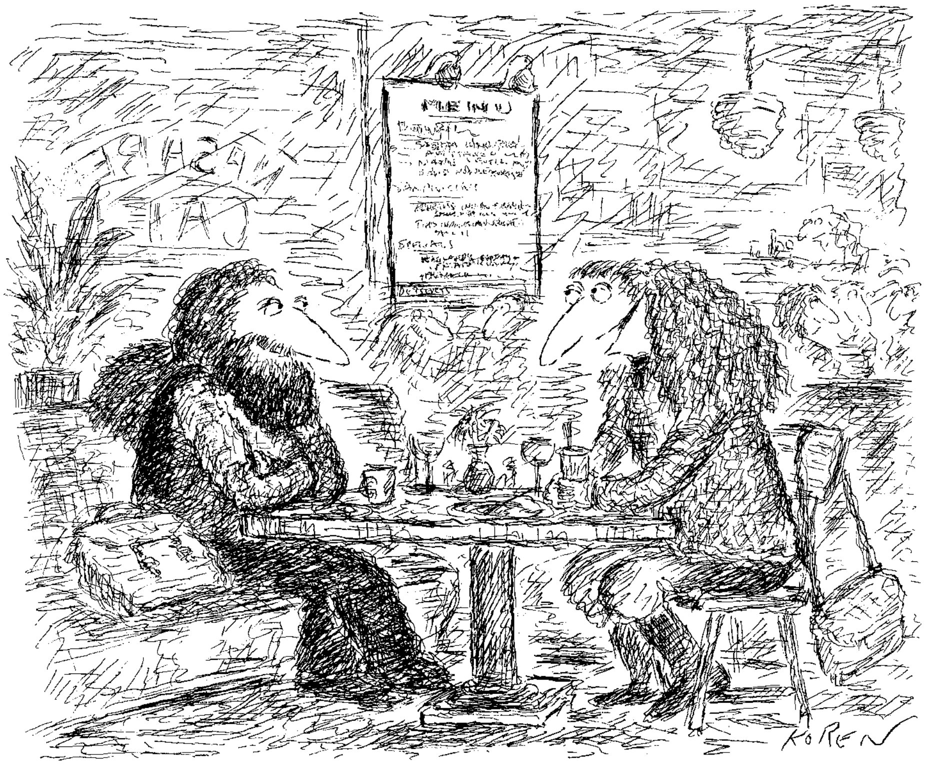
Hal interrupted. "He changed his attitude when he heard you say money was no object."

"Hal, I'm trying to tell a story," Betty said. "Anyway," she went on, "Oceana seemed to be holding her own in the ambulance. Everything was going smoothly until the ambulance ran into traffic on the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. I asked them to make their siren work, and they said you're only allowed to use a siren for a person. 'Well, I'm a lawyer,' I said, 'and if there's a problem I'll defend you.' "

The siren was put on. The ambulance reached the Animal Medical Center, and Oceana was raced to Intensive Care. She remained in the hospital for five days. Betty visited every day, and the doctors called the Madisons at least that frequently to report on Oceana's condition. The cause of Oceana's sickness was never discovered, but the Madisons said she returned with more vitality than she had ever had. The hospital bill, which came to six hundred and forty dollars, listed twenty-five items, including aspiration cytology ($27), tranquillization ($15), X-ray ($50), drugs ($70), discharge medication ($12), subcutaneous-fluid therapy ($7), and, of course, oxygen therapy ($15). Betty told us that the doctors took cells from the lining of Oceana's abdomen to the Bronx Zoo to check for abnormalities, but that that wasn't on the bill.

In the kitchen, we watched Oceana fall asleep. "She has such a sweet, gentle face," Betty whispered. "So feminine." Oceana stretched, then opened her beak and let out a loud noise. According to Betty, the noise a guinea hen makes is supposed to sound like someone shouting "Buckwheat!" But it sounded like a car to us.

A few days later, we learned that, after what seemed to be such a promising recovery, Oceana had suddenly passed away. A friend of the family told us that an autopsy is being performed, and that Betty is in grief therapy.



"You know, Ben, it's really cute how secure you are in your sexuality."

• •

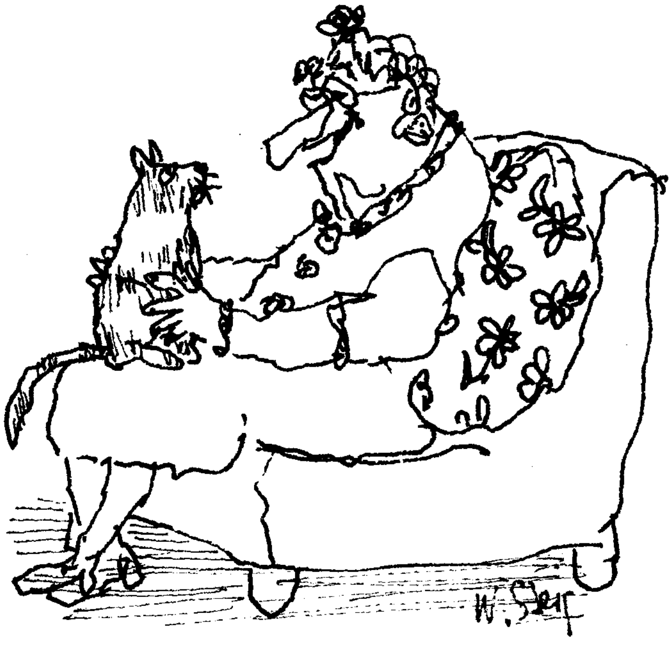
THE FACE

1

THE woman might have been sixty or sixty-five. I was watching her from a deck chair by the pool of my health club, on the top floor of a high rise that provided a panoramic view of all Paris. I was waiting for Professor Avenarius, whom I'd occasionally meet here for a chat. But Professor Avenarius was late and I kept watching the woman; she was alone in the pool, standing waist-deep in the water, and she kept looking up at the young lifeguard in sweatpants who was teaching her to swim. He was giving her orders: she was to hold on to the edge of the pool and breathe deeply in and out. She proceeded to do this earnestly, seriously, and it was as if an old steam engine were wheezing from the depths of the water (that idyllic sound, now long forgotten, which to those who never knew it can be described in no better way than the wheezing of an old woman breathing in and out by the edge of a pool). I watched her in fascination. She captivated me by her touchingly comic manner (which the lifeguard also noticed, for the corner of his mouth twitched slightly). Then an acquaintance started talking to me and diverted my attention. When I was ready to observe her once again, the lesson was over. She walked around the pool toward the exit. She passed the lifeguard, and after she had gone some three or four steps beyond him, she turned her head, smiled, and waved to him. At that instant I felt a pang in my heart! That smile and that gesture belonged to a twenty-year-old girl! Her arm rose with bewitching ease. It was as if she were playfully tossing a brightly colored ball to her lover. That smile and that gesture had charm and elegance, while the face and the body no longer had any charm. It was the charm of a gesture drowning in the charmlessness of the body. But the woman, though she must of course have realized that she was no longer beautiful, forgot that for the moment. There is a certain part of all of us that lives outside of time. Perhaps we become aware of our age only at exceptional moments and most of the time we are ageless. In any case, the instant she turned, smiled, and waved to the young lifeguard (who couldn't control himself and burst out laughing), she was unaware of her age. The essence of her charm, independent of time, revealed itself for a second in that gesture and dazzled me. I was strangely moved. And then the word "Agnes" entered my mind. Agnes. I had never known a woman by that name.

2

I'M in bed, happily dozing. With the first stirrings of wakefulness, around six in the morning, I reach for the small transistor radio next to my pillow and press the button. An early-morning news program comes on, but I am hardly able to make out the individual words, and once again I fall asleep, so that the announcer's sentences merge into my dreams. It is the most beautiful part of sleep, the most delightful moment of the day: thanks to the radio I can savor drowsing and waking, that marvellous swinging between wakefulness and sleep which in itself is enough to keep us from regretting our birth. Am I dreaming or am I really at the opera hearing two tenors in knightly costume singing about the weather? Why are they not singing about love? Then I realize that they are announcers; they stop singing and interrupt each other playfully: "It's going to be a hot, muggy day, with possible thunderstorms," says the first, and the second chimes in, flirtatiously, "Really?" And the first answers, equally flirtatiously, "*Mais oui*. Pardon me, Bernard. But that's the way it is. We'll just have to put up with it." Bernard laughs loudly and says, "We're being punished for our sins." And the first voice: "Bernard, why should I have to suffer for your sins?" At that point Bernard laughs even harder, in order to make it clear to all listeners just what kind of sin is involved, and I understand him: this is the one deep yearning of our lives—to let everybody consider us great sinners! Let our vices be compared to thunderstorms, tornadoes, hurricanes! When Frenchmen open their umbrellas later in the day, let them remember Bernard's ambiguous laugh with envy. I tune in to another station because I feel sleep coming on again and I want to invite into my dream some more interesting visions. On the neighboring station a female voice announces that it is going to be a hot, muggy day, with possible thunderstorms, and I'm glad that we have so many radio stations in France and that at precisely the same time they all say the same thing about the same things. A harmonious combination of uniformity and freedom—what more could mankind ask? And so I turn the dial back to where a moment ago Bernard was boasting about his sins, but instead of him I hear another voice singing about some new Renault, so I turn the dial and hear a choir of women's voices celebrating a sale of furs; I turn back to Bernard's station, catch the last two measures of a hymn to the Renault followed immediately by the voice of Bernard himself. In a singsong that imitates the fading melody, he announces the publication of a new biography of Ernest Hemingway, the one hundred and twenty-seventh, yet this time a truly significant one because it discloses that



"Who's my best friend?"

SCHUBERT'S UNFINISHED BASEMENT

throughout his entire life Hemingway never spoke one single word of truth. He exaggerated the number of wounds he had suffered in the First World War, and he pretended to be a great seducer even though it was proved that in August, 1944, and then again from July, 1959, onward he had been completely impotent. "Oh really?" laughs the other voice, and Bernard answers flirtatiously, "*Mais oui . . .*" and once again all of us find ourselves on the operatic stage, along with the impotent Hemingway, and then suddenly some very grave voice comes on to discuss the trial that has been engrossing France for several weeks: in the course of a completely minor operation a young woman died because of a carelessly administered anesthetic. In this connection, an organization formed to protect people it called "consumers" submitted a proposal that in future all surgical operations be filmed and the films filed away. Only in this way, maintains the Consumer Protection Association, is it possible to guarantee that any Frenchman or Frenchwoman who dies on the operating table will be suitably avenged by the courts. Then I fall asleep again.

When I wake up, at almost eight-thirty, I try to picture Agnes. She is lying, like me, in a wide bed. The right side of the bed is empty. Who could her husband be? Clearly, somebody who leaves the house early on Saturday mornings. That's why she is alone, sweetly swinging between waking and sleeping.

Then she gets up. Facing her is a TV set, standing on one long, stork-like leg. She throws her nightgown over the tube, like a white, tasselled theatre curtain. She stands close to the bed, and for the first time I see her naked: Agnes, the heroine of my novel. I can't take my eyes off this beautiful woman, and as if sensing my gaze she hurries off to the adjoining room to get dressed.

Who is Agnes?

Just as Eve came from Adam's rib, just as Venus was born out of the waves, Agnes sprang from the gesture of that sixty-year-old woman at the pool who waved at the lifeguard and whose features are already fading from my memory. At the time, that gesture aroused in me immense, inexplicable nostalgia, and this nostalgia gave birth to the woman I call Agnes.

But isn't a person, and to an even greater extent a character in a novel, by definition a unique, inimitable being? How then is it possible that a gesture I saw performed by one person, a gesture that was connected to her, that characterized her, and was part of her individual charm, could at the same time be the essence of another person and my dreams of her? That's worth some thought:

If our planet has seen some eighty billion people, it is difficult to suppose that every individual has had his or her own repertory of gestures. Arithmetically, it is simply impossible. Without the slightest doubt, there are far fewer gestures in the world than there are individuals. That finding leads us to a shocking conclusion: a gesture is more individual than an individual. We could put it in the form of an aphorism: many people, few gestures.

I said at the beginning, when I talked about the woman at the pool, that "the essence of her charm, independent of time, revealed itself for a second in that gesture and dazzled me." Yes, that's how I perceived it at the time, but I was wrong. The gesture revealed nothing of that woman's essence, one could rather say that the woman revealed to me the charm of a gesture. A gesture cannot be regarded as the expression of an individual, as his creation (because no individual is capable of creating a fully original gesture, belonging to nobody else), nor can it even be regarded as that person's instrument; on the contrary, it is gestures that use us as their instruments, as their bearers and incarnations.

Agnes, now fully dressed, went into the hall. There she stopped and listened. Vague sounds from the adjoining room made her realize that her daughter had just got up. As if to avoid meeting her, Agnes hurried out into the corridor. In the elevator she pressed the button for the lobby. Instead of going down, the elevator began to twitch like a person afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. This was not the first time the elevator had startled her with its moods. On one occasion it began to go up when she wanted to go down, another time it refused to open and kept her prisoner for half an hour. She had the feeling that it wanted to reach some sort of understanding with her, to tell her something in its rough, mute, animal way. She complained several times to the concierge, but because the elevator behaved quite normally and decently toward the other tenants, the concierge considered Agnes's quarrel with it her own private matter and paid no attention. This time Agnes had no other choice but to get out and take the stairs. The moment the stairway door closed behind her, the elevator regained its composure and followed her down.

Saturday was always the most tiring day for Agnes. Paul, her husband, generally left before seven and had lunch out with one of his friends, while she used her free day to take care of a thousand chores more annoying than the duties of her job: she had to go to the post office and fret for half an hour in line, go shopping in the supermarket, where she quarrelled with an employee and wasted time waiting at the cash register, telephone the plumber and plead with him to be precisely on time so that she wouldn't have to wait the whole day for him. She tried to find a moment to squeeze in a bit of rest at the sauna, something she could not do during the week; in the late afternoon she would always find herself with a vacuum cleaner and duster, because the cleaning woman who came on Fridays was becoming more and more careless.

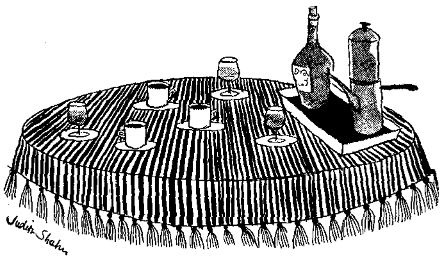
But this Saturday differed from other Saturdays: it was exactly five years since her father had died. A particular scene appeared before her eyes: her father is sitting hunched over a pile of torn photographs, and Agnes's sister is shouting at him, "Why have you torn up Mother's pictures?" Agnes takes her father's part and the sisters quarrel, overtaken by a sudden hatred.

She got into her car, which was parked in front of the house.

3

THE elevator took her to the top floor of the high rise that housed the health club, with its big swimming pool, Jacuzzi, sauna, Turkish bath, and view of Paris. Rock music boomed from speakers in the locker room. Ten years ago, when she first started coming, the club had fewer members and it was quiet. Then, year by year, the club improved: more and more glass, more lights, more artificial flowers and cactuses, more speakers, more music, and also more and more people, further multiplied by the enormous mirrors that the management one day decided to spread across the walls of the gym.

She opened a locker and began to undress. Two women were chatting close by. One of them was complaining in a quiet, slow alto voice that her husband was in the habit of leaving everything lying on the floor: books, socks, newspapers, even matches and pipes. The other, in a soprano, spoke twice as fast; the French habit of raising the last syllable of a sentence an octave higher made the flow of her speech sound like the indignant cackling of a hen: "I'm shocked to hear you say that! I'm disappointed in you! I'm really shocked! You've got to put your foot down! Don't let him get away with it! It's your house, after all! You've got to put your foot down! Don't let him walk all over you!" The other woman, as if torn between a friend whose authority she respected and a husband whom she loved, explained with melancholy, "What can I do? That's how he is! And he's always been like that. Ever since I've known him, leaving things all over the place!" "So then he's got to stop doing it! It's your house! You can't let him get away with it! You've got to make that crystal-clear!" said the soprano voice.



Agnes never took part in such conversations; she never spoke badly of Paul, even though she sensed that this alienated her somewhat from other women. She turned her head in the direction of the alto: she was a young woman with light hair and the face of an angel.

"No, no! You know perfectly well you're in the right! You can't let him act like that!" continued the other woman, and Agnes noticed that as she spoke she kept rapidly shaking her head from left to right and right to left, at the same time lifting her shoulders and eyebrows as if expressing indignant astonishment that someone had refused to respect her friend's human rights. Agnes knew that gesture: her daughter, Brigitte, shook her head and lifted her brows in precisely the same way.

Agnes undressed, closed the locker, and walked through the swinging

PILL BUGS

In the leaves that border the cinder blocks of the house,
my son counts pill bugs in the creases of his palm.

Beads the color of lead—
one by one they open and crawl,

until a touch returns them to playing dead.

My son's hand is as quiet
as the museum of the spider's corner,

that roomful of people I will get
if I keep my friends,

if my stone-carved year falls from its orbit
before my son's.

They will wait for him to close his father's eyes,
to close them more than once,

for the gray yolks of the irises refuse to dry

from years of watching, long into the night,
the lean, striped shadow waiting against the stairwell.

When it starts to climb for a child,
I speak to make it look at me,

to show it that I fall quicker to its paw
and feed its family more.

—James Reidel

* *

"It's a vice-president thing, Berger. You wouldn't understand."

• •

doors into a tiled hall, with showers on one side and a glass-enclosed sauna on the other. There women sat squeezed together on long wooden benches. Some were wrapped in special plastic sheets that formed an airtight cover around their bodies (or certain parts of the body, most often the belly and behind), so that the skin perspired all the more readily and the women would lose weight more quickly, or so they believed.

She climbed to the highest bench, where there was still some room. She leaned against the wall and closed her eyes. The noise of music did not reach this far, but the voices of the women, who chattered away at full blast, were just as loud. An unfamiliar young woman entered the sauna and the moment she walked through the door began to order everyone about; she made them all sit closer together, then she picked up a pitcher and poured water on the stones. With much hissing, hot steam started to rise, making the woman sitting next to Agnes wince with pain and cover her face. The newcomer noticed it, declared, "I like hot steam; it gives me that real sauna feeling," squeezed herself between two naked bodies, and at once began to talk about yesterday's television talk show featuring a famous biologist who had just published his memoirs. "He was terrific," she said.

Another woman nodded in agreement: "Oh, yes! And how modest!"

The newcomer said, "Modest? Didn't you realize how extremely proud that man was? But I like that kind of pride! I adore proud people!" She turned to Agnes: "Did you find him modest?"

Agnes said that she hadn't seen the program. As if interpreting this remark as veiled disagreement, the newcomer repeated very loudly, looking Agnes straight in the eye, "I detest modesty! Modesty is hypocrisy!"

Agnes shrugged, and the newcomer said, "In a sauna I've got to feel real heat. I've got to work up a good sweat. But then I must have a cold shower. A cold shower! I adore that! Actually I like my showers cold even in the morning. I find hot showers disgusting."

Soon she declared that the sauna was suffocating; after repeating once more how she hated modesty, she got up and left.

As a little girl, Agnes used to go for walks with her father, and once she asked him whether he believed in God. Father answered, "I believe in the Creator's computer." This answer was so peculiar that the child remembered it. The word "computer" was peculiar, and so was the word "Creator," for Father would never say "God" but always "Creator," as if he wanted to limit God's significance to his engineering activity. The Creator's computer: but how could a person communicate with a computer? So she asked Father whether he ever prayed. He said, "That would be like praying to Edison when a light bulb burns out."

Agnes thought to herself, The Creator loaded a detailed program into the computer and went away. That God created the world and then left it to a forsaken humanity trying to address him in an echoless void—this idea isn't new. Yet it is one thing to be abandoned by the God of our forefathers and another to be abandoned by God the inventor of a cosmic computer. In his place, there is a program that is ceaselessly running in his absence, without anyone being able to change anything whatever. To load a program into the computer: this does not mean that the future has been planned down to the last detail, that everything is written "up above." For example, the program did not specify that in 1815 a battle would be fought near Waterloo and that the French would be defeated, but only that man is aggressive by nature, that he is condemned to wage war, and that technical progress would make war more and more terrible. Everything else is without importance, from the Creator's point of view, and is only a play of permutations and combinations within a general program, which is not a prophetic anticipation of the future but merely sets the limits of possibilities within which all power of decision has been left to chance.

That was the same with a project we call mankind. The computer did not plan an Agnes or a Paul, but only a prototype known as a human being, giving rise to a large number of specimens that are based on the original model and haven't any individual essence. Just like a Renault car, its essence is deposited outside, in the archives of the central engineering office. Individual cars differ only in their serial numbers. The serial number of a human specimen is the face, that accidental and unrepeatable combination of features. It reflects neither character nor soul, nor what we call the self. The face is only the serial number of a specimen.

Agnes recalled the newcomer who

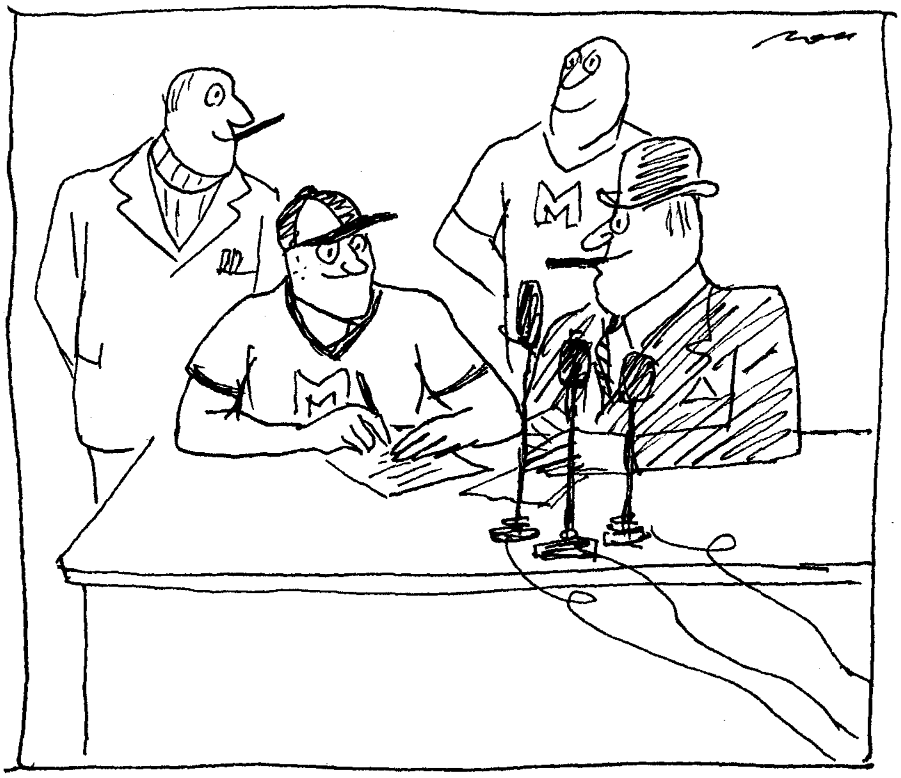
had just declared that she hated hot showers. She came in order to inform all the women present that (1) she likes saunas to be hot, (2) she adores pride, (3) she can't bear modesty, (4) she loves cold showers, (5) she hates hot showers. With these five strokes she had drawn her self-portrait, with these five points she defined her self and presented that self to everyone. And she didn't present it modestly (she said, after all, that she hated modesty!) but belligerently. She used passionate verbs such as "adore" and "detest," as if she wished to proclaim her readiness to fight for every one of those five strokes, for every one of those five points.

Why all this passion? Agnes asked herself, and she thought, When we are thrust out into the world just as we are, we first have to identify with that particular throw of the dice, with that accident organized by the divine computer: to get over our surprise that precisely *this* (what we see facing us in the mirror) is our self. Without the faith that our face expresses our self, without that basic illusion, that arch-illusion, we cannot live, or at least we cannot take life seriously. And it isn't enough for us to identify with our self, it is necessary to do so *passionately*, to the point of life and death. Because only in this way can we regard our self not merely as a variant of a human prototype but as a being with its own irreplaceable essence. That's the reason the newcomer needed not only to draw her self-portrait but also to make it clear to all that it embodied something unique and irreplaceable, something worth fighting or even dying for.

After spending a quarter of an hour in the heat of the sauna, Agnes rose and took a dip in a small pool filled with ice-cold water. Then she lay down to rest in the lounge, surrounded by other women who even here never stopped talking.

She wondered what kind of existence the computer had programmed for life after death.

Two possibilities came to mind. If the computer's field of activity is limited to our planet, and if our fate depends on it alone, then we cannot count on anything after death except some permutation of what we have already experienced in life; we shall again encounter similar landscapes and beings. Shall we be alone or in a crowd? Alas, solitude is not very likely; there is so little of it in life, so what can we expect after death! After all, the dead far outnumber the living! At best, existence after death would resemble the interlude she was now experiencing while reclining in a deck chair: from all sides she would hear the continuous babble of female voices. Eternity as the sound of endless babble: one could, of course, imagine worse things, but the idea of hearing women's voices forever, continuously, without end, gave her sufficient incentive to cling furiously to life and to do everything in her power to keep death as far away as possible.



But There Is Great Joy in Mudville as Casey Signs for Sixteen Million over Three Years

But there is a second possibility: beyond our planet's computer there may be others that are its superiors. Then, indeed, existence will not need to resemble our past life and a person can die with a vague yet justified hope. And Agnes imagined a scene that had lately been often on her mind: a stranger comes to visit her. Likable, cordial, he sits down in a chair facing her husband and herself and proceeds to converse with them. Under the magic of the peculiar kindliness radiating from the visitor, Paul is in a good mood, chatty, intimate, and fetches an album of family photographs. The guest turns the pages and is perplexed by some of the photos. For example, one of them shows Agnes and Brigitte standing under the Eiffel Tower, and the visitor asks, "What is that?"

"That's Agnes, of course," Paul replies. "And this is our daughter, Brigitte!"

"I know that," says the guest. "I'm asking about this structure."

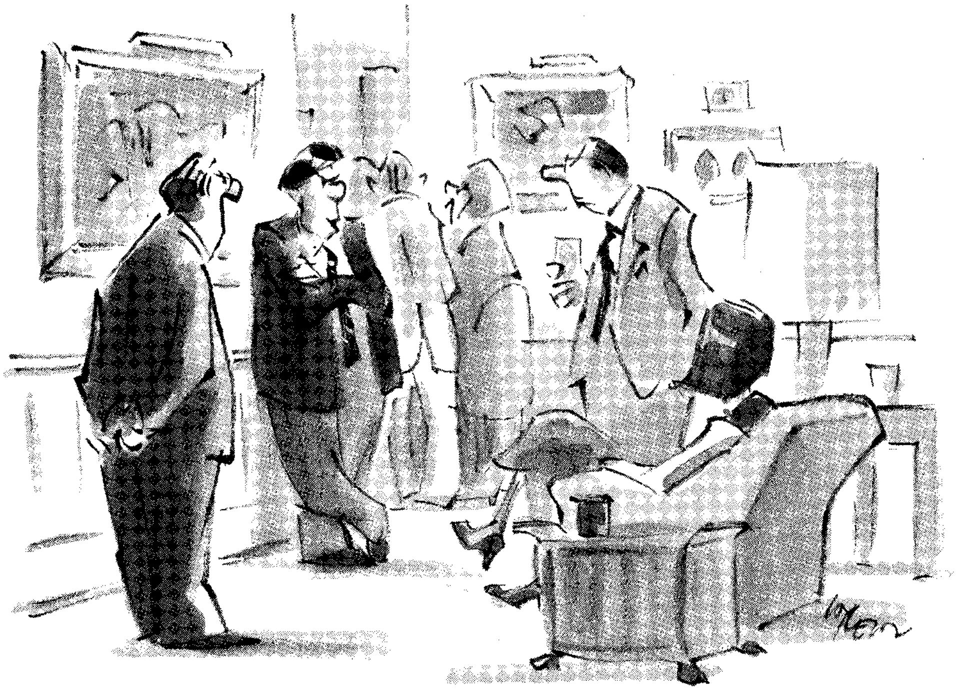
Paul looks at him in surprise. "Why, that's the Eiffel Tower!"

"Oh, that's the Eiffel Tower," and he says it in the same tone of voice as if you had shown him a portrait of Grandpa and he had said, "So that's your grandfather I've heard so much about. I am glad to see him at last."

Paul is disconcerted, Agnes much less so. She knows who the man is. She knows why he came and what he was going to ask them about. That's why she is a bit nervous; she would like to be alone with him, without Paul, and she doesn't quite know how to arrange it.

4

Agnes's father had died five years ago. She had lost Mother a year before that. Even then Father had already been ill and everyone had expected his death. Mother, on the contrary, was still quite well, full of life; she seemed destined for a contented, prolonged widowhood, so Father was al-



"Sure, we all watch television—but how many of us really see television?"

• •

most embarrassed when it was she, not he, who suddenly died. As if he were afraid that people would reproach him. "People" meaning Mother's family. His own relatives were scattered all over the world, and except for a distant cousin living in Germany, Agnes had never met any of them. Her mother's people, on the other hand, all lived in the same town: sisters, brothers, cousins, and a lot of nephews and nieces. Mother's father was a farmer from the mountains who had sacrificed himself for his children; he had made it possible for all of them to have a good education and to marry comfortably.

When Mother married Father, she was undoubtedly in love with him, which is not surprising, for he was a good-looking man and at thirty already a university professor, a respected occupation at that time. It pleased her to have such an enviable husband, but she derived even greater pleasure from having been able to bestow him as a gift upon her family, to which she was closely tied by the traditions of country life. But because Agnes's father was unsociable and taciturn (nobody knew whether it was because of shyness or because his mind was on other things, and thus whether his silence expressed modesty or lack of interest), Mother's gift made the family embarrassed rather than happy.

As time passed and both grew older, Mother was drawn to her family more and more; for one thing, while Father was eternally locked up in his study she had a hunger for talking, so that she spent long hours on the phone to sisters, brothers, cousins, and nieces and took an increasing interest in their problems. When she thought about it now, it seemed to Agnes that Mother's life was a circle: she had stepped out of her milieu, courageously coped with an entirely different world, and then began to return; she lived with her husband and two daughters in a garden villa and several times a year (at Christmas, for birthdays) invited all her relatives to great family celebrations; she imagined that after Father's death (which had been expected for so long that everyone regarded him indulgently as a person whose officially scheduled period of stay had expired) her sister and niece would move in to join her.

But then Mother died, and Father remained. When Agnes and her sister, Laura, came to visit him two weeks after the funeral, they found him sitting at the table with a pile of torn photographs. Laura picked them up and then began to shout, "Why have you torn up Mother's pictures?"

Agnes, too, leaned over the table to examine the debris: no, they weren't exclusively photos of Mother; the majority were actually of him alone, and only a few showed the two of them together or Mother alone. Confronted by his daughters, Father kept silent and offered no explanation. Agnes hissed at her sister, "Stop shouting at Dad!" But Laura kept on shouting. Father rose to his feet, went into the next room, and the sisters quarrelled as never before. The next day Laura left for Paris and Agnes stayed behind. It was only then that Father told her he had found a small apartment in town and planned to sell the villa. That was another surprise. Everyone considered Father an ineffectual person who had handed over the reins of practical life to Mother. They all thought that he couldn't live without Mother, not only because he was incapable of taking care of anything himself but also because he didn't even know what he wanted, having long ago ceded her his own will. But when he decided to move out, suddenly, without the least hesitation, a few days after Mother's death, Agnes understood that he was putting into effect something he had been planning for a long time, and therefore that he knew perfectly well what he wanted. This was all the more intriguing since he could have had no idea that he would survive Mother and therefore must have regarded the small apartment in town as a dream rather than a realistic project. He had lived with Mother in their villa, he had strolled with her in the garden, had hosted her sisters and cousins, had pretended to listen to their conversations, and all the time his mind was elsewhere, in a bachelor apartment; after Mother's death he merely moved to the place where he had long been living in spirit.

It was then that he first appeared to Agnes as a mystery. Why had he torn up the photos? Why had he been dreaming for so long about a bachelor apartment? And why had he not honored Mother's wish to have her sister and niece move into the villa? After all, that would have been more practical: they would surely have taken better care of him in his illness than some nurse who would have to be hired sooner or later. When she asked the reason for his move, he gave her a very simple answer: "What would a single person do with himself in such a large house?" She couldn't very well suggest that he take in Mother's sister and her daughter, for it was quite clear that he didn't want to do that. And so it occurred to her that Father, too, was returning full circle to his beginnings. Mother: from family through marriage back to family. He: from solitude through marriage back to solitude.

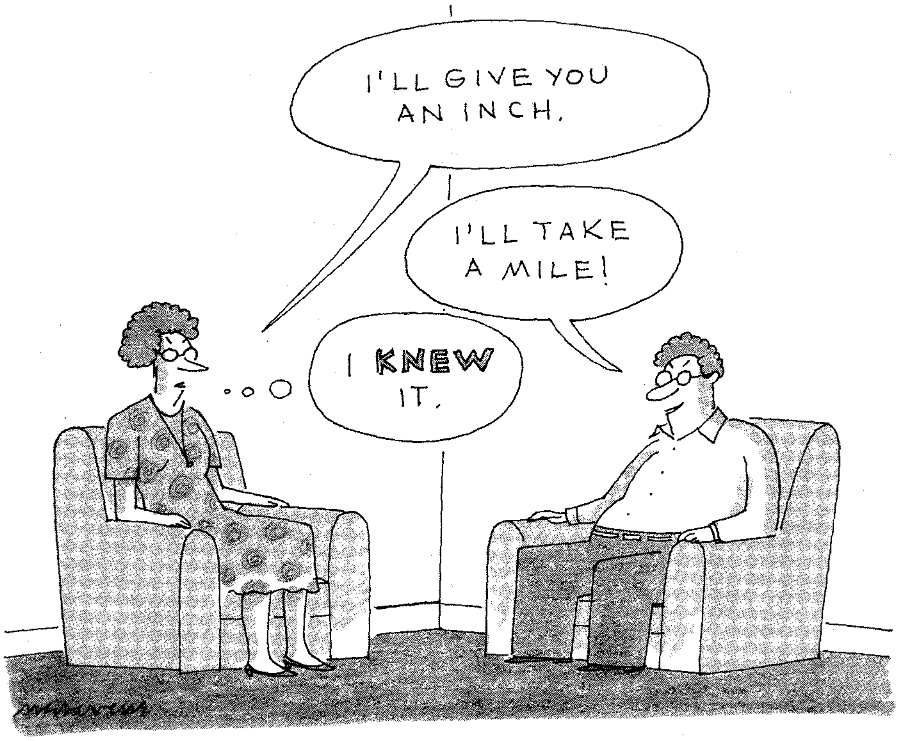
It was several years before Mother's death that he first became seriously ill. At that time Agnes took two weeks off from work to be with him. But she did not succeed in having him all to herself, because Mother did not leave them alone for a single moment. Once, two of Father's colleagues from the university came to visit him. They asked him a lot of questions, but Mother answered them. Agnes lost her patience: "Please, Mother, let Father speak for himself!" Mother was offended: "Can't you see that he is sick!" Toward the end of those two weeks his condition improved slightly, and finally Agnes managed to go out alone with him for a walk. But the third time Mother went along with them again.

A year after Mother's death his illness took a sharp turn for the worse. Agnes went to see him, stayed with him for three days, and on the morning of the fourth day he died. It was only during those last three days that she succeeded in being with him as she had always dreamed. She had told herself that they were fond of each other but could never really get to know each other because they had never had an opportunity to be alone. The only time they even came close was between her eighth and twelfth years, when Mother had to devote herself to little Laura. During that time they often took long walks together in the countryside and he answered many of her questions. It was then that he spoke of the Creator's computer and of many other things. All that she remembered of those conversations was simple statements, like fragments of valuable pottery that now as an adult she tried to put back together.

His death ended the pair's sweet three-day solitude. The funeral was attended by all of Mother's relatives. But because Mother herself was not there, there was nobody to arrange a wake, and everyone quickly dispersed. Besides, the fact that Father had sold the house and had moved into a bachelor apartment was taken by relatives as a gesture of rejection. Now they thought only of the wealth awaiting both daughters, for the villa must have fetched a high price. They learned from the notary, however, that Father had left everything to the society of mathematicians he had helped to found. And so he became even more of a stranger to them than he had been when he was alive. It was as if through his will he had wanted to tell them to kindly forget him.

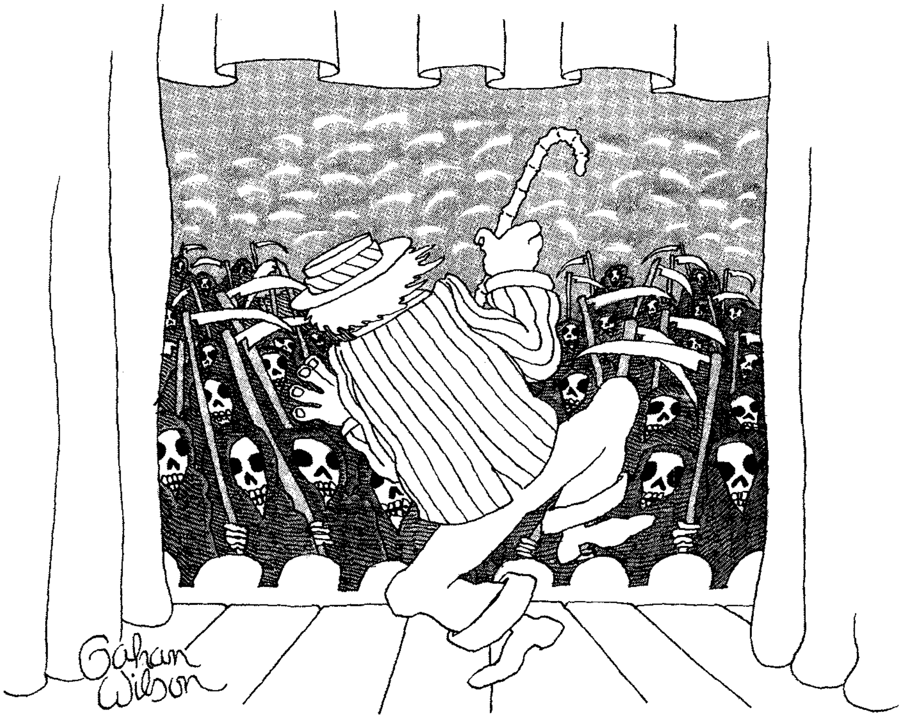
Shortly after his death, Agnes noticed that her bank balance had grown by a sizable amount. She now understood everything. Her seemingly impractical father had actually acted very cleverly. Ten years earlier, when his life was first threatened, she had come to visit him for two weeks, and he had persuaded her to open a Swiss bank account. Shortly before his death he had transferred practically all his money to this account, and the little that was left he had bequeathed to the mathematicians. If he had left everything to Agnes in his will, he would have needlessly hurt the other daughter; if he had discreetly transferred all his money to her account and failed to earmark a symbolic sum for the mathematicians, everyone would have been burning with curiosity to know what had happened to his money.

At first she told herself that she must share the inheritance with her sister. Agnes was eight years older and could never rid herself of a sense of responsibility. But in the end she did not tell her sister anything. Not out of greed, but because she did not want to betray her father. By means of his gift he had clearly wished to tell her something, to express something, to offer some advice he was unable to give her in the course of his life, and this she was now to guard as a secret that concerned only the two of them.


I'LL GIVE YOU AN INCH.
I'LL TAKE A MILE!
I KNEW IT.

5

SHE parked, got out of the car, and set out toward the avenue. She was tired and hungry, and because it's dreary to eat alone in a restaurant, she decided to have a snack in the first bistro she saw. There was a time when this neighborhood had many pleasant Breton restaurants where it was possible to eat inexpensively and pleasantly on crêpes or galettes washed down with apple cider. One day, however, all these places disappeared and were replaced by modern establishments selling what is sadly known as "fast food." She overcame her distaste and headed for one of them. Through the window she saw people sitting at tables, hunched over greasy paper plates. Her eye came to rest on a girl with a very pale complexion and bright-red lips. She had just finished her lunch, pushed aside her empty cup of Coca-Cola, leaned her head back, and stuck her index finger deep into her mouth; she kept twisting it for a long time, staring at the ceiling. The man at the next table slouched in his chair, his glance fixed on the street and his mouth wide open. It was a yawn without beginning or end, a



THE SUDDEN, SURE KNOWLEDGE THAT ONE'S BEST EFFORTS HAVE COME TO NAUGHT

yawn as endless as a Wagner melody: at times his mouth began to close but never entirely; it just kept opening wide again and again, while his eyes, fixed on the street, kept opening and closing counter to the rhythm of his mouth. Actually, several other people were also yawning, showing teeth, fillings, crowns, dentures, and not one of them covered his mouth with his hand. A child in a pink dress skipped along among the tables, holding a teddy bear by its leg, and it too had its mouth wide open, though it seemed to be calling rather than yawning. Now and again the child would bump one of the guests with the teddy bear. The tables stood close together, and it was obvious even through the glass that along with the food the guests must also be swallowing the smell of their neighbors' perspiration. A wave of ugliness, visual, olfactory, and gustatory (she vividly imagined the taste of a greasy hamburger suffused by sweetish water), hit her in the face with such force that she turned away, determined to find some other place to satisfy her hunger.

The sidewalk was so crowded that it was difficult to walk. The tall shapes of two fair, yellow-haired Northerners were clearing a way through the crowd ahead of her: a man and a woman, looming head and shoulders over the throng of Frenchmen and Arabs. They both had pink knapsacks on their backs and a child strapped in front. In a moment she lost sight of the couple and instead saw in front of her a woman dressed in baggy trousers barely reaching the knees, as was the fashion that year. The outfit seemed to make her behind even heavier and closer to the ground. Her bare, pale calves resembled a pair of rustic pitchers decorated by varicose veins entwined like a ball of tiny blue snakes. Agnes said to herself, That woman could have found a dozen outfits that would have covered her bluish veins and made her behind less monstrous. Why hadn't she done so? Not only have people stopped trying to be attractive when they are out among other people but they are no longer even trying not to look ugly!

She said to herself, When once the onslaught of ugliness became completely unbearable, she would go to a florist and buy a forget-me-not, a single forget-me-not, a slender stalk with miniature blue flowers. She would go out into the street holding the flower before her eyes, staring at it tenaciously so as to see only that single beautiful blue point, to see it as the last thing she wanted to preserve for herself from a world she had ceased to love. She would walk like that through the streets of Paris, she would soon become a familiar sight, children would run after her, laugh at her, throw things at her, and all Paris would call her *the crazy woman with the forget-me-not.*

She continued on her way: her right ear was assaulted by a tide of music, the rhythmic thumping of percussion instruments surging from shops, beauty parlors, restaurants; her left ear picked up the sounds of the road—the composite hum of cars, the grinding rattle of a bus pulling away from a stop. Then the sharp sound of a motorcycle cut through her. She couldn't help but try to find the source of this physical pain: a girl in jeans, with long black hair blowing behind her, sat on a small motorcycle as rigidly as if she were sitting behind a typewriter; the muffler had been removed and the bike made a terrible noise.

Agnes recalled the young woman who had entered the sauna a few hours earlier and, in order to introduce her self and to force it upon others, had announced the moment she walked through the door that she hated hot showers and modesty. Agnes was certain that it was exactly the same impulse that led the black-haired girl to remove the muffler from her motorcycle. It wasn't the machine that made the noise, it was the self of the black-haired girl; in order to be heard, in order to penetrate the consciousness of others, she attached the noisy exhaust of the engine to her soul. Agnes watched the flowing hair of that blaring soul and she realized that she yearned intensely for the girl's death. If at that moment a bus had run her over, leaving her lying in a bloody pool on the road, Agnes would have felt neither horror nor sorrow, but only satisfaction.

Suddenly frightened by her hatred, she said to herself, The world is at some sort of border; if it is crossed, everything will turn to madness: people will walk the streets holding forget-me-nots or kill one another on sight. And it will take very little for the glass to overflow, perhaps just one drop: perhaps just one car too many, or one person, or one decibel. There is a certain quantitative border that must not be crossed, yet no one stands guard over it and perhaps no one even realizes that it exists.

She kept walking. The sidewalk was becoming more and more crowded and nobody bothered to move out of her way, so she stepped off the curb and continued to make her way between the edge of the sidewalk and the oncoming traffic. She had been used to doing this for a long time: people didn't get out of her way. She was aware of it, she felt it to be her misfortune and often tried to overcome it: she tried to gather courage, to walk bravely ahead, to stick to her path and force the oncoming person to give way, but she never succeeded. In this everyday, banal test of power she was always the loser. Once, a child of about seven had walked straight at her; Agnes tried not to swerve from her path, but in the end she had no choice if she didn't wish to collide with the child.

THE AFTERNOON OF ROME

Room by room they close the museum
behind us, the room of clay,
the age of bronze, the small wooden box
in the shape of a sleeping deer.

It still holds a nub of charcoal
to make the eyebrows beautiful
enough to love, a few grains of rouge,
but there's to be no lingering,

not even at the feet of bride and bridegroom
reclined on their sarcophagus,
not even to remark the afterglow of dust.
The lights have been doused

in the room of candelabra—hurry!
All of Rome waits to sleep
another afternoon to ruin.
Even the laundry hangs still,

shirts carved for the statues,
no longer young, that glare
at the ageless waiters who lounge,
shiny, in the shallow shadows.

Spicciati! urges the phrase book.
Your rented room waits, as quiet now
as it will ever be, the brakes, the horns
chasing church bells to quarter hour

papered over by the more intimate din
of *la televisione*. *Sbrigati!*
Forget the sights unseen;
good tourists are to get their money's worth

doing as the Romans do. Look away
with the exhausted tenderness
of that Etruscan groom
as you lift your hand heavily

to my heavy shoulder. Just there,
the lull that begins a lullaby,
as when the waters of traffic part
for a nun in full sail, a fleet

of tourists meek in the wake
of her dark habit. Let us lie down
and spread the map over us and sleep
a little more of our little history.

—Debora Greger

• •

A memory came to her mind: when she was about ten years old, she went with both her parents for a walk in the mountains. As they strolled down a broad forest path, they came upon two village boys standing with their arms and legs spread wide; one of them held a stick sideways, as if to bar their way. "This is a private road! You must pay a toll!" he shouted, and lightly touched Father's chest with his stick.

It was probably just a childish prank and all that was needed was to push the boys aside. Or it was their way of begging and Father only needed to pull a coin out of his pocket. But Father turned aside and chose to continue along a different path. In truth, it really made very little difference, since they were strolling aimlessly and didn't care where they were going, but nevertheless Mother was angry at Father and couldn't keep from remarking, "He even gives in to a couple of twelve-year-olds!" Agnes, too, was somewhat disappointed by Father's behavior.

A new assault of noise interrupted the recollection: some workers were pounding the asphalt roadway with pneumatic drills. Into this racket, from somewhere overhead, as if from Heaven, came a piano rendition of a Bach fugue. Someone on a top floor had evidently opened a window and turned up the volume all the way, so that Bach's severe beauty sounded a warning to a world that had gone awry. However, Bach's fugue was no match for the pneumatic drills and cars; on the contrary, cars and drills appropriated Bach as part of their own fugue, so that Agnes had to cover her ears with her hands and continued to walk like that down the street.

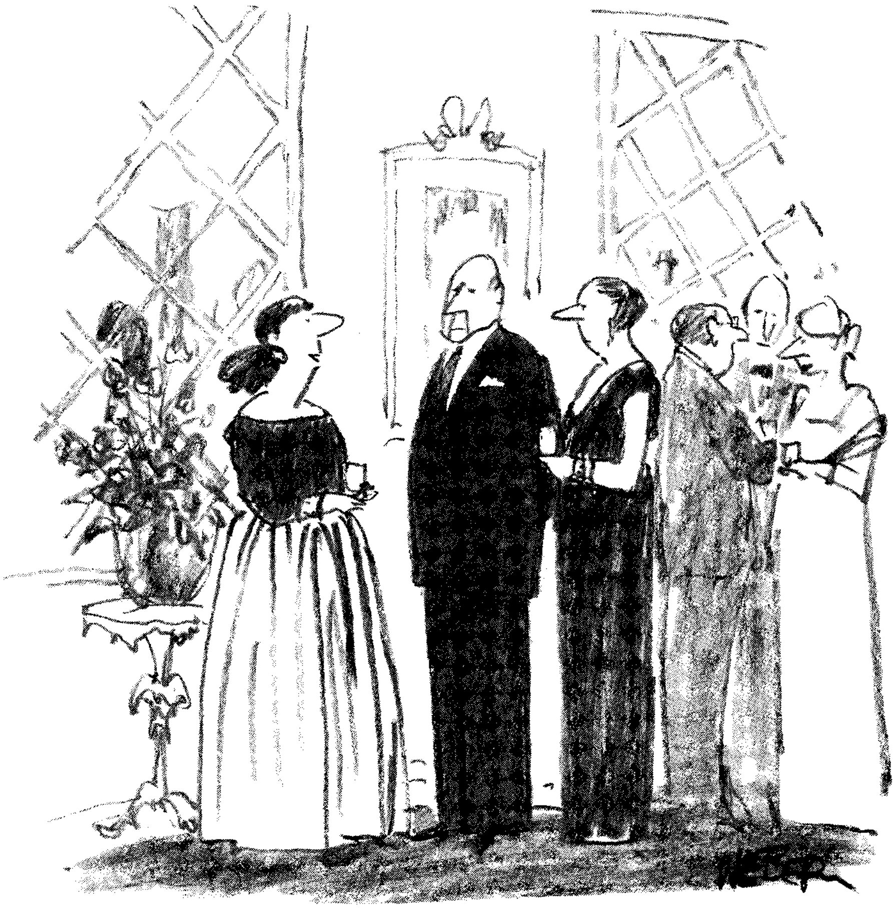
At that moment a passerby coming in the opposite direction gave her an angry glance and tapped his forehead, which in the international language of gestures says that you are crazy, scatterbrained, weak in the head. Agnes caught that glance, that hatred, and was seized by a furious anger. She stopped. She wanted to throw herself at that person. She wanted to strike him. But she couldn't; the crowd was already pushing him along and somebody bumped into her, because it was impossible to stop for more than three seconds.

DINER
TUNNEL
DINER
M.IAN

She had to keep walking, but she couldn't stop thinking of him: both of them were caught up in the same noise and yet he found it necessary to make her understand that she had no reason and perhaps not even any right to cover her ears. That man was censuring her for the trespass of her gesture. It was equality itself that reprimanded her for refusing to undergo what everyone must undergo. It was equality itself that forbade her to disagree with the world in which all of us live.

The longing to kill that man was not just a fleeting reaction. Even after the immediate excitement had passed, that longing remained, though it was joined by her surprise that she was capable of such hatred. The image of a person tapping his forehead floated in her innards like a fish full of poison, slowly decaying and impossible to spew out.

The memory of Father came back to her. Ever since she had seen him retreat from those twelve-year-old boys she often imagined him in this situation:



"My latest book is for three-to-five-year-olds, but I like to think there's something in it for everyone."

• •

He is on a sinking ship; there are only a few lifeboats and there isn't room for everyone; there is a furious stampede on deck. At first Father rushes along with the others, but when he sees how they all push and shove, ready to trample each other underfoot, and a wild-eyed woman strikes him with her fist because he is in her way, he suddenly stops and steps aside. And in the end he merely watches the overloaded lifeboats as they are slowly lowered amid shouts and curses toward the raging waves.

What name to give this attitude? Cowardice? No. Cowards are afraid of dying and will fight to survive. Nobility? Undoubtedly, if he had acted out of regard for his fellows. But Agnes did not believe this was his motive. What was it, then? She couldn't say. Only one thing seemed certain: on a sinking ship where it was necessary to fight in order to board a lifeboat, Father would have been condemned in advance.

Yes, that much was certain. The question that arises is this: Had Father hated the people on the ship, just as she now hates the motorcyclist and the man who mocked her because she covered her ears? No, Agnes cannot imagine that Father was capable of hatred. Hate traps us by binding us too tightly to our adversary. This is the obscenity of war: the intimacy of mutually shed blood, the lascivious proximity of two soldiers who, eye to eye, bayonet each other. Agnes was sure: it was precisely this kind of intimacy that Father found repugnant. The melee on the ship filled him with such disgust that he preferred to drown. The physical contact with people who struck and trampled and killed one another seemed far worse to him than a solitary death in the purity of the waters.

The memory of Father began to deliver her from the hatred that had possessed her. Little by little, the poisonous image of a man tapping his forehead disappeared, and in its place a phrase came into her mind: I cannot hate them because nothing binds me to them; I have nothing in common with them.

6

AGNES owes the fact that she isn't German to Hitler's defeat in the war. For the first time in history, the defeated were not allowed a scrap of glory: not even the painful glory of the shipwrecked. The victor was not satisfied with mere victory but decided to judge the defeated and judge the entire nation, so that at that time it was not at all easy to speak German or to be German.

Agnes's forebears on her mother's side were farmers living in the borderland between the German and French parts of Switzerland. Thus, even though from an administrative viewpoint they were French Swiss, they spoke both languages equally well. Father's parents were Germans living in Hungary. As a young man Father studied in Paris, where he learned to speak passable French; after his marriage, however, German naturally became the couple's common language. It was only after the war that Mother recalled the official language of her parents, and Agnes was sent to a French lycée. Father was permitted only a single Germanic pleasure: to recite to his elder daughter, in the original, Goethe's poetry.

This is the most famous German poem ever written, one that all German children must learn by heart:

On all hilltops
There is peace,
In all treetops you will hear
Hardly a breath.
Birds in the woods are silent.
Just wait, soon
You too will rest.

The idea of the poem is simple: in the woods everything is asleep, and you will sleep too. The purpose of the poetry is not to try to dazzle us with an astonishing thought but to make one moment of existence unforgettable and worthy of unbearable nostalgia.

In a literal translation the poem loses everything. You will recognize how beautiful it is only when you read it in German:

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch.
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Every line has a different number of syllables, there is an alternation of trochees, iambs, dactyls, the sixth line is oddly longer than the others, and even though the poem consists of two couplets, the first grammatical sentence ends asymmetrically in the fifth line, which creates a melody that had never existed before, in any poem—as magnificent as it is ordinary.

Agnes's father learned it while still in Hungary, where he attended German public schools, and the first time Agnes heard it from him she was the same age he had been then. They recited it in the course of their strolls together, exaggerating all the accents and trying to march to the rhythm of the poem. In view of the irregularity of the metre, this was not at all simple, and they succeeded only when they got to the last two lines: *War-te nur—bal-de—ru-hest du—auch!* They always shouted the last word so loudly that it could be heard for miles around: *auch!*

The last time Father recited the little poem to her was two or three days before his death. At first she thought that he was trying to return to his mother tongue and his childhood; then she noticed that he was gazing into her eyes in an eloquent, intimate way and it occurred to her that he wanted to remind her of their happy strolls of long ago; then at last she realized that the poem speaks of death: he wanted to tell her that he was dying and that he knew it. It had never occurred to her before that those innocent lines, so good for schoolchildren, might have this meaning. Father was lying in bed, his forehead damp with fever, and she grasped his hand; trying to master her tears, she whispered along with him, *Warte nur, balde ruhest du auch.* Soon you too will rest. And she recognized the voice of Father's approaching death: it was the calm of silent birds in the treetops.

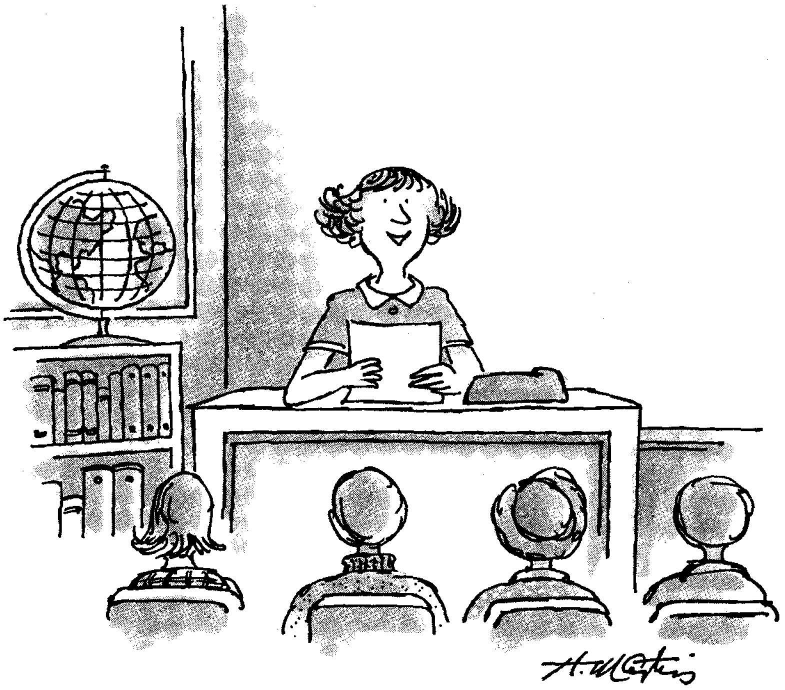
After his death, calm did indeed begin to reign. That calm was in her soul and it was beautiful. Let me repeat: it was the calm of silent birds in the treetops. And as time went on Father's last message sounded more and more distinctly in that silence, like a hunter's horn sounding from the depths of a forest. What did he wish to tell her with his gift? To be free. To live as she wished to live, to go where she wished to go. He himself had never dared to do so. That is why he had given his daughter all the means she needed to dare.

From the moment she got married Agnes lost all the pleasures of solitude: at work she spent eight hours a day in one room with two colleagues; then she returned home, to a four-room apartment. Not a single one of the rooms was hers: there was a large living room, a bedroom for the parents, a room for Brigitte, and Paul's small study. When she complained, Paul suggested that she consider the living room her own room and he promised her (with undoubted sincerity) that neither he nor Brigitte would disturb her there. But how could she feel at home in a room with a dining table and eight chairs used only for dinner guests?

It is probably clear by now why that morning she felt so happy in the bed that Paul had just left a moment before, and why she passed so quietly through the hall so as not to attract Brigitte's attention. She even welcomed the capricious elevator, because it permitted her a few moments of solitude. She looked forward to the drive, too, because in the car nobody talked to her and nobody looked at her. Yes, the most important thing was that nobody looked at her. Solitude: a sweet absence of looks. Once, both of her colleagues were off sick and she worked for two weeks all alone in the office. She was surprised to notice that she was far less tired at the end of the day. Since then she knew that looks were like weights that pressed her down to the ground, or like kisses that sucked her strength; that looks were needles that etched the wrinkles in her face.

In the morning, as she was waking up, she heard a news broadcast about a young woman who in the course of a completely minor operation died because of a carelessly administered anesthetic. Three doctors had been brought to trial and a consumer-protection organization had proposed that in future all operations should be filmed and the films permanently filed. Everyone applauded this proposal! Every day, we are stabbed by thousands of looks, but this is not enough: in the end one single stare will be instituted that will not leave us for a moment, will follow us in the street, in the woods, at the doctor's, on the operating table, in bed; pictures of our life, down to the last detail, will be filed away to be used at any time, in court proceedings or in the interest of public curiosity.

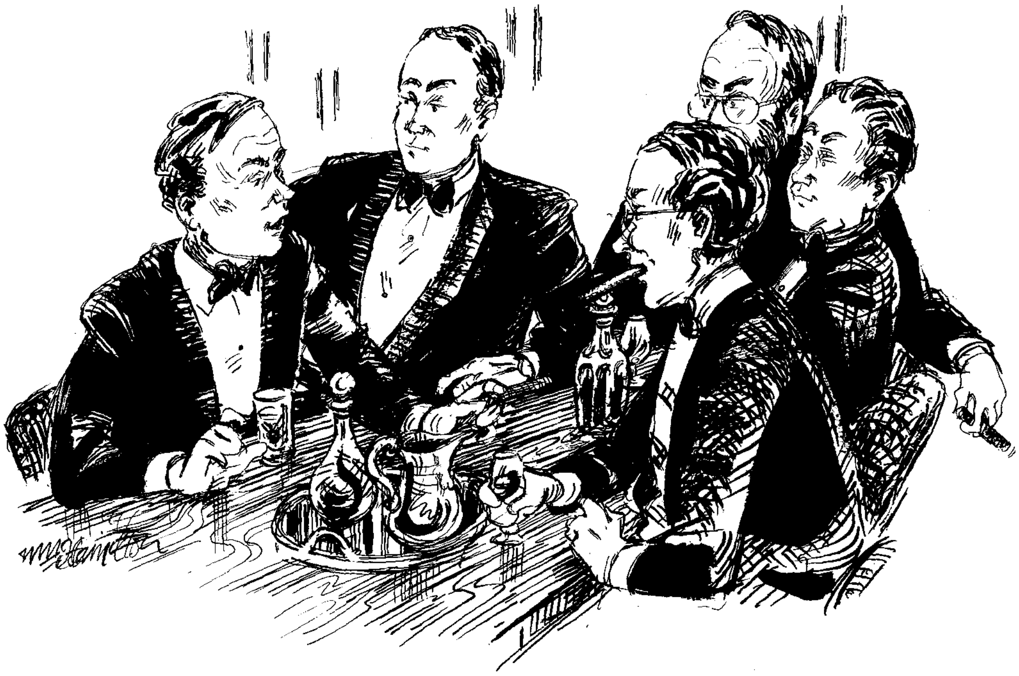
These thoughts reawakened in her a longing for Switzerland. Actually, she had been going there two or three times a year ever since Father's death. Paul and Brigitte spoke with indulgent smiles of her hygienic-sentimental needs: she goes there to sweep leaves off her father's grave and to breathe fresh air by the wide-open window of a Swiss hotel. But they were wrong: even though she had no lover there, Switzerland was the one deep and systematic act of betrayal she committed against them. Switzer-



"I want to interrupt, class, to read you a report Jennifer has faxed us from Nashville about her visit to the Music Valley Wax Museum of the Stars."

land: the song of birds in the treetops. She dreamed about staying there someday and never coming back. Several times she went so far as to look at Swiss apartments for sale or for rent, and even drafted a letter in her mind in which she announced to her daughter and husband that although she still loved them she had decided to live alone, without them. She begged them, however, to let her hear from them from time to time, because she wanted to be sure that nothing bad had happened to them. This was the most difficult thing to express and to explain: that she needed to know how they were, even though at the same time she had no desire whatever to see them or to be with them.

Of course, these were only dreams. How could a sensible woman leave a happy marriage? All the same, a seductive voice from afar kept breaking into her conjugal peace: it was the voice of solitude. She closed her eyes and listened to the sound of a hunting horn coming from the depths of distant forests. There were paths in those forests; her father stood on one of them, smiling and inviting her to join him.



"I really think Diana is going to be my watershed wife."

7

AGNES sat in an armchair, waiting for Paul. Ahead of them was a dinner of the kind the French call *dîner en ville*. Because she hadn't eaten all day she felt tired, and so to relax she thumbed through a thick magazine. She did not have the strength to read the text but merely looked at the photographs, which were all in color, page after page. In the middle of the magazine there was a report on a catastrophe that had occurred in the course of an air show. A burning plane had crashed into a crowd of onlookers. The photographs were large, each one a full page. They showed terrified people fleeing in all directions, charred clothing, burned skin, flames rising from bodies; Agnes could not help staring at the pictures, and she thought of the wild joy of the photographer who had been bored watching the banal spectacle and suddenly saw that luck was falling his way from the sky in the shape of a burning airplane!

She turned a few pages and saw nude people on a beach, and in big letters the headline "THESE PICTURES WON'T BE INCLUDED IN A BUCKINGHAM PALACE ALBUM!" and a short text ending with the sentence "A photographer was there, and once again the Princess finds herself at center stage, thanks to her dangerous liaisons." A photographer was there. A photographer is everywhere. A photographer hidden in the shrubbery. A photographer disguised as a lame beggar. The eye is everywhere. The lens is everywhere.

Agnes recalled that once, as a child, she was dazzled by the thought that God sees her and that he was seeing her all the time. That was perhaps the first time that she experienced the pleasure, the strange delight that people feel when they are being watched, watched against their will, watched in intimate moments, violated by the looks to which they are exposed. Her mother, who was a believer, told her, "God sees you," and this is how she wanted to teach her to stop lying, biting her nails, and picking her nose, but something else happened: precisely at those times when she was indulging in her bad habits, or during physically intimate moments, Agnes imagined God and performed for his benefit.

She thought of the Queen's sister and told herself that nowadays God's eye has been replaced by a camera. The eye of one has been replaced by the eyes of all. Life has changed into one vast orgy in which everyone takes part. Everyone can see an English princess celebrating her birthday in the nude on a subtropical beach. The camera is seemingly interested only in famous people, but it is enough for a jet to crash near you, your shirt goes up in flames, and in an instant you, too, have become famous and are included in the universal orgy, which has nothing to do with delight but merely serves solemn notice to all that they have nowhere to hide and that everyone is at the mercy of everyone else.

Once Agnes had a date with a man and just as she was kissing him in the lobby of a big hotel a bearded fellow appeared unexpectedly before her, in jeans and leather jacket, with five pouches hanging around his neck and across his shoulders. He hunched down and squinted through his camera. She began to wave her arm in front of her face, but the man laughed, jabbered something in bad English, and kept on jumping backward like a flea while clicking the shutter. It was a meaningless episode: some sort of congress was taking place in the hotel and a photographer had been hired so that the scholars who had assembled from all parts of the world would be able to buy souvenir pictures of themselves. But Agnes

The One Time Of Year When Those Who Know The Joy Of Making Money Are Consumed By The Misery Of Losing It.

IN THE WORDS of the famous poet, T. S. Eliot, "April is the cruelest month."

Indeed it is. The thought of writing big checks for income tax does little to quiet one's soul.

After all, it is *your* money we're talking about. You earned it. You paid taxes on it all year long.

And now (as if that weren't enough), you also get to pay taxes on your investments.

The human mind is quite ingenious in the ways it finds to cope with such financial dilemmas. But none are as practical as the way we're about to suggest: a tax-free* investment from John Nuveen & Company.

It will help you keep the money you earn. It is also our specialty.

With nearly a hundred years experience, you'll find we have an insight into the municipal bond business that, in our opinion, few other companies can match.

**Income may be subject to state and local taxes. Capital gains, if any, will be subject to capital gains taxes.*

This being the case, it should come as no surprise that we review billions of dollars worth of bonds each year. And only after a painstakingly thorough process of research do we invest in a select few (including some that other investment companies have overlooked).

Francine became frazzled.

Orville became ornery.

Myron became morose.

All of which are scrupulously managed for the long term with one goal in mind: to provide a high level of tax-free income over time, while still protecting your initial investment.

So if you would like to learn more about how it's possible to keep more money (and who wouldn't), we suggest you ask your financial adviser or your personal banker about Nuveen tax-free investments (for current and future income).

Or you can call us toll-free at 1-800-524-6500. We'll send you a free booklet that just might help next April be a joyous one.

For more complete information on Nuveen tax-free open end mutual funds, including charges and expenses, call for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

NUVEEN

Specialists In Tax-free Investments
Since 1898.

could not bear the idea that somewhere there remained a document testifying to her acquaintance with the man she had met there; she returned to the hotel the next day, bought up all her photos (showing her at the man's side, with one arm extended across her face), and tried to secure the negatives, too; but those had been filed away by the picture agency and were already unobtainable. Even though she wasn't in any real danger, she could not rid herself of anxiety, because one second of her life, instead of dissolving into nothingness like all the other seconds of life, would remain torn out of the course of time and some stupid coincidence would make it come back to haunt her like the badly buried dead.

She picked up another magazine, more devoted to politics and culture. It contained no catastrophes or nude beaches with princesses; instead, it was full of faces, nothing but faces. Even in the back, where there were reviews of books, each article featured a photograph of the author under review. Many of the writers were unknown, and their photos could be considered useful information, but how to justify five photographs of the President of the Republic, whose chin and nose everyone knows by heart? Even the editorial had a small picture of the author over the text, evidently in the same spot every week. Articles about astronomy were illustrated by the enlarged smiles of astronomers, and even the advertisements—for typewriters, furniture, carrots—contained faces, lots and lots of faces. She looked through the magazine again, from first page to last. She counted ninety-two photographs showing nothing but a face; forty-one photographs of a face plus a figure; ninety faces in twenty-three group photographs; and only eleven photographs in which people played a secondary role or were totally absent. Altogether, the magazine contained two hundred and twenty-three faces.

Then Paul came home and Agnes told him about her numbers.

"Yes," he agreed. "The more indifferent people are to politics, to the interests of others, the more obsessed they become with their own faces. The individualism of our time."

"Individualism? What does it have to do with individualism when a camera takes your picture in a moment of agony? On the contrary, it means that an individual no longer belongs to himself but becomes the property of others. You know, I remember my childhood: in those days if you wanted to take somebody's picture you asked for permission. Even when I was a child, adults would ask me, Little girl, may we take your picture? And then one day they stopped asking. The right of the camera was elevated above all other rights, and that changed everything, absolutely everything."

She opened the magazine again and said, "If you put the pictures of two different faces side by side, your eye is struck by everything that makes one different from the other. But if you have two hundred and twenty-three faces side by side, you suddenly realize that it's all just one face in many variations and that no such thing as an individual ever existed."

"Agnes," said Paul, and his voice had suddenly become serious. "Your face does not resemble any other."

Agnes failed to notice the serious tone of Paul's voice, and smiled.

"Don't smile. I really mean it. If you love somebody you love his face and then it becomes totally different from everyone else's."

"Yes, you know me by my face, you know me as a face, and you never knew me any other way. Therefore it could never occur to you that my face is not my self."

Paul answered with the patient concern of an old doctor, "Why do you think your face is not you? Who is behind your face?"

"Just imagine living in a world without mirrors. You'd dream about your face and imagine it as an outer reflection of what is inside you. And then, when you reached forty, someone put a mirror before you for the first time in your life. Imagine your fright! You'd see the face of a stranger. And you'd know quite clearly what you are unable to grasp: your face is not you."

"Agnes," said Paul, and he rose from his armchair. He stood close to her. In his eyes she saw love, and in his features his mother. He looked like her, just as his mother probably looked like her father, who in turn also looked like somebody. When Agnes saw Paul's mother for the first time, she found her likeness to him painfully unpleasant. Later on, when Paul and Agnes made love, some sort of spite reminded her of this likeness and there were moments when it seemed to her as if an old woman were lying on top, her face distorted with lust. But Paul had forgotten long ago that his face bore an imprint of his mother and he was con-

vinced that it was his and no one else's.

"We got our names, too, merely by accident," she continued. "We don't know when our name came into being or how some distant ancestor acquired it. We don't understand our name at all, we don't know its history, and yet we bear it with exalted fidelity, we merge with it, we like it, we are ridiculously proud of it as if we had thought it up ourselves in a moment of brilliant inspiration. A face is like a name. It must have happened sometime toward the end of my childhood: I kept looking in the mirror for such a long time that I finally believed that what I was seeing was my self. My recollection of this period is very vague, but I know that the discovery of the self must have been intoxicating. Yet there comes a time when you stand in front of a mirror and ask yourself, This is my self? And why? Why did I want to identify with *this*? What do I care about this face? And at that moment everything starts to crumble. Everything starts to crumble."

"What starts to crumble? What's the matter with you, Agnes? What's the matter with you lately?"

She glanced at him, then lowered her head. He looked incorrigibly like his mother. Besides, he looked like her more and more. He looked more and more like the old woman his mother had been.

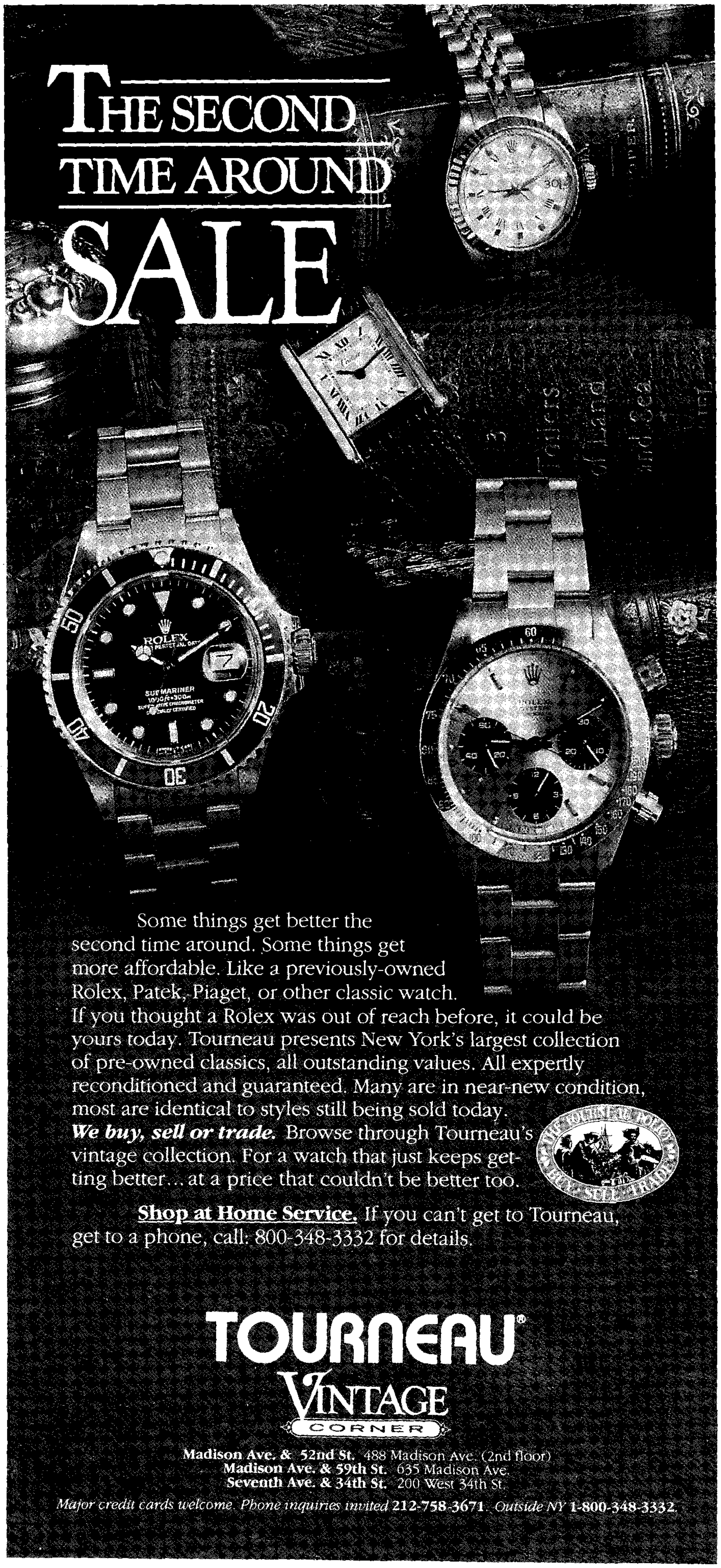
He took her in his arms and lifted her up. She looked at him and he noticed only now that her eyes were full of tears.

He pressed her to him. She understood that he loved her and this suddenly filled her with sadness. She felt sad that he loved her so much, and she felt like crying.

"We should be getting dressed, we'll have to leave soon," he said. She slipped out of his arms, and ran off to the bathroom.

8

I WRITE about Agnes, I try to imagine her, I let her sit on a bench in the sauna, walk around Paris, leaf through a magazine, talk with her husband, but the thing that started it all, the gesture of a lady waving to a lifeguard by the side of a pool, it must seem as if I had forgotten that. Does Agnes any longer wave to anyone in this manner? No. Strange as it seems, I believe that she has not done so for many years. Long ago, when she was


THE SECOND TIME AROUND SALE

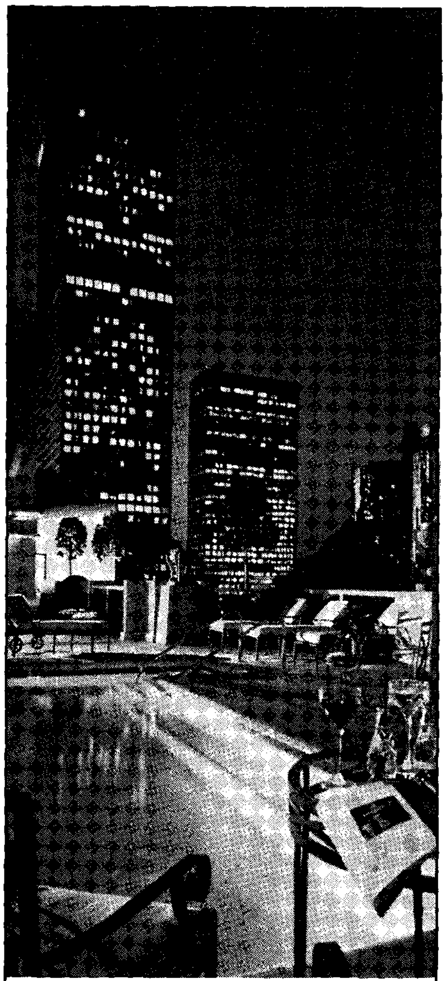
Some things get better the second time around. Some things get more affordable. Like a previously-owned Rolex, Patek, Piaget, or other classic watch. If you thought a Rolex was out of reach before, it could be yours today. Tourneau presents New York's largest collection of pre-owned classics, all outstanding values. All expertly reconditioned and guaranteed. Many are in near-new condition, most are identical to styles still being sold today. ***We buy, sell or trade.*** Browse through Tourneau's vintage collection. For a watch that just keeps getting better... at a price that couldn't be better too.

Shop at Home Service. If you can't get to Tourneau, get to a phone, call: 800-348-3332 for details.

TOURNEAU®
VINTAGE
CORNER

Madison Ave. & 52nd St. 488 Madison Ave. (2nd floor)
Madison Ave. & 59th St. 635 Madison Ave.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St. 200 West 34th St.

Major credit cards welcome. Phone inquiries invited **212-758-3671**. *Outside NY* **1-800-348-3332**.



A BETTER ECONOMIC OUTLOOK DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU STAY...

CHECKERS HOTEL, DOWNTOWN L.A.

All the chief indicators suggest extraordinary upturns in luxury, personal service and urban convenience... when you choose Checkers, the only small upscale hotel in downtown L.A. Tariffs from $175. Do visit soon.

CHECKERS
HOTEL

535 South Grand Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90071
(213) 624-0000 (800) 628-4900
Fax (213)626-9906

CONCORDE HOTELS GROUP
PREFERRED HOTELS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

very young, yes, in those days she used to wave like that.

At that time she was still living in a Swiss town surrounded by mountaintops silhouetted in the distance. She was sixteen and went to the movies with a school friend. The instant the lights went out he took her hand. Soon their palms became sticky, but the boy did not dare let go of the hand he had so daringly grasped, for that would have meant admitting that he was perspiring and ashamed of it. And so they sat with clammy hands for an hour and a half, and let go only when the lights came back on.

He tried to prolong the date, leading her down the streets of the old part of town and then uphill to the courtyard of an old cloister teeming with tourists. He obviously had thought out everything in advance, because he led her quite briskly to a deserted passage, under the rather trite pretense that he wanted to show her a certain painting. They reached the end of the passage, but instead of a picture there was only a dark-brown door, marked with the letters "W.C." The boy had not noticed the sign and stopped. She knew perfectly well that he was not very interested in paintings and that he was only looking for a secluded place where he could kiss her. Poor boy, he had found nothing better than a dirty corner next to a lavatory! She burst out laughing, and to make it clear that she wasn't laughing at him she pointed out the sign. He laughed, too, but he was seized by hopelessness. It was impossible to hug and kiss her with those letters in the background (all the more since this was to be their first, and thus an unforgettable, kiss), and so he had no choice but to turn back with a bitter sense of capitulation.

They walked silently, and Agnes was angry: why didn't he simply kiss her in the middle of the street? Why did he have to lead her instead down an obscure passage to a lavatory where generations of old and ugly and smelly monks had been relieving themselves? His embarrassment flattered her, because it was a sign of his bewildered love, but it irritated her even more, because it testified to his immaturity; going with a boy the same age seemed like lowering oneself: she was only interested in older boys. But perhaps because she thus was secretly rejecting him and yet knew at the same time that he was in love with her, a sense of justice prompted her to help him in his amorous efforts, to support him, to rid him of childish embarrassment. She resolved that if he couldn't find the necessary courage, she would.

He was walking her home, and she planned that the moment they reached the gate of her house she would throw her arms around him and kiss him, which would no doubt make him stand stock-still, completely flabbergasted. But at the last moment she lost the desire to do so, because his face was not merely sad but forbidding, even hostile. And so they merely shook hands and she walked off down the garden path to her door. She sensed that the boy remained standing motionless, gazing after her. She felt sorry for him once more; she felt for him the compassion of an older sister, and at that point she did something quite unpremeditated: as she kept on walking she turned her head back toward him, smiled, and lifted her right arm in the air, easily, flowingly, as if she were tossing a brightly colored ball.

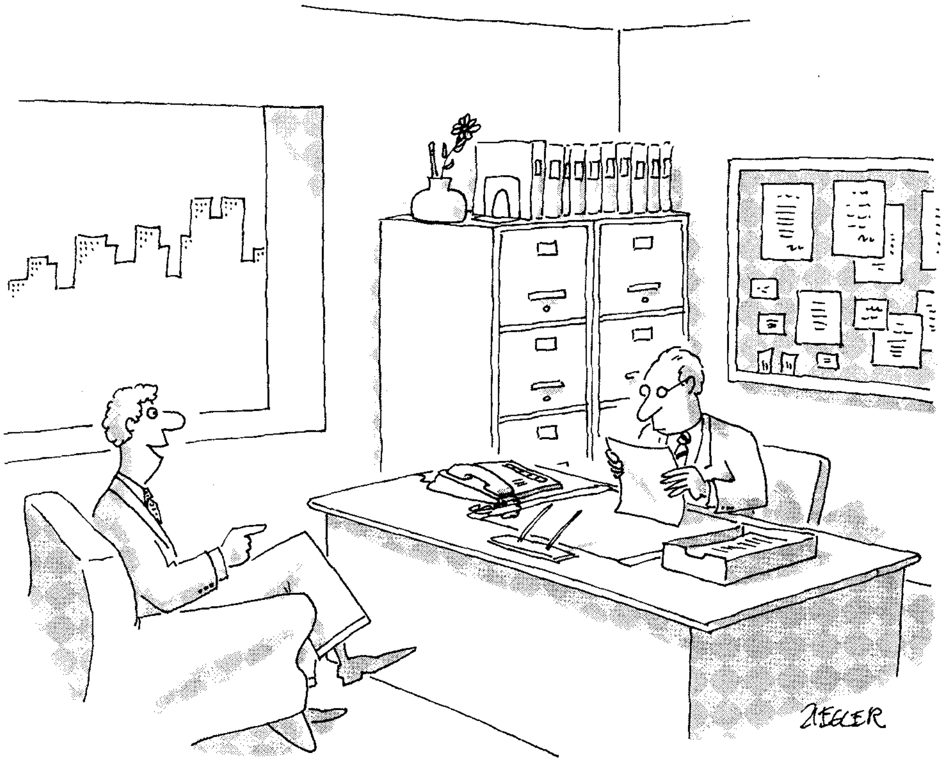
That instant when Agnes suddenly, without preparation, lifted her arm in a flowing, easy motion was miraculous. How was it possible that in a single fraction of a second, and for the very first time, she discovered a motion of the arm and body so perfect and polished that it resembled a finished work of art?

In those days a woman of about forty used to come to see Father. She was the departmental secretary, and she would bring papers for him to sign and take other papers back with her. Even though these visits had no special significance, they were accompanied by a mysterious tension (Mother would always turn silent), arousing Agnes's curiosity. Whenever the secretary was leaving, Agnes ran to the window to watch her inconspicuously. Once, as she was heading toward the gate (thus walking in a direction opposite to that which Agnes was to take somewhat later, followed by the gaze of her unfortunate school friend), the secretary turned, smiled, and lifted her arm in the air in an unexpected gesture, easy and flowing. It was an unforgettable moment: the sandy path sparkled in the rays of the sun like a golden stream, and on both sides of the gate jasmine bushes were blooming. It was as if the upward gesture wished to show this golden piece of earth the direction of flight, while the white jasmine bushes were already beginning to turn into wings. Father was not visible, but the woman's gesture indicated that he was standing in the doorway of the villa, gazing after her.

That gesture was so unexpected and beautiful that it remained in Agnes's memory like the imprint of a lightning bolt; it invited her into the depths of space and time and awakened in the sixteen-year-old girl a vague and immense longing. At the moment when she suddenly needed to say something important to her school friend and had no words for it, that gesture came to life and said on her behalf what she herself was unable to say.

I don't know how long she kept using it (or, more precisely, how long it kept using her), but surely up to the day when she noticed her sister, younger by eight years, tossing up her arm while saying goodbye to a girlfriend. When she saw her gesture performed by a sister who had been admiring and imitating her from earliest childhood, she felt a certain unease: the adult gesture did not fit an eleven-year-old child. But more important, she realized that the gesture was available to all and thus did not really belong to her: when she waved her arm, she was actually committing theft or forgery. From that time on she began to avoid that gesture (it is not easy to break the habit of gestures that have become used to us), and she developed a distrust of gestures altogether. She tried to limit herself to the most important ones (to nod yes or shake her head no, to point at an object her companion had failed to see), to use only gestures that did not pretend to be her original expression. And so it came to be that the bewitching gesture of Father's secretary walking down the golden path (which bewitched me when I saw the woman in the swimsuit take leave of the lifeguard) had completely gone to sleep in her.

And then one day it awoke. It happened before Mother's death, when she was staying two weeks in the villa with her sick father. As she was saying goodbye to him on the last day, she knew that they wouldn't see each other again for a long time. Mother wasn't at home and Father wanted to see her to her car, which was parked in the street. She forbade him to accompany her beyond the door, and walked alone over the golden sand past the flower beds to the gate. She had a lump in her throat and an enormous yearning to say something beautiful to Father, something that could not be expressed by words, and so without quite knowing how it happened she suddenly turned her head and with a smile tossed her arm in the air, easily, flowingly, as if to tell him they still had a long life ahead of them and would still see each other many more times. An instant later she recalled the forty-year-old woman who twenty-five years earlier had stood in the same place and had waved at Father in the same way. That upset and confused her. It was as if in a single second two distant times and two different women met in a single gesture. The thought passed through her head that those two women might have been the only ones he had ever loved.



"You'll notice that I was born in 1968—a very prestigious year."

• •

9

IN the salon where they were all sitting after dinner over glasses of brandy and half-finished cups of coffee, the first courageous guest rose to his feet and bowed with a smile to the lady of the house. The others decided to take it as a signal and along with Paul and Agnes jumped out of their armchairs and hurried to their cars. Paul drove; Agnes sat next to him and absorbed the incessant movement of traffic, the blinking of the lights, the pointless agitation of a metropolitan night. And she once again had the strong, peculiar feeling that was coming over her more and more often: the feeling that she had nothing in common with those two-legged creatures with a head on their shoulders and a mouth in their face. There was a time when she was interested in their politics, their science, their inventions, when she considered herself a small part of their great adventure, until one day the feeling was born in her that she did not belong among them. That feeling was strange, she resisted it, she knew that it was absurd as well as amoral, but in the end she told herself that she could not command her feelings: she was no longer able to torment herself with thoughts of their wars or to enjoy their celebrations, because she was filled with the conviction that none of it was her concern.

Did it mean that she was coldhearted? No, it had nothing to do with the heart. Anyway, nobody handed out as much money to beggars as she. She could never ignore them as she passed them on the street, and they, as if they sensed it, turned to her, picking her out at once from a throng of a hundred other pedestrians as the one who saw

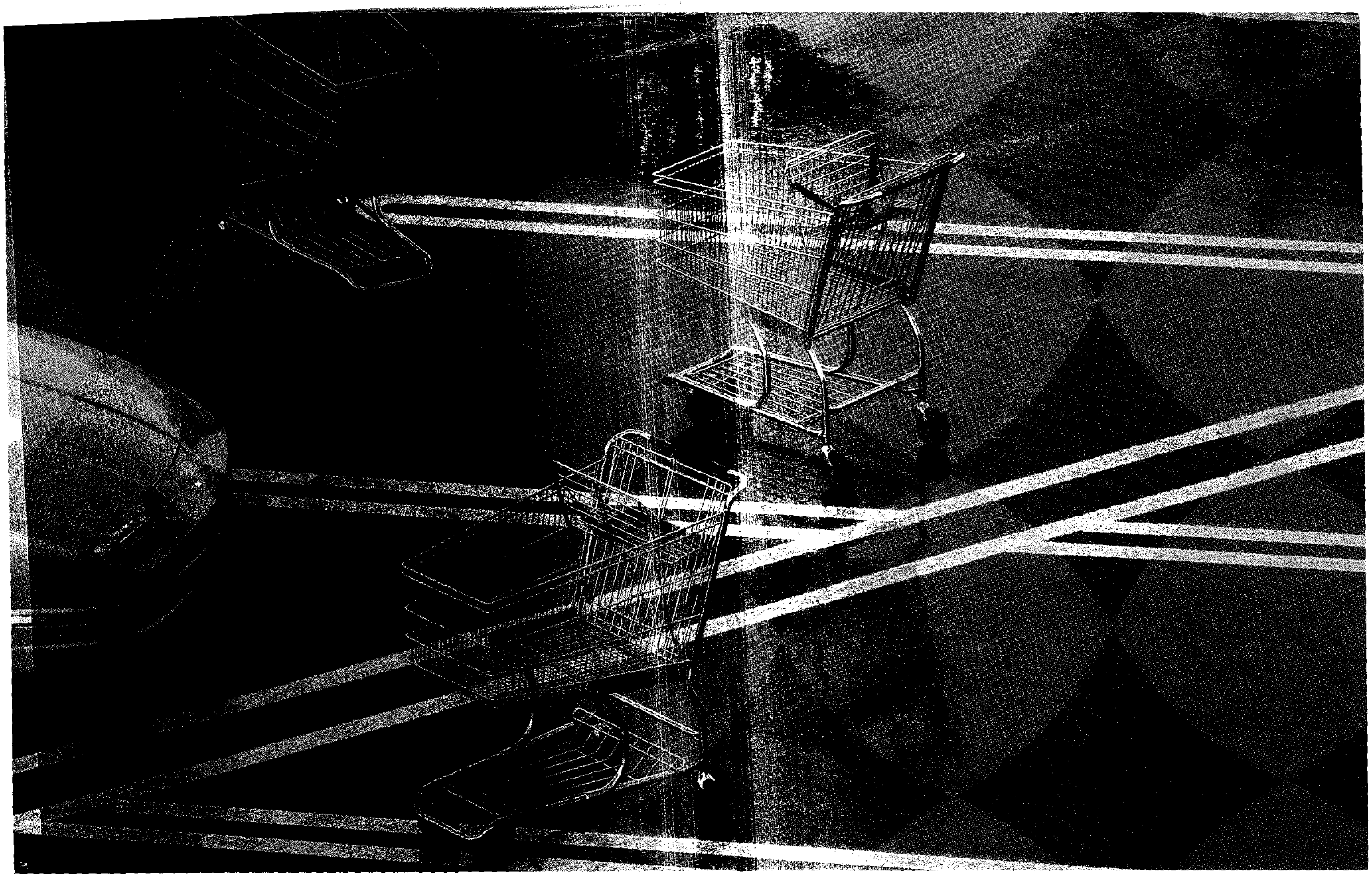
First, there's the character who parks too close to your car in the lot. Then, there's the kid down the block with a great future as a pitcher. And of course, there are always shopping carts.

"If you think about all the unpleasant surprises your car faces in a day, making the body-side panels dent-resistant starts to make sense."

Marcel Cannon's been thinking about all those surprises. He's a body engineer at Saturn who runs lots of tests, smashing cars into things and things into cars. Just like a car's real life.

The shopping cart test is one of the more

©1990 Saturn Corporation

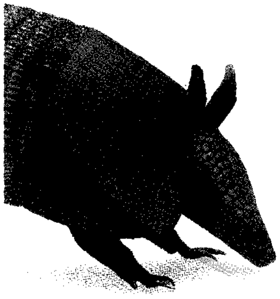


unusual he's ever run, but there's a solid logic to it: to make sure our bodyside panels really do bounce back.

"The idea behind all this is pretty simple," Marcel explains. "To make a car that looks good the day you bring it home, and looks good years later when you want to trade it in."

SATURN.

And, we might add, to park wherever you want. And not worry about shopping carts.



DENT-RESISTANT BODYSIDE PANELS are featured on every Saturn, reducing damage caused by corrosion, gravel and parking lot mishaps. Also, the paint flexes with the panels, so the car's finish should last for years. And one need only look at the world around us to see the value of a durable finish.

A DIFFERENT KIND *of* COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND *of* CAR.

If you'd like to know more about Saturn, and our new sedans and coupe, please call us at 1-800-522-5000.

and heard them. Yes, it is true, but I must add the following: even her handouts to beggars were based on *negation;* she gave them money not because beggars, too, belonged to mankind but because they did not belong to it, because they were excluded from it and probably, like her, felt no solidarity with mankind.

No solidarity with mankind: that was her attitude. Only one thing could wrench her out of it: concrete love toward a concrete person. If she truly loved someone, she could not be indifferent to the fate of other people, because her beloved would be dependent on that fate, he would be part of it, and she could no longer feel that mankind's torments, its wars and holidays, were none of her concern.

She was frightened by that last thought. Was it true that she didn't love anyone? And what about Paul?

She thought of the moment a few hours earlier, before they had left for dinner, when he had taken her in his arms. Yes, something was going on inside her: recently she was pursued by the idea that her love for Paul was merely a matter of will, merely the will to love him; merely the will to have a happy marriage. If she eased up on this will for just a moment, love would fly away like a bird released from its cage.

It is one o'clock at night: Agnes and Paul are undressing. If they were asked to describe their partner's motions at such times, they would be embarrassed. For a long time now they haven't been looking at each other. Disconnected, their instrument of memory fails to record anything of those common nighttime moments that precede lying down in the marital bed.

The marital bed: the altar of marriage; and when one says altar, one implies sacrifice. Here one of them sacrifices for the other: both have trouble falling asleep, and their partner's noisy breathing wakes them; so they wriggle toward the edge of the bed, leaving a broad space down the middle; they pretend to be sound asleep in the hope of making sleep easier for the partner, who will then be able to turn from side to side without disturbing the other. Unfortunately, the partner does not make use of this opportunity because he too (and for the same reason) pretends to be asleep and fears to budge.

Not being able to fall asleep and not allowing oneself to move: the marital bed.

Agnes is stretched out on her back, and images keep passing through her head: that strange, kindly man is visiting them again, the one who knows all about them and yet has not heard of the Eiffel Tower. She would give anything to be able to walk with him in private, but he deliberately chose a time when both of them were at home. In vain Agnes tries to think of a ruse to get Paul out of the house. The three of them are sitting around a low table with three cups of coffee and Paul is trying to entertain the visitor. Agnes is only waiting for the guest to start speaking about his reason for coming. Actually, she knows the reason. But only she knows, Paul doesn't. At last the visitor interrupts Paul's conversation and comes to the point: "You, I believe, have guessed where I'm from."

"Yes," says Agnes. She knows that the guest has come from another, distant planet, one with an important status in the universe. And she quickly adds, with a shy smile, "Is life better over there?"

The visitor only shrugs: "Agnes, surely you know where you are living."

Agnes says, "Perhaps death must exist. But was there no other way to arrange things? Is it really necessary for a person to leave a body behind, a body that must be buried in the ground or thrown into a fire? It's all so horrible!"

"That's well known all over, that the earth is horrible," says the visitor.

"And another thing," says Agnes. "Perhaps you'll consider this question silly. Those who live in your place, do they have faces?"

"No. Faces exist nowhere else but here."

"So then those who live over there, how do they differ from one another?"

"They're all their own creations. Everybody, so to speak, thinks himself up. But it's hard to talk about it. You cannot grasp it. You will, someday. I came to tell you that in the next life you won't return to earth."

Of course, Agnes knew in advance what the visitor would say to them, and she is hardly surprised. But Paul is amazed. He looks at the visitor, looks at Agnes, and she has no choice but to say, "And Paul?"

"Paul won't stay here either," says the visitor. "I've come to tell you that. We always tell people we have selected. I only want to ask you one question: do you want to stay together in your next life, or never meet again?"

Agnes knew the question was coming. That was the reason she wanted to be alone with the visitor. She knew that in Paul's presence she would be incapable of saying "I no longer want to be with him." She could not say it in front of him nor he in front of her, even though it is probable that he too would prefer to try living the next life differently, without Agnes. Yet saying aloud to each other's face "We don't want to remain together in the next life" would amount to saying "No love ever existed between us and no love exists between us now." And that's precisely what is so impossible to say aloud, for their entire life together (already over twenty years of life together) was based on the illusion of love, an illusion that both of them have been anxiously guarding and nurturing. And so whenever she imagined this scene, she knew that when it came to the visitor's question she would capitulate and declare against her wishes, against her desire, "Yes. Of course. I want us to be together in the next life."

But today for the first time she was certain that even in Paul's presence she would find the courage to say what she wanted, what she really wanted, in the depth of her soul; she was certain that she would find this courage even at the price of ruining everything between them. Next to her she heard the sound of loud breathing. Paul had really fallen asleep. As if she were putting the same reel of film back in the projector, she ran through the whole scene once again: she is speaking to the visitor, Paul is watching them with astonishment, and the guest is saying, "In your next life, do you want to stay together or never meet again?"

(It is strange: even though he has all the necessary information about them, terrestrial psychology is incomprehensible to him, the concept of love unfamiliar, so he cannot guess what a difficult situation he would create by his sincere, practical, and well-intended question.)

Agnes gathers all her inner strength and answers in a firm voice, "We prefer never to meet again."

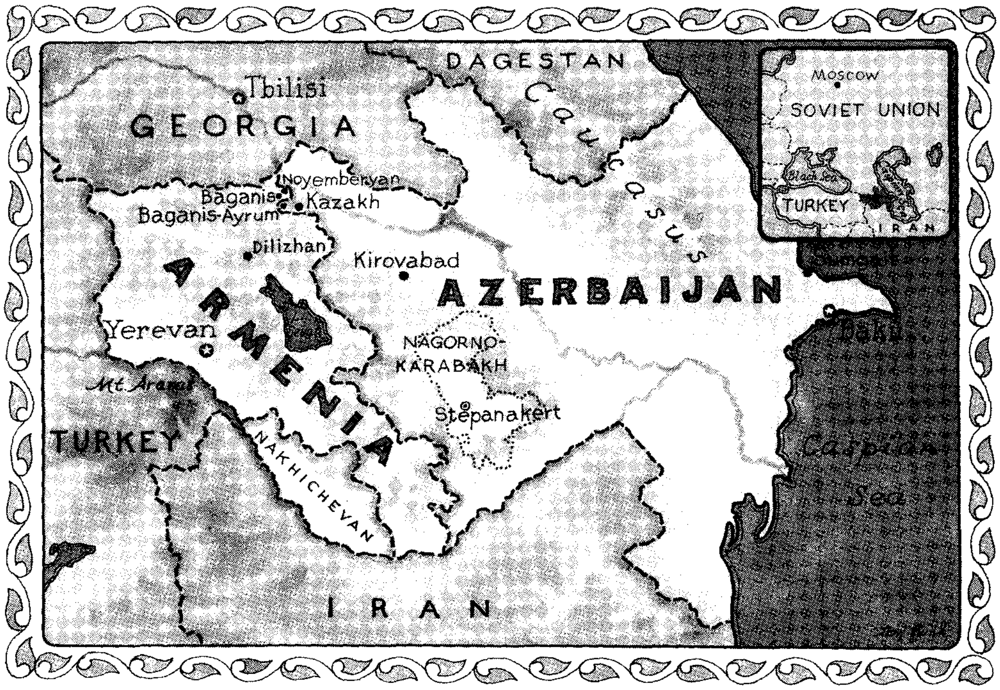
These words are like the click of a door shutting on the illusion of love.

—Milan Kundera

(Translated, from the Czech, by Peter Kussi.)

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ROOTS



On the border between the Soviet republics of Armenia and Azerbaijan, rocky streams and dried-up branches furrow the withered brown hills and ridges. Peasant villages cling to the sides of narrow blacktop roads like beads on a string. The border snakes over the ridges and around the streams and roads, and near the neighboring villages of Baganis, in Armenia, and Baganis-Ayrum, a few hundred yards to the east, in Azerbaijan, an outsider can barely tell where the line is, or has been. Rows of concrete fence posts meander across some of the scrubby meadows, marking old and unsuccessful efforts to agree on a boundary. A weathered, red stone church with the characteristic Armenian stone dome, topped by a cone and a cross, seems to mark the eastern edge of Armenian land, but the people who live around it now are Azerbaijanis. Late last summer, when I visited the two villages, I found only one reliable marker: a squat green armored personnel carrier with a machine gun mounted in the turret, stationed by the Soviet Army on the road between the villages, at the edge of Azerbaijani territory.

Until recently, Soviet authorities needed no tanks to suppress Armenian-Azerbaijani border disputes, or anything else in the peripheral republics which contradicted the doctrine of proletarian internationalism. A system of censorship, arrests, and complete control by the local branches of the Communist Party maintained a façade of discipline. But *glasnost* undermined all the pillars of that old order. In the three Baltic republics, it led quickly to the formation of mass movements to reclaim the independence lost in 1940; earlier this year, the central government made a curiously irresolute attempt to crush two of them, in Latvia and Lithuania. In the mountainous republics of the Transcaucasus—Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Armenia—reform has likewise given birth to independence movements. It has also permitted the resumption of old feuds between people who no longer have to pretend that they and their neighbors belong happily to the same Soviet family.

In Baganis and Baganis-Ayrum, the amity enforced in the era of Soviet power rarely amounted to more than a truce. "We went to their weddings, and they came to ours," a man named Allakhverdi Poladov, who lived in Baganis-Ayrum, told me. But when I asked if he would permit his daughters to marry Armenians he laughed harshly and replied, "God forbid." Azerbaijani boys, he explained, might marry Armenian girls, if they were pretty. But on both sides of the border a girl most often moves into the household of her husband's family, and an Azerbaijani girl who moved in with Armenians was considered lost.

Azerbaijanis and Armenians both tend to have black hair, brown eyes, and complexions that range from sallow to olive. One day, in an outdoor tea garden, I asked Poladov how he and his fellow-villagers told the two groups apart. "Their noses are very long and hooked," he said. "And their faces are dark and unpleasant." Everyone around us laughed in agreement. They were all Azerbaijanis, but I heard almost the same words, and the same laughter, whenever I posed the question to Armenians.

The paved road from Yerevan, the capital of Armenia, to Noyemberyan, an Armenian provincial seat, crosses into Azerbaijani territory at several points near Baganis, assuring that the two groups constantly rub up against one another. Last winter, Azerbaijani farmers along the road took occasionally to blasting away with their shotguns at passing cars and trucks with Armenian license plates. On the twenty-second of March, two days into an Azerbaijani spring holiday called Novruz, they did so with particular gusto, shooting up a convoy of trucks and wounding several people in a Volga sedan. Someone got on the

AIG Issues Forum

Why reforming our liab America is to succee

EXCESSIVE LIABILITY AWARDS MAKE IT TOUGH FOR U.S. COMPANIES TO COMPETE.

We are a compassionate society. We want to compensate those who have suffered.

But when our courts expand the traditional concepts of liability, causing defendants to pay excessive compensation, we add to the costs we all pay for goods and services. We encourage companies to stop research and development on new products. And we even make it harder for American companies to compete overseas.

PAYING A HIDDEN TAX.

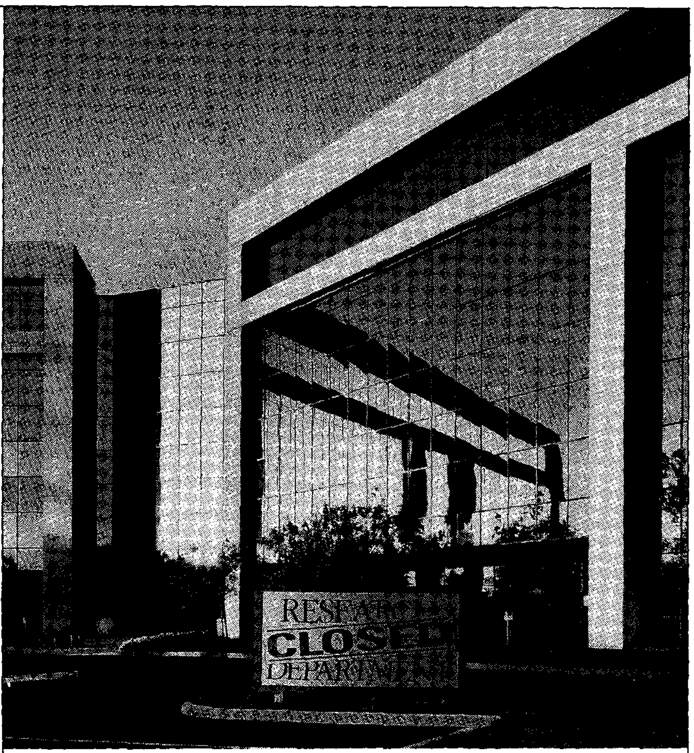
In reality, the American system of liability has become the source of a hidden tax on our economy—a tax that can account for as much as 50% of the price paid for a product.

What's worse, it has been estimated that this hidden tax amounts to $80 billion a year—a sum equal to the combined profits of the nation's 200 largest corporations.

Our economic competitors' legal systems do not encourage litigation to the extent we do. Consider, for example, that there are 30 times more lawsuits per capita in the U.S. than in Japan.

Is it any wonder that America is having a tough time competing in overseas markets?

UNCERTAINTY STIFLES ENTERPRISE.



The unpredictability of our liability system is also enormously costly to American competitiveness. For example, in a recent survey of CEOs, the Conference Board found that worry about potential liability lawsuits caused 47% of firms surveyed to discontinue one or more product lines. What's more, 25% stopped certain product research and development, and 39% decided against coming out with a new product. Meanwhile, our overseas competitors continue to research and develop new products at an ever-increasing pace.

ARE WE CONTROLLING RISKS OR INCREASING THEM?

When we give a drunk driver the right to sue an automaker or highway engineer for a million dollars after a crash, are we controlling risk?

Or just encouraging risky and careless behavior?

If you are a manufacturer, you can be sued even if your product has state-of-the-art safety features. Even if your customer misused it against your instructions. Even if the risks of misuse were obvious.

When fear of lawsuits causes physicians to limit

ity system is essential if in overseas markets.

services to patients—or worse, to abandon their practice altogether—lack of adequate treatment means greater risks for everyone.

Is this controlling risk or increasing it?

It's an unhealthy and dangerous situation that needs correcting.

WE MUST REFORM OUR "DEEP POCKETS" APPROACH TO LIABILITY.

Specifically, we need to change our approach and base liability suits on fault.

Our current system often encourages the frivolous suing of those with the ability to pay—in other words, those with "deep pockets." But does it make sense to hold such parties entirely liable, even if they were only minimally at fault?

A MORE RATIONAL APPROACH.

Those who suffer economic losses because of another's negligence should be fairly reimbursed. No one could argue with this principle. There should also be just compensation for pain and suffering resulting from real and severe injuries.

But can we afford to continue a system that encourages litigation and financial judgments bearing little direct relationship to fault or to the actual cost of injuries suffered?

Clearly, a better approach is needed.

CONGRESS HAS A ROLE.

Legislation providing a uniform product liability standard would allow American companies to compete without the burdens of excessive liability risks. And this would unclog the courts and put American business in a stronger position as barriers to international trade and investment fall.

There is proposed legislation before Congress dealing with these issues. A solution to the liability crisis is vital to American competitiveness, and Congress can play a role in restoring the right balance.

SO DO THE COURTS.

When all is said and done, our courts are the interpreters of our laws and our values. It's our values as a society that count, especially as reflected in the courts and individual jury decisions.

Together our legislative and judicial branches must recognize the damage being done to American competitiveness from the current liability system. And help America restore the proper balance.

WHY IS AIG RUNNING ADS LIKE THIS?

AIG (American International Group) is the largest underwriter of commercial and industrial insurance in America, and the leading U.S.-based international insurance organization.

Since we deal every day with issues affecting the future of the world economy, it's understandable that we champion reform designed to strengthen the competitive stance of American business in global markets.

Perhaps you'll want to keep the ball rolling by contacting your elected officials—judges and legislators—with your own views.

Or if you prefer, write Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, AIG, 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

AIG World leaders in insurance and financial services.

phone to Yerevan and asked for help.

The help arrived at about two o'clock the next morning. Several cars full of Armenians armed with shotguns and Kalashnikov assault rifles arrived in Baganis via a dirt road that avoids Azerbaijani territory. Before dawn, the Armenians slipped across the border to Baganis-Ayrum, set fire to some twenty houses, and murdered eight Azerbaijani villagers. The bodies of one family, including an infant, were found burned in the embers of their house. By the time troops of the Soviet Ministry of the Interior arrived in Baganis-Ayrum, the attackers had fled.

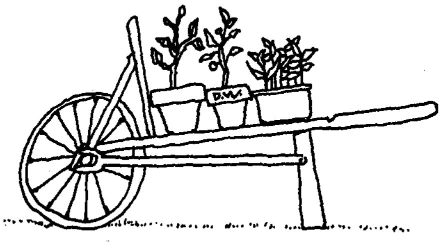
The soldiers, who were known as "internal troops," to distinguish them from regular Soviet Army troops, set up some checkpoints along the border, but they could not pacify it. Shootings continued through the summer, and there were also kidnappings. In mid-August, Azerbaijanis stopped an Armenian car attempting to cross through Azerbaijani territory. They took one passenger hostage, but the second occupant of the car escaped and sounded the alarm. Within hours, dozens of heavily armed Armenian guerrillas, whom the Azerbaijanis call *sakkallilar*, or bearded ones, began to filter into Baganis. On August 19th, a battle erupted.

It was described to me by one of a detachment of regular Soviet Army soldiers manning the armored personnel carrier that was stationed between Baganis and Baganis-Ayrum. He was a slightly built nineteen-year-old sergeant from Tashkent named Yefim Liberman, and was dressed in camouflage fatigues and a blue-and-white striped T-shirt; he carried his Kalashnikov casually slung over his shoulder, and cultivated the bored-but-dangerous look of the combat veteran at rest. On the nineteenth, Sergeant Liberman said, the internal troops had stopped a truck at the border checkpoint between Baganis and Baganis-Ayrum. Liberman had heard the Azerbaijani version of events, in which the truck's passenger opened fire on the troops without warning. (In the Armenian version, the nervous truck driver for some reason tried to run the checkpoint, whereupon the internal troops shot him in the back.) From the Armenian hills ringing the checkpoint, the *sakkallilar* had opened fire in return. The internal troops asked the Army for help, and Liberman's unit was sent to the checkpoint.

"We got here about eleven in the morning," Liberman said. "There were sixteen internal troops here; their sergeant had been wounded, and a senior lieutenant was dead. We called the staff headquarters, down the road in Azerbaijan, for help, but they said they couldn't send anyone, because they were under fire." Liberman pointed to the crest of a high ridge to the west. "They had cannon up there and grenade launchers." Behind him stood the blackened ruins of a metal trailer and a farmhouse, both of which the internal troops had used as a dormitory, and both of which the Armenian guns had destroyed.

The battle continued for eight hours that day, with the soldiers holding their position and the Armenians firing on them from the high ground. Liberman saw trucks kicking up dust plumes on the dirt roads on top of the ridges; he assumed that they were bringing ammunition and reinforcements to the Armenians. Early in the afternoon, an unmarked white helicopter, which he identified as a type sometimes used in Soviet agriculture, landed on the ridge, presumably bringing more reinforcements. Liberman said he ordered his men not to fire at the trucks or the helicopter. "Civilian transport," he said, rolling his eyes. The next day, Liberman's unit was assigned to another position, but the fighting around Baganis and Baganis-Ayrum continued for three days. Since that time, the Army had patrolled the border roads, periodically setting up checkpoints. I asked Liberman what would happen if the Army troops withdrew. "I'm afraid to say," he replied. "There would be a war, a real war. We're like U.N. troops here."

My escort, Kasum Aliyev, the second secretary of the regional Azerbaijani Communist Party organization, walked with me back up the road from Liberman's position, eager to show all the damage the Armenians had inflicted. He pushed open a rusty metal gate and we walked into a peasant's four-room house. The Armenian fire had blown away the roof and had also left a hole in the side of a barn. Down the road a little farther, the Baganis-Ayrum library was in a similar condition. Aliyev poked with his boot at a mound of books lying among glass shards and chunks of concrete, and he turned over the Azerbaijani edition of "The Collected Speeches of M. S. Gorbachev, Vol. I." He laughed sarcastically. "Marx and Engels are in there, too," he said, pointing to another pile of books.



Outside the library, a low green T-72 tank stood parked in a shallow trench, its long gun pointing at the Armenian ridge across the border. Next to it, in a slightly deeper trench, a few flowers had been left near some bloodstained rocks. They marked the spot where, on the nineteenth of August, Senior Lieutenant Aleksandr Lipatov had failed to keep his head down. We drove up the road to the village's Muslim cemetery. The once brown grass was charred black, and some old, mossy tombstones had been turned over. "They came on August 22nd, just after the soldiers had temporarily withdrawn," Aliyev said. "They set fire to all the houses still standing, and to this cemetery. I could show you the Armenian cemetery," he went on, his voice rising. "We haven't touched it. But in Armenia they've destroyed everything Muslim."

We drove on to an intermediate school that the Army had commandeered for its local headquarters. In the school's dusty little playground stood two green cannon on wheels, each with a barrel about twenty feet long. The cannon were scarred by bullet marks, and wires were hanging out of holes in their metal skins. The senior officer present was a lieutenant named Boris Bobikin, who told me that the guns in the playground were 100-mm. cannon that the Soviet Army had retired about twenty years ago. Instead of destroying them for scrap, though, the Army had distributed them to state farms, to use for shooting rainmaking chemicals into clouds. During the August battle, his unit had counted eighteen cannon firing in the hills above the two villages. They had disabled two of the cannon by shooting at them from a helicopter, and had sent tanks up into the hills to tow them in. He did not know precisely where the cannon had come from, or where the Armenians had found the shells to fire from them. The K.G.B. had sent an investigator to try to trace them, he said.

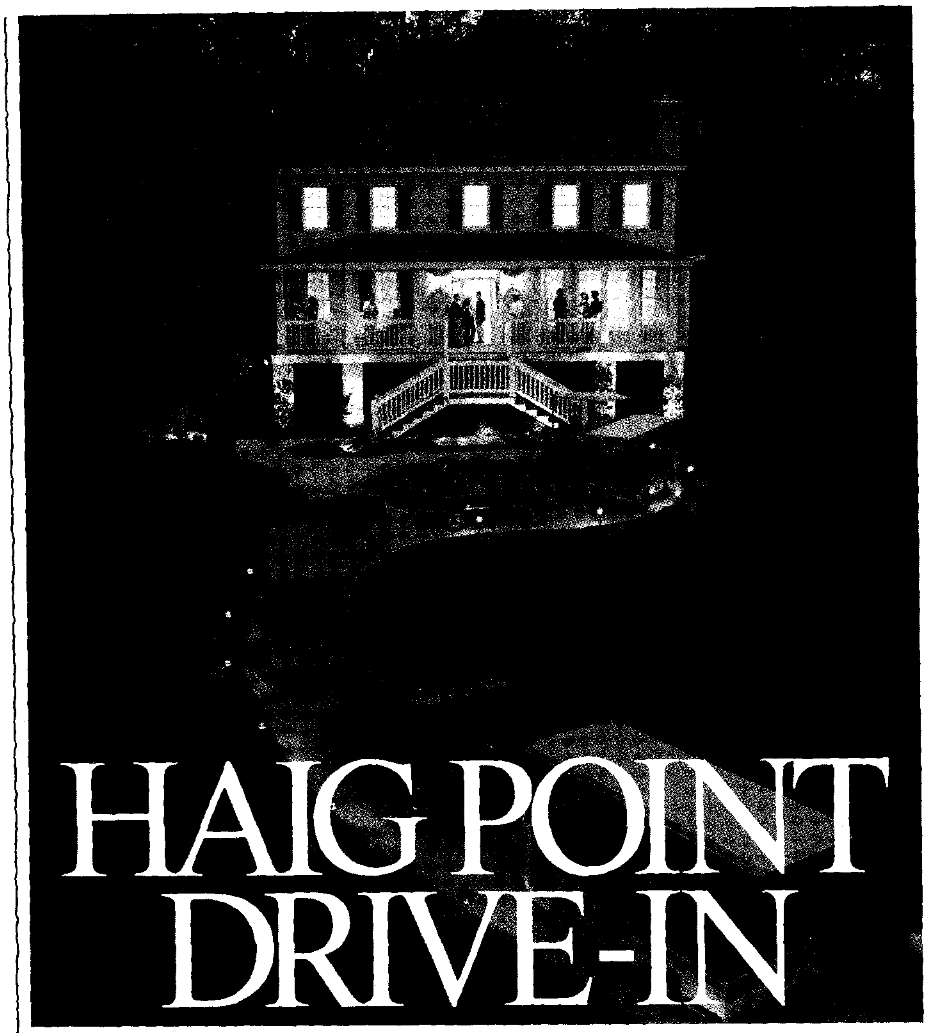
It was getting dark, and Aliyev drove me back to Kazakh, the regional capital. Kazakh was a farm town, where cows occasionally grazed near the main street. Piles of onions and melons spilled out of grocery stores and kiosks; in contrast with what would have happened in a Russian city, no one had lined up to buy them. Kazakh was poor in other supplies, however. Several building projects had simply stopped for lack of materials to finish the interiors, and weeds were growing in the concrete shells. Only the regional soviet, or governing council, had the requisite priority to finish a building, and its new headquarters gleamed. After trying a couple of restaurants and finding them already closed, Aliyev came to an outdoor café, with tables, each in its own clearing, set up in a grove by a small creek. Light bulbs strung through the tree branches provided illumination. As we walked to our table, the diners, all men, rose to greet and respectfully shake hands with Aliyev. In some parts of the Soviet Union, the Party has lost power, but in Kazakh it retains control.

We sat down at a table with two other men. A waiter brought a bottle of vodka, some thick, chewy bread, a salty white cheese called *akhpandir*, and roasted Azerbaijani dishes: chunks of lamb and beef, eggplant, tomatoes, peppers, and an aromatic tripe. I asked Aliyev whether there were any Armenians living in the town. "There were about two hundred," he said. "They worked in trade, spare parts, restaurants—wherever there was money. Armenians lived a lot better here in Azerbaijan than they do now in Armenia. In Baku"—the capital of Azerbaijan—"they were all millionaires."

I knew that over the last two years Armenians living in Azerbaijan and Azerbaijanis living in Armenia had both been subjected to large-scale *izgnaniya*—a Russian word that means "expulsions" but carries the connotation of a physical chasing out. Aliyev confirmed that expulsions had happened in Kazakh, but he hastened to add that they were not done barbarously, as in Armenia. "They were done in—" He hesitated, looking for the right word.

"In a civilized way?" I suggested.

He nodded. "Yes, in a civilized



Drive-in gatherings of friends – just a part of the unique lifestyle at Haig Point.

Step aboard our private ferry and cast off from Hilton Head. Only a mile away is this premier, carefree as well as car-free community on Daufuskie Island, South Carolina.

Here you can purchase a luxury country club home from only $249,000, or island homesite from just $85,000, for weekend getaways, retirement or year-round living.

Then tee up on our top-ranked, members-only Rees Jones golf course. And get away from tourist crowds, noise and traffic forever.

Call us now toll-free at **1-800-992-3635** to experience "A Taste Of Haig Point"– stay with us and view the outstanding real estate opportunities and the uncommon quality of our lifestyle. Or, write us at Haig Point Center, P.O. Drawer 7319, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29938.

Haig Point definitely isn't for everyone. And that's the beauty of it.

HAIG POINT®
on Daufuskie Island.

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal Law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Void where prohibited by law. Property is registered with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. Registration does not constitute an endorsement of the merits or value of the project. Obtain and read the N.J. Public Offering Statement before signing anything. IL. App. #IL-90-178 #85-15-134 NJREC ©1991 International Paper Realty Corporation of South Carolina.

DO YOU TEACH? IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440

way. Our youth wanted to burn them. We didn't allow that. Our police protected them, but told them to leave. They did. Some of them even stayed a month or so until they'd sold their houses."

A few minutes later, one of the Azerbaijanis at the table poured another round of vodka and proposed a toast: "To the day when Azerbaijanis get out from under the heels of the Russians, sell their own products abroad, buy weapons, and have sons to avenge what has happened here."

A WEEK later, in Yerevan, I arranged to drive with a young economist named Samuel to the same border region, from the opposite direction. The road from Yerevan to Baganis passes over resort country near the gleaming blue Lake Sevan, and then up over some rugged brown hills and along clear, rushing streams. Beside the road we would occasionally see peasants standing next to the carcass of a sheep, ready to sell meat to city people who had despaired of finding any in the state stores. But Samuel barely glanced at the scenery or the meat sellers. He was looking for gasoline. The main freight line from the rest of the Soviet Union into Armenia runs through Azerbaijan, and for the past year or so the Azerbaijanis had often refused to allow trains through to Armenia, causing rampant shortages. The few filling stations along the road were all shut. Outside one of them was a line of empty cars.

Like any Armenian still driving a car, Samuel was resourceful. He turned off the engine and coasted on the downhill stretches. When we passed a convoy of Army trucks parked by a roadside water pump, he stopped and asked if any of the soldiers were interested in selling a bit of gasoline. They might have been, they said, but their trucks ran on diesel fuel. In a town called Dilizhan, he stopped next to a sign that advertised tire repairs, paid ten rubles to have his spare tire patched, then asked if anyone in town sold gasoline. There was someone in a house up the road, he was told, and we drove there. A woman answered the door. Her husband did deal in an occasional twenty-litre cannister of gasoline, she said, but he had sold the last of his supply that morning. Samuel persisted. Well, she admitted, he sometimes kept a spare cannister hidden away, but she didn't know where. Samuel said that for a hundred rubles he was sure she could find it. He was right. The price was twelve times the official pump price, but he was pleased with himself. "In this country," he said as we drove on, "you can buy anything if you have money—even shark meat."

As we approached the border, Samuel stopped frequently to ask directions; he was anxious to find the back road that went to Baganis without entering Azerbaijan. The only way to tell that we were still in Armenia was by seeing pigs on the roadside; Azerbaijani farmers, being Muslim, don't keep pigs. Samuel waved down a gray-haired man driving a blue flatbed truck, who said he was heading for Baganis as soon as he had dropped off a load of concrete. He offered to guide us, and suggested that I ride with him. After a couple of miles, we stopped at a military checkpoint. The soldiers were as sloppy as most Soviet workers. They glanced into the back of the truck, said hello, and waved us on. We made a hairpin turn onto a rutted dirt road that wound up into the hills and then dropped, bouncing and rattling, toward Baganis.

Was it true, the trucker shouted over the grinding engine, that in America people couldn't go out in the streets after 6 P.M.?

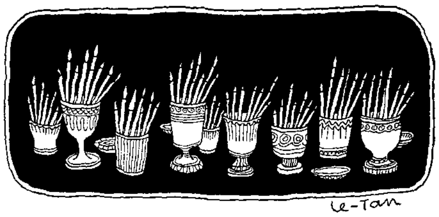
In some places, I said.

He nodded sympathetically. "Things are going to hell around here, too," he said. "The Azerbaijanis are shooting people, and you can't find cigarettes anywhere. I think it's all Gorbachev's fault."

I asked why.

"He can't run the country!" he shouted. "He's been married four times. Married, divorced. Married, divorced. How the hell can he run the country if he can't train a wife?"

Before I could ask where the driver had learned these previously undisclosed facts about Gorbachev's marital history, we were in Baganis. He dropped me off at the headquarters of the local *sovkhoz*, or state farm, and I walked into the office of the director, a man named Araz Yedigaryan. I told him I had been in Baganis-Ayrum, seen the destruction there, and heard what the Azerbaijanis had to say about the Armenians, and now I wanted to know how the Armenians saw the conflict.



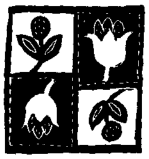
Yedigaryan nodded. "We don't deny that there's destruction over there," he said. "But you need to hear the roots of it."

FOR Armenians, the roots are in the sixth century B.C., when an Armenian population established itself in what is now eastern Turkey, on the plateau dominated by Mt. Ararat, the peak where Noah's Ark is said to have come to rest. The Armenians displaced a people called the Urartians, and, one story has it, their neighbors named them after a king named Armas. Armenian power reached its apogee in the first century B.C., when a king called Tigran the Great conquered virtually all of Asia Minor, from the Caspian to the Mediterranean, from the Caucasus to Palestine. That success, however, brought Tigran into conflict with another expanding empire, Rome, which ended Armenia's run as a great power in 66 B.C. Armenia's kings and princes became vassals of and buffers for the empires of Rome, Byzantium, and Persia. Early in the fourth century A.D., at the command of their king, the Armenians became Christians, the first people to embrace that faith as a nation.

Turkish-speaking people entered the area much later. They were nomadic herdsmen from the dry steppes of Mongolia. From the invention of the stirrup, in the second century B.C., until the introduction of artillery, in the sixteenth century A.D., the West had no answer to the mounted Turkic archer in combat. Waves of Turkic and Mongol tribes moved westward during those centuries, rather easily subduing the settled Christian civilizations, including the Slavic empire of Kiev. In the eleventh century, a Turkic band called the Seljuks swept out of the east and conquered most of Asia Minor, and the cities of Baghdad and Damascus, laying the foundation for the Ottoman Empire. During these centuries of conquest, the invading Turks adopted the Arabs' religion, Islam.

These triumphs scattered the Armenians. In the Ottoman Empire, they formed one of the non-Muslim *millets*, or communities, and, starting in the fifteenth century, many of them moved to Constantinople and entered commerce. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, according to figures compiled by the historian George Bournoutian, the Armenians constituted no more than twenty per cent of the population of the khanate of Yerevan. According to Turkish sources, they had declined to minority status in their homelands in Anatolia.

Meanwhile, during the tenth and eleventh centuries, Turkic settlers followed their warriors into the lowlands west of the Caspian Sea. They gradually assimilated a people who had lived in the Persian orbit, whose land was known as "the land of fire," perhaps because the local oil was used to light temple fires (*azer* in Persian). They became the forebears of the present Azerbaijanis. Until this century, though, the Azerbaijanis were called simply Tatars or Caucasian Turks, and their language was considered a peasant dialect of the Turkish spoken in the Ottoman Empire.



Deliverance of a sort for the Armenians came about through the southward expansion of the Russian Empire. By the time of Ivan the Terrible, in the sixteenth century, Moscow had adopted the modern technologies of warfare more successfully than the nomadic Turkic hordes, and had begun a long process of ending the Turkic dominion over Russia and the Ukraine. In the course of the next two hundred years, that process went beyond reclaiming the traditional Slavic land and became one of persistent attacks on and annexations of the edge of the declining Ottoman and Persian empires. In 1801, Russia incorporated the fragmented kingdoms of Georgia, and in the next two decades it annexed the autonomous khanates that had broken away from Persian rule in what are now Azerbaijan and Armenia. The Russians called this area the Transcaucasus, because it lay across the Caucasus Mountains from their own lands. By 1828, Russia had swallowed, if not absorbed, all of the territory within the present Soviet Transcaucasus, and so had divided the Azerbaijani people in two. The greater part of the Azerbaijanis remained in Persia; today they constitute Iran's largest ethnic minority.

The Armenians and the Russians were natural allies in this imperial venture. The Armenians saw the Russians as fellow-Christians who might protect them from the Muslim Turks and the Persians. The Russians saw the Armenians as an industrious people who would be loyal and productive subjects in an alien land. They invited the Armenians scattered around the region to return to their ancestral lands. Many thousands did; others took advantage of the czar's patronage to settle in Baku, where the discovery of oil in the mid-nineteenth century created a boomtown. Armenians, being better educated than the Caucasian Turks and more accustomed to commerce, gained control of a disproportionate share of the local oil wealth. This unequal distribution of wealth exacerbated the natural tension between the two communities. And the mixing of populations further complicated the modern question of who has an ancestral right to what land. This was particularly true in the territory known as Karabakh.

The khanate of Karabakh straddled the eastern edge of the historically Armenian plateau and the plains below it. During the years between the arrival of the Turks and the arrival of the Russians, the rulers of Karabakh had been Muslims, and its population had been largely Muslim. But in the highland area, known as Nagorno-Karabakh (*nagorno* means "mountainous"), the local rulers continued to be Armenian princes who offered political fealty to the Muslim khans in return for a degree of local autonomy. Although the Armenians considered Nagorno-Karabakh a part of their patrimony, the Muslims had a legitimate claim to it as well. They formed a majority of the population in the khanate as a whole; their shepherds used its hillsides for summer pasture. The Russians might have solved the problem, from the Armenian point of view, by drawing their provincial boundaries in a way that united Nagorno-Karabakh with other historically Armenian districts around Yerevan. But they kept, essentially, the old khanate boundaries.

The Russians occasionally found it convenient to exploit these tensions. By the turn of the century, Armenian nationalists were resisting imperial orders that sought to establish Russian as the language of school instruction and pressured the Armenian Apostolic Church to recognize the authority of

Comfort by design.

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
CATALOG $9
415R CUMBERLAND AVE. PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

In San Francisco
Just 2 blocks west of Union Square.
Complimentary Continental Breakfast.
California wine each evening.
Home of *Fino Bar & Ristorante.*
$76 - $105
THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
— *Call for Brochure* —
(800) 227-4742 (415) 563-6877
In California: (800) 622-0557

THE COBURG HOTEL
overlooking Hyde Park
now exquisitely refurbished with every modern convenience
SPECIAL RE-OPENING OFFER
single £72.50 + VAT
double / twin £95.00 + VAT
(inclusive of full English breakfast)
129 BAYSWATER ROAD, LONDON W2 4RJ
TEL: 071 221 2217. FAX: 071 229 0557. TELEX: 268 235.

the Russian Orthodox Church. The Armenian unrest crested in 1905, a time of general Russian upheaval, when much of the Army was off fighting Japan. The czar's agents responded by inciting a pogrom.

An Azerbaijani leader of the time recalled, "We, the Muslims, were told by the administration: 'You have been economically enslaved by the Armenians. They are arming themselves and plan to create their own state. One day, they will do away with you.' The Armenians were told that the idea of pan-Islamism had put down deep roots in all strata of the Muslim community and one day the Muslims would massacre them." The pogrom began in Baku after an Armenian nationalist killed an Azerbaijani. Azerbaijanis from all over the province moved into Baku to exact revenge, and the violence spread quickly; the czar's police studiously failed to stop it. By the time the massacres ended, between three thousand and ten thousand people, both Armenian and Azerbaijani, had died.

The bloodshed was worse in Turkey. As the Ottoman Empire entered its final years, rising nationalism among both Turks and Armenians destroyed the equilibrium that had existed under the old *millet* system. The Armenians in Russia organized various nationalist parties with the goal of increasing Armenian autonomy and rights in eastern Turkey. The Young Turks, a revolutionary group, had an opposing goal—a pan-Turkic state stretching from the Mediterranean to Mongolia. The Armenians and the Russians were the principal obstacle. In 1895, a tax dispute became the pretext for the massacre of perhaps a hundred thousand Armenians by Kurds and Turks in eastern Turkey.

When the First World War broke out, Armenians in Turkey called for the Ottoman Empire to remain neutral. Instead, it joined the Central Powers against the Allies and Russia, hoping to conquer the Transcaucasus, seize its oil, and unite the Turkish-speaking peoples. Armenians in Russia saw their opportunity: Russia would bring Ottoman power to an end, and they could build their state on the ruins. The Turks, under Enver Pasha, took the initiative, moving toward the Transcaucasus in 1914. But the Russians, with the open assistance of Russian Armenians, and perhaps the covert assistance of some Turkish Armenians, threw them back and entered Turkey.

The Turks had no trouble identifying a scapegoat for Enver's failed campaign. In the spring of 1915, the Turkish government determined to remove the Armenian population from the war area to deserts in what are now Syria and Iraq. Objective accounts of what happened thereafter are rare, but there is little doubt that the Turks and Kurds who implemented this decision simply exterminated hundreds of thousands of Armenians, including women and children. This trauma, which has come to be referred to as the Genocide of 1915, involved the loss not only of a significant part of the national population but also of its ancient homeland, and it remains the core of Armenia's national consciousness. The Turks, as all Armenians know, have never apologized for what happened, or offered reparations—or even acknowledged that anything occurred beyond the unavoidable brutality of warfare.

The collapse of the Russian Empire, in 1917, thrust a brief period of independence on the Azerbaijanis, the Armenians, and the third major Transcaucasian nation, the Georgians. (Many smaller nations live in the area as well.) At first, the three nations tried to band together in a Transcaucasian federation, but territorial disputes among them quickly escalated into warfare and pogroms. The Baku Soviet, composed of Russians and Armenians, slaughtered thousands of Azerbaijanis in March, 1918. Six months later, the Azerbaijanis, with the help of an invading Turkish Army, slaughtered tens of thousands of Armenians. By the time the Red Army moved across the Caucasus Mountains, in 1920, none of the three exhausted republics could resist, and none of the Great Powers cared to help them.

In 1921, the Armenians appealed to the Caucasian Bureau of the Communist Party to transfer Nagorno-Karabakh to the new Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic. The bureau, which had seven members, met on July 4th of that year, with Joseph Stalin present as an interested, but non-voting, observer from Moscow. The members voted four to three to transfer Nagorno-Karabakh to Armenia, pending a plebiscite of its Armenian inhabitants. Then, the next day, the same bureau reversed itself and decided to leave the region in Azerbaijan, but granted it broad autonomy. One Armenian historian with whom I spoke, Lendrush Khurshudyan, hypothesized that Stalin, for reasons rooted in his evil character, had twisted arms overnight to reverse the decision, but records that might prove his thesis either never existed or have yet to come to light.

For the next sixty-seven years, Soviet power stifled periodic Armenian efforts to raise the question anew. Stalin's regime enforced silence through terror. After his death, Moscow struck a new, tacit bargain with the two republics: the local Communist Party leaders were required to suppress overt manifestations of nationalism or dissent; in return, Moscow would allow them to enrich themselves. The corruption of Communist rule in the Transcaucasian republics was legendary. Samuel, my driver in Armenia, stopped at one point to buy a couple of cartons of cigarettes under the counter in a café; he paid twenty rubles a carton, fourteen over the legal price. The seller, he told me, would face two choices if he was caught: he could spend three years in jail or pay a fairly standard five thousand rubles in bribes to have the charges dropped. In Azerbaijan, almost everything was for sale. Azaddin Gyulmamedov, a young nationalist whom I met in Baku, told me that at an earlier and more naïve stage of his life he had applied to join the Communist Party, only to be told that securing immediate approval for his membership would require a bribe of five thousand rubles.

Gyulmamedov, along with many other people of the region, both Armenian and Azerbaijani, told me stories that suggested how during the years of Soviet power everyone had carefully picked his or her way between submission and resistance to the state's promotion of Soviet values and Russian culture. "My father was a truck driver and a Party member," Gyulmamedov said. "In 1968, he became a policeman. At home, we always spoke Azerbaijani. Some of my relatives advised him to send me to a Russian school, as a better way for me to get ahead. But my father said that if I went to a Russian school I would become a little bit Russian, and he didn't want that. So I went to an Azerbaijani school, but at home he helped me study Russian. He used to say the only thing the Russians had taught us was how to drink." At that point, a red-headed man with bleary blue eyes, looking very Russian and very drunk, although it was not yet noon, stumbled up to the car we were sitting in, stuck his head in the window, and mumbled a request, in Russian, for spare change. Gyulmamedov gave him some. "You see?" he said to me. "God sent him to prove my point."

THE Azerbaijanis' history left them insecure about their place in the world and suspicious of outsiders' intentions. Many felt that both the Soviet press and the foreign press, which they believed was under the influence of "the Armenian lobby," had portrayed them unfairly, and that the world was rife with anti-Azerbaijani conspiracies. I paid a visit one morning to a prominent Azerbaijani intellectual, Aidin Mamedov, who is the director of a center for literary translations, the deputy director of the Karabakh Committee (an ad-hoc political organization), the deputy director of a magazine called *Soviet Turkology*, and a candidate for the republic's Supreme Soviet. Mamedov, like nearly all Azerbaijani men, wore an open-collared sports shirt to work. He had a broad face, thick gray hair, a mustache, and a few gold incisors. He spoke a slurred, accented Russian, usually blurred further by an Azerbaijani-brand cigarette in his mouth. I asked him about the Turkic-Azerbaijani world view and national character.

He responded by telling me that in the nineteenth century the Turkish culture had been one of the principal interests of German social scientists. "They knew it was a leading ethnic force," he said, and added that the Germans were well known for producing some of the best social scientists, artists, and philosophers in the world, even though they had made an obvious mistake with Marx.

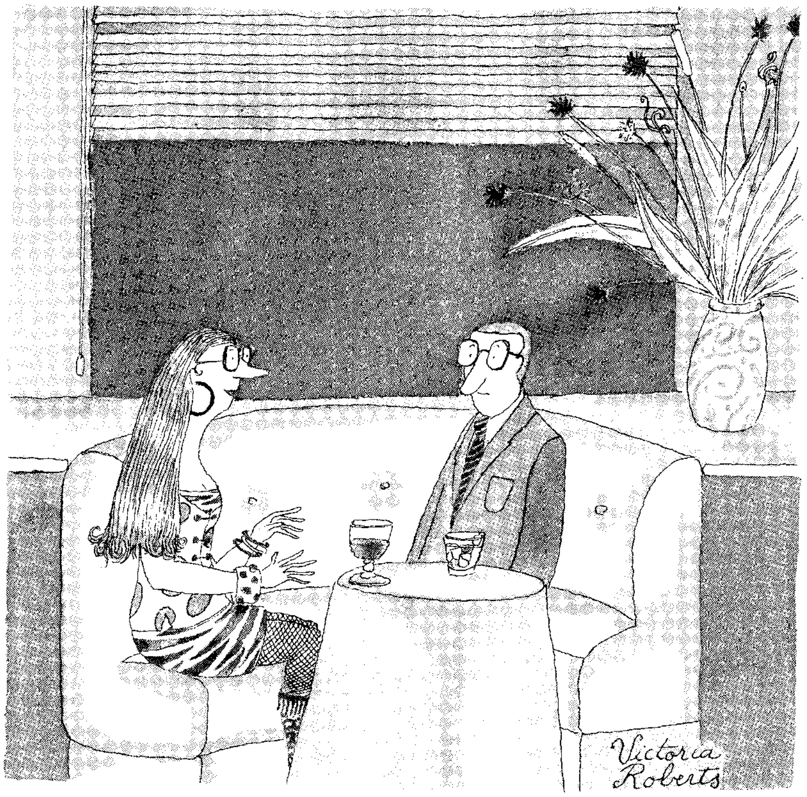
I asked why he had answered a question about Azerbaijani culture with a reference to German social science.

"Because the German mind studies what is necessary and important," he answered, and he went on to talk about the national character. "All Turkish culture is based on nomadic culture," he said. "The Turkish races are distinguished by the nomad's warlike quickness of mind and temper. They're very swift and impetuous. It's a natural gift. The Turks move fast and decide strategy on the run, unlike the Europeans, who sit and plot strategy. The Turks have always had the blitzkrieg."

He maintained that the Azerbaijanis' true history, and that of all the Turkic peoples, had been distorted by historians from other nations—particularly Russians. "The Russians hate the Turks, because the whole Slavic world was under the Mongols," he said. "Their ideological machine fights against a unified Turkish world. If you're Azerbaijani, you don't have any relation to Turkey. You're an Uzbek or you're a Kazakh or you're a Tatar. Now the Russians are manipulating the Turkish peoples against one another. There's fighting between brothers in Fergana, in Osh. Why? Imagine, if the Turks had a unified image of themselves, how many people would be unified under the Turkish banner. In Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, there are Turks. In Moldavia, the Gagauz are Turks. And then there's Turkey, the Crimean Tatars, the Azerbaijanis, the Kazakhs, the Bashkiri, the Uzbeks, the Kirgiz. There are fifty million Turks in the Soviet Union, twenty million in Iran. In the world altogether, about a hundred million. You can imagine the strength. So they tell us we're not Turks—we're just Turkish-speaking. It's a theory that serves the imperial interests."

These anti-Turkish imperial interests, Mamedov told me, are what lie behind the new Soviet foreign policy and Mikhail Gorbachev's design for a common European home. "To Europe, the Turkish people are a threatening demographic force," he said. "There's the historical experience—Genghis Khan, and so on. Strategically, the construction of the European home is predicated on the possibility of the unification of the Turkish people. There's a division of roles here. And who has what role? Mr. Bush and Gorbachev know that. They know. We only guess."

THE Armenians I met were not so prone to conspiracy theories, but they saw their history as an open wound, an injustice awaiting redress. The most important monument in modern Armenia sits on top of a hill called Tsitsernakaberd, or the Castle of the Sparrows, a mile or two from the center of Yerevan. On clear days, the site affords a view of Mt. Ararat. The monument itself is simple and impres-



"Gee, I'd love to, but my espadrilles are in storage."

sive. It consists of a steep, bifurcated gray pyramid rising abruptly from the ground at the end of a long concrete plaza. Next to it are twelve stone slabs, arranged in a circle and tilted to form an open dome around a gas flame. All the stone surfaces are blank; no words are etched anywhere.

The government of Armenia permitted the construction of the monument after thousands of Armenians dared to march and protest to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Genocide of 1915, and to demand some sort of official recognition of the massacres. Given the politics of the time in the Soviet Union, allowing the construction of the monument was a major concession. The monument is entirely abstract. Nevertheless, Armenians know exactly what it is about. The pyramid, a young woman named Hasmik Khurshudyan told me, represents the bifurcated peak of Ararat. The twelve stone slabs represent the twelve Armenian provinces lost in Turkey. The slabs tilt over the flame as if bent in grief, and represent the sorrow of the nation. The flame, of course, is the memory of those who perished.

At Yerevan State University, I dropped in one day on the chairman of the Psychology Department, Ruben Aguzumtsyan, who, like many Soviet psychologists, specializes in industrial efficiency. He had first become an electrical engineer and then a psychologist, and his research concerned ways of designing environments that would help people operate complicated machinery like ships or airplanes more effectively. When I asked him about the Armenian national character, he replied that he was not a specialist in that subject but he did have a few general opinions. The exigencies of climate and terrain, he said, had forced Armenians to become smart and hardworking. "Just to live, a man has to expend enormous energy, because the territory is steep and mountainous, and the plains where it's possible to live and grow things are very small. People have had to carry dirt on their backs up mountainsides, spread it out, then plant something. It's hellish work." The long history of strife and suffering had further tempered them, he added.

I asked how Armenians conveyed that history—particularly the history of 1915.

"It's hard for me even to remember how I learned about it," he replied. He explained that the Soviet educational system offers only a sketchy history—not lies, but not what Armenians consider the whole truth. To demonstrate what he meant, he asked one of his graduate students to fetch a seventh-grade history text, and he opened it to a page-long passage about the killings of Armenians in Turkey in the eighteen-nineties. "It's all correct, but it's not enough to really understand," Dr. Aguzumtsyan said. "We get a lot more than that, of course. We have a fine tradition of education by parents on national themes. Even the littlest kid must know in general terms the history of the nation. It reflects a self-defense mechanism, self-preservation."

I asked how the preoccupation with history and genocide affected Armenian attitudes toward the contemporary Turks, and particularly the Azerbaijanis.

"This knowledge has never led to any negative positions toward other nations," Dr. Aguzumtsyan replied quickly.

Later that afternoon, however, Hasmik Khurshudyan suggested otherwise. As we walked toward the Castle of the Sparrows, she said, "When I was growing up, the worst thing you could call a person was 'Turk.' "

The Armenians, one of them told me, interpreted *perestroika* as a promise by Moscow that "all the old deals would be reëxamined." In the Transcaucasus, that effectively meant a return to the fractious status quo before Stalin clamped a lid on the Karabakh question. During the years of Soviet power, the Azerbaijani governments in Baku had done what they could to discomfit the Armenian population in Nagorno-Karabakh, despite its formal autonomy. They had redrawn the territory's boundary to separate it physically from Armenia. Later, they had knocked out a television tower for the region so that the people could watch broadcasts from Baku but not from Yerevan. They had closed Armenian churches. Although the schools taught in the Armenian language, they taught the history of Azerbaijan, not Armenia. The water supply had become polluted, and the region had twice as much stomach illness as the rest of the Soviet Union. "I don't know of a more neglected oblast in the country," I was told by Arkady Volsky, who for a time in 1989 and 1990 was the Supreme Soviet's special viceroy in the region. The governments of Azerbaijan, he said, were always thinking, subconsciously, The worse for the Armenians the better. Volsky believed that the Azerbaijani attitude toward the Armenians of Karabakh was "a psychosis."

Late in 1987, the Armenian population of Nagorno-Karabakh began to agitate for separation from Azerbaijan and unification with Armenia, signing petitions and sending delegations to Moscow. At the same time, the Armenian intelligentsia in Yerevan was probing the new freedom to dissent promised by *glasnost*. As in other republics, the nationalist movement in Yerevan began as an environmental protest; the demonstrators calculated that the government would find it hard to rationalize repressing a rally in favor of clean air and water. The initial demonstrations, in the city's Opera Square, were small and went unpunished. Silva Kaputikyan, a writer, remembers a Communist Party cell meeting of the republic's Writers Union on February 15, 1988. Kaputikyan, who has been publishing verse, essays, and children's literature in Armenian since the nineteen-forties, is seventy-two years old, stout, gray-haired, and cheerful. Her books have been translated into Russian, English, and other languages, and she is a woman of enormous prestige and popularity in her country. At the meeting, she urged the writers to break their silence and support their brethren in Nagorno-Karabakh. They did, by sending a letter to Gorbachev. And on February 20th the regional soviet of Nagorno-Karabakh voted formally to seek incorporation into Armenia.

The Armenian request for a border revision represented the first time since the launching of *perestroika* that a nationalist movement had challenged, in a principled way, the existing borders in the Soviet Union. Gorbachev responded, characteristically, with contradictory signals, which suggested that he had yet to come to grips with the divisions within his own government and with the inherent conflict between his desire for the democratization of Soviet life and the longrepressed grievances of the country's national minorities. In Moscow, Gorbachev faced a conservative faction within the Politburo, led by Yegor Ligachev, which insisted on a tough response, denying the possibility of border changes without Azerbaijani consent. On February 21st, the Politburo issued a stern statement rejecting the Armenian demands and condemning them as "extremist."

The Politburo statement inflamed the people of Yerevan. "When our people heard this unjust condemnation, the movement quite lost patience," Silva Kaputikyan recalled. The number of demonstrators in Opera Square swelled until there were, according to some reports, between seven hundred thousand and a million in the streets, and the city was paralyzed by general strikes. It was a pivotal moment. Ligachev, in an interview more than two years later, told me that he and the other conservatives believed that Gorbachev should have stood fast by the principle of the Politburo declaration. "If we had, things would have turned out differently," he said. But the local Armenian Communist Party had lost control of the situation. Forcing the Armenians to give up their claim on Karabakh would have required a military crackdown that would jeopardize much of what *perestroika* was trying to accomplish.

Instead, Gorbachev handed the ball to Aleksandr Yakovlev, who was then the leader of the Politburo's liberal wing. Kaputikyan recounted what happened next. "On February 25th, I suddenly got a telephone call from Moscow," she told me. "A friend of mine answered the phone, and she said, 'My God, it's Yakovlev.' I'd known him for a long time. When I was visiting Canada, he was the Ambassador there, and I was his guest. He's a very literary man, you understand. He thought I could somehow rein in the people. He said the people were in the streets and I should 'put out the fire.' I said that I might have been able to before, but that after the television broadcast of that malevolent resolution I wouldn't. He said, 'Who can?' I said I didn't know. I was very nervous. I talked about how for three hundred years we had looked to the Russian people when we were dissatisfied, and had never turned to others. 'We looked to the Russian people with love,' I said, 'but apparently you pay less attention to love than to hatred from the Turks.' That was my spirit, and we had a very sharp conversation for half an hour. And as we finished he said, 'When you're in Moscow, drop by.' That night, Zori Balayan"—another prominent Armenian writer and activist—"called and said that Yakovlev would receive us tomorrow, and that I should fly to Moscow as soon as I could. The next morning, I flew to Moscow, and that evening we were in Yakovlev's office. We talked to him for three or four hours. He talked again about how the fire had to be put out. I said, 'How can you put it out? You haven't promised us anything. Maybe if the President sees us, even for fifteen minutes . . .' He said he would try to arrange it. Then Gorbachev called him, and we left the room while they talked. When we returned, Yakovlev said that the next day at nine o'clock Gorbachev would see us for half an hour."

The next morning, Gorbachev worked hard to charm Silva Kaputikyan. "He told me, 'I love your poetry, and when they found out at home that I would be meeting with you Raisa Maksimovna asked me to convey a greeting,' " Kaputikyan recounted. Gorbachev mentioned particularly a poem she had written in the nineteen-fifties called "Secret Ballot," about a Party member who agonizes over his choice in a Party election. "I told him yes, I had written that poem during the Khrushchev time, when there was a little renaissance. We talked to him for an hour or a little longer and told him everything about the outrages in Nagorno-Karabakh. He said, 'Everything will improve. I promise reforms in Karabakh. I'll take it under my personal supervision. As Silva said, there will be a "little renaissance" there.' "

I asked her whether Gorbachev had promised to transfer Nagorno-Karabakh to Armenia. "No, he didn't," she replied. "He said, 'There are nineteen such national problems, and we can't solve them separately. There has to be a general solution, and we'll make sure those autonomous republics receive more freedom. I'll create great conditions for the flourishing of culture and the economy.' "

Gorbachev apparently calculated

LANDS' END ORCHIDS ONLY RED ROSE COLLECTION

BROWNSTONE STUDIO CRATE & BARREL GARNET HILL LANDS' END ORCHIDS ONLY RED ROSE COLLECTION RUSSIAN DRESSING THE SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC BOX CO. SELFCARE WARNER BROS. BROWNSTONE STUDIO CRATE & BARREL GARNET HILL

APRIL
11
THE NEW YORKER
APRIL
25
THE NEW YORKER
MAY
12
THE NEW YORKER

Good News for
Mother's Day!

Now you don't have to stop
reading your favorite
magazine to shop for Mom.
Watch for the special shopping
section Exclusively Express in
the April 22nd issue.
Designed for people
who can't put down
The New Yorker...
even for Mom.

Also gifts for Dad, Grad,
and you.

Call **1-800-447-6533**
ext. 30110,
for more information.

Exclusively
XPRESS

LAND'S END WARNER BROS. SELFCARE CRATE & BARREL

that his flattery and promises would gain him a respite from the demonstrations in Yerevan, and, indeed, when Kaputikyan returned there that evening and told the crowd in Opera Square what had happened they voted en masse for a one-month moratorium on demonstrations. But in making her report Kaputikyan, seized by the romance of the day, said that the Armenians had triumphed. "I meant that we triumphed morally," she explained to me. "We Armenians are accustomed to drawing inspiration from defeats. We still celebrate battles we lost. It's a very interesting part of our psychology. Even when we're defeated, if we've defended our Christian faith and principles the defeat can inspire us to live and go on to victory. And that's what I had in mind. We triumphed morally." Unfortunately, broadcast reports of her speech failed to convey the nuances of Armenian psychology. In Azerbaijan, her words were taken, briefly, to mean that Gorbachev had caved in to the Armenian demands. Many Azerbaijanis felt that a piece of their homeland was being stolen from them.

THE Azerbaijani city of Sumgait, on the edge of the Caspian Sea about twenty miles northwest of Baku, is one of the industrial wastelands that Soviet planners in Moscow have inflicted on the outlying republics. It is a new city, built up over the last thirty-odd years to serve the Soviet petrochemical industry—a city of smokestacks and pipelines and occasional clouds of noxious gases. Workers from all over the country moved to Sumgait in its early days, among them the parents of Marina Pogosyan, a young Armenian woman I met in Yerevan.

"My parents were from Nagorno-Karabakh," she told me. "My mother finished pharmacy school in Yerevan, but to get a job in Karabakh she needed permission from Baku—that was necessary for anyone whose education was completed in Armenia. While she was in Baku trying to get it, they gave the job to an Azerbaijani. Sumgait was just getting started, and there were a lot of jobs and apartments. She was already married, so she and my father moved there. I went to Russian schools, and from the second grade I also studied Azerbaijani. At one time, they say, there was an Armenian sector in the school, but it was closed. We spoke Armenian at home, but my friends and I spoke only Russian, even when everyone was Armenian. Maybe we were shy or uncomfortable about Armenian. We studied in the same classes, of course, and there was no formal division among Armenians, Russians, and Azerbaijanis. But there was always a sense that we were Armenians. Maybe behind your back you'd hear something nasty, or an expression the Azerbaijanis had: 'You're a good person, too bad you're an Armenian.' If a fight broke out in school, for whatever reason, if the fighters were different nationalities it would quickly become Armenians for Armenians and Azerbaijanis for Azerbaijanis. The relations were all right on the surface, but neither side tried to go further. Still, I thought, O.K., we're in a unified country, the Soviet Union, we'll live in harmony, et cetera, et cetera. I believed in that. I was in the Komsomol, and I wanted to be a Party member."

I asked her about a gold crucifix she wore around her neck.

"I didn't wear this then," she replied. "I started wearing it after what happened. Now I go to church regularly."

On February 25, 1988, when Aleksandr Yakovlev placed his call to Silva Kaputikyan about the demonstrations in Yerevan, Marina Pogosyan had heard rumors that Armenians in Nagorno-Karabakh were demanding independence. "But the central press said nothing, the television said nothing," she told me. "Even among ourselves, we didn't speak of it. Then, that day, there was a gathering of Azerbaijanis in the square in front of Lenin's statue, across from Sumgait's Party committee. It was a small group at first, and then it got bigger. I heard that there was someone there, an Azerbaijani, who had come from Armenia and said they were beating and burning Azerbaijanis there." (There had been such an incident in Nagorno-Karabakh a few days before. A crowd of Azerbaijanis, intent on opposing the resolution seeking unification with Armenia, had marched on Stepanakert, the capital of Nagorno-Karabakh, where they confronted a crowd of Armenians and the police. Two Azerbaijanis were killed—one by a stone and one by an Azerbaijani policeman.) "On the twenty-sixth, a Friday, a friend of mine warned me to stay inside over the weekend," Marina Pogosyan went on. "Still, I went to work—I taught in a nursery school—and walked home at noon. That afternoon, there was another Azerbaijani rally, in downtown Sumgait, and then crowds of people went through the shopping area where Armenians worked, and broke windows and smashed things. I heard cries of 'Death to Armenians! Blood for blood!' It was mostly young people, and the police didn't stop them. Late that night, after we had gone to bed, we heard yelling on the street, and through the window I saw thousands of people in a mob marching through the street, mostly dressed in black, carrying clubs and Turkish flags with the half-moon. They were yelling, 'Get out! Armenians are killing our people and you're sitting here! We must purge our city!' "

Pogosyan still did not believe that the violence would turn murderous. It did, however, particularly after word spread that the Armenians had declared "victory" after their meeting with Gorbachev. "The next day, we went to a neighbor's in the building for her birthday party," Pogosyan said. "We talked about what we had seen, but we thought it was just young hooligans. Then a neighbor boy came in, looking pale. We asked him what was happening, and he said, 'You don't know? They're killing and burning people out there, breaking into people's apartments.' We called the police, and they said, 'Stay where you are. You're not the only ones. We can't help you.' A Russian neighbor came to us and invited us to wait in her apartment. There were about three families with her—fifteen people. We spent the whole night there. The mob came and knocked on our door, and she went outside and told them that we were not there—that we'd moved a week ago. A few times after that, they passed by and broke into neighbors' apartments. By that time, no Armenians were home. So there were no killings"—in her building, that is—"but there was a lot of destruction. They threw the chairs and the dishes out the window."

Marina Pogosyan and her parents survived for two more nights by hiding in the basement, close to a container of gasoline. They vowed to set themselves on fire rather than let the mob take them. "I had absolutely no hope that we'd survive," she recalled. "I figured they'd kill us all sooner or later. The mob came again, but on Monday soldiers came in tanks and took us to the Party committee building. They fed us and announced that we could go to other cities if we wanted. They let us get our money and a few other things. Then we went to the airport and flew here to Yerevan."

She had been fortunate. According to official Armenian counts, the mobs had killed thirty-two people by stabbing, stomping, or burning them. In one case, widely publicized in Armenia, a crowd seized a thirty-seven-year-old woman named Lola Avakyan, stripped her naked, and took her out into the street. They forced her to dance, then slashed her breasts, burned her body with cigarettes, raped her, and killed her.

THE bloodshed at Sumgait ended any chance of settling the Armenian-Azerbaijani dispute as Gorbachev had said he hoped to do, by creating a "little renaissance" for the aggrieved Armenians in Nagorno-Karabakh. Within a week of the pogrom, a group of Azerbaijani intellectuals at the Azerbaijan S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, in Baku, founded a group called the Scientists' Club, and over the next eighteen months it grew into a mass movement known as the Azerbaijan Popular Front. Among its first priorities was the retention of Nagorno-Karabakh. In Armenia, the Karabakh Committee, which had helped organize the February demonstrations, soon evolved into the Armenian National Movement, dedicated to securing the right of the Armenians in Nagorno-Karabakh to secede and join Armenia.

The distribution of population between the two republics guaranteed continuing strife. Both had been gradually growing more homogeneous as subtle pressure induced Armenians to leave Azerbaijan, and vice versa. But at the time of the Sumgait incident more than half a million Armenians still lived in Azerbaijan, including Nagorno-Karabakh. Almost two hundred thousand Azerbaijanis, mostly farmers, still lived in Armenia. After Sumgait, a series of *izgnaniya* started a steady flow of refugees in both directions.

Not even membership in the ruling

WHY YOU NEED A SECOND CUSTOM TAILOR.

SPEED: Sometimes your needs demand that suits be fully customed and fully complete in 4 - 6 weeks.

PRICE: Without sacrificing one handstitch of quality, you want to try a considerably less expensive custom tailor.

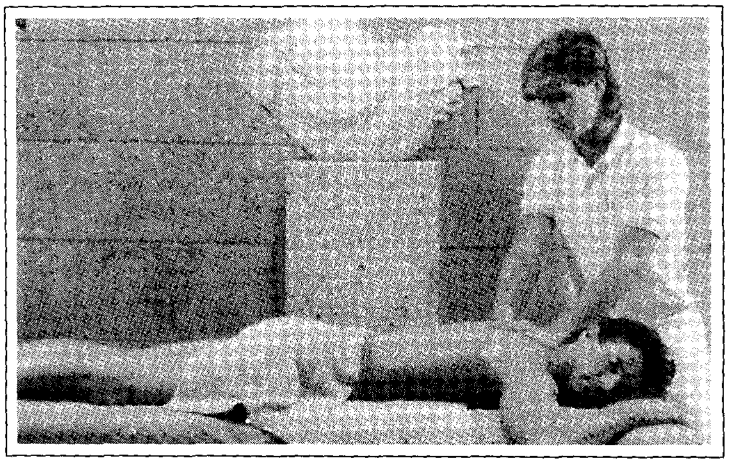
SELECTION: The opportunity to give your opinions full reign over 5,000 of the world's finest suiting fabrics. In inventory.

Y. WILLIAM YU: Times like these make a custom tailor of this caliber truly worth considering. Shouldn't you take a second?

Y. WILLIAM YU
A TRADITION IN CUSTOM TAILORING

521 MADISON AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 (212)888-3323

SELF-INVESTMENT VS. SELF-INDULGENCE.



At the Doral Saturnia in Miami, we're singularly dedicated to the belief that a vacation should be an investment in one's self. A philosophy evident in everything from the rejuvenating treatments of our world-renowned spa to the exhilarating greens and fairways of the home of the Doral Ryder Open. Why merely indulge when you can profit handsomely? Enjoy a complimentary night when you make reservations for a four- or seven-night program. Simply call 800-331-7768. In Florida, 800-247-8901 or 305-593-6030.*

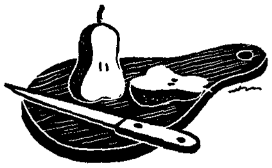
Doral Saturnia
INTERNATIONAL SPA RESORT

**Room only. Plus taxes and service charges. Offer good now through April 30, 1991.*

Four Diamond Award

nomenklatura could protect someone. In Baku, I spoke to the deputy director of the Azerbaijani State Committee on Refugees, Muzeib Imamaliev. Until the troubles began, he told me, he had been one of the highest-ranking Azerbaijanis in Armenia; he was the chairman of the executive committee of the regional soviet in Vardenis, an agricultural area east of Lake Sevan, which had a minority population of around forty thousand Azerbaijanis. Imamaliev spoke fluent Armenian and had good connections in Yerevan. He and his family lived in a four-room house on a state farm called Shafag, a few miles from Vardenis.

One day in November, 1988, he recalled, the first secretary of the Party organization in Vardenis called him into his office. "He said that the people were gathering and they would chase me out," Imamaliev told me. "He said I should leave right away. I said, 'What's happening? They have nothing against me.' And he said they would kill me, because they were angry about Armenians' being expelled from Kirovabad." Kirovabad is an Azerbaijani city thirty-five miles from the Armenian border. "In a matter of hours, there were ten thousand people in the streets, yelling 'Get out, Turks!' I tried to call the police, the Central Committee in Yerevan, the Council of Ministers. My phones suddenly didn't work. I called together the people who had worked for me. They said I should go or they'd be killed, too. Then they took me out through a back door and put me in a car. It wasn't my black Volga—it was a Zhiguli. The deputy director of the Police Department was driving, and he took me home. A crowd of about a thousand people surrounded the house, yelling and throwing rocks. The police protected us, but they didn't disperse the crowd. It was like that for two days. The phone hadn't worked, but then suddenly it rang. It was Vladimir Movsisyan, at that time the deputy director of the Council of Ministers. He said the people didn't want me, I should resign. I refused. I told him I had been appointed by the first secretary of the Party, and I would resign only if he asked me to. So they organized a police car to take me to Yerevan. I went to the Party headquarters, but the first secretary refused to see me. When I went back outside, the car was gone."



Imamaliev had no way to get back to Vardenis. He bought a plane ticket to Baku, and eventually sent a helicopter back to fetch his family. The other Azerbaijanis in the region fled in trains or in cars, until none were left. In Baku, Imamaliev traded his house for the apartment of an Armenian steelworker who had decided to leave Azerbaijan. At that, he was lucky, he told me. More than a hundred and sixty thousand Azerbaijanis had fled from Armenia by the end of 1989, and many of these refugees had wound up in Baku and were living in dormitories or hotels, or wherever they could find a roof.

Gorbachev and his advisers responded to the crisis with a mixture of assistance and intimidation. In March, 1988, Arkady Volsky was sent from Moscow to Stepanakert to assess the situation. A metallurgical engineer, Volsky had made his career in the Soviet automotive industry. Late in the Brezhnev era, he became the Central Committee staff member in charge of machine production. In 1982, when Yuri Andropov became General Secretary and began purging the Brezhnev cronies and pushing ahead people like Gorbachev, he noticed Volsky, and made him his assistant for industrial issues. Since Gorbachev's accession, Volsky had been given a number of responsible jobs in both the Supreme Soviet and the Central Committee. When I met him, Volsky occupied an enormous office in the warren of Party-apparat buildings just off Red Square, but he displayed a skeptical, lightly mocking attitude toward what once were Party dogmas. "Our founding fathers in 1917 were romantics," he told me while he was explaining how the border between Armenia and Azerbaijan was set. "They thought that it didn't matter where the borders were—that the proletariat would triumph all over the world and the borders would fade away by themselves. But the proletariat didn't win all over the world." He paused. "Thank God." He laughed and, looking at the standard portrait of Marx on the wall, excused himself for his small blasphemy. Then he walked over to a wall map and pointed out the way the Azerbaijani and Armenian populations overlapped. What the romanticism of the founders of the Soviet state had done in the Transcaucasus, he said, was "idiotic."

Volsky returned to Moscow from Nagorno-Karabakh that March, made his report to the Supreme Soviet, and was quickly sent back again, this time as a mediator. When the situation deteriorated still further, the Supreme Soviet decided in January, 1989, to dissolve the local organs of government in Nagorno-Karabakh and run the area through a commission headed by Volsky. He and an aide moved to Stepanakert and worked hard to fulfill the promise that Gorbachev had made to Silva Kaputikyan. They stayed there for a little more than a year—until the Supreme Soviet voted to return most authority to Azerbaijan. "We opened the television tower to receive Armenian broadcasts," Volsky recalled. "We opened Armenian schools and gave them Armenian textbooks. We opened an Armenian theatre, and gave two churches back to the Armenian community. We even opened three religious communities, for the first time in seventy years of Soviet power. We declared disarmament within the region, and we took the cannon away from the *sovkhozy*. Unfortunately, outside the region, in Armenia and Azerbaijan, they didn't do the same. And the situation remained tense."

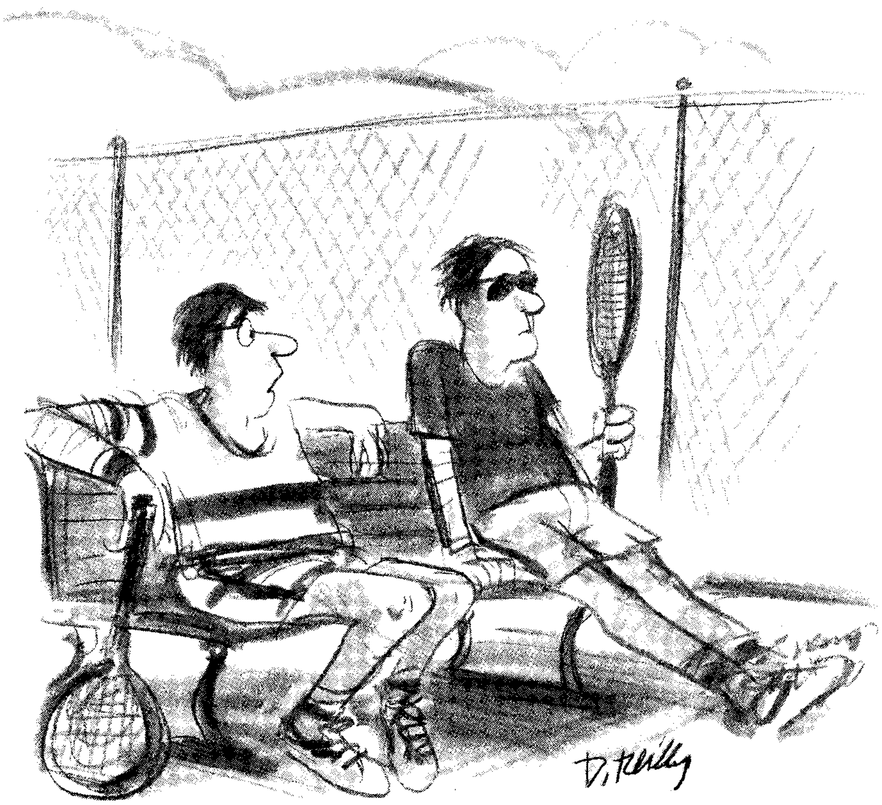
Initially, the authorities tried to intimidate the growing nationalist movements in both republics. In March, 1988, after the spate of demonstrations in Yerevan, troops moved ostentatiously through the streets, and helicopters buzzed Opera Square. In Baku, Leila Yunusova, one of the founders of the Scientists' Club, recalled that plainclothes policemen openly followed the club members and photographed their occasional meetings with visiting journalists. The local Communist Party refused to allow the group to register as a political party, even though its platform was quite moderate and called for continued Azerbaijani loyalty to the Soviet Union.

In December, the police in Armenia arrested the leaders of the Karabakh Committee, and sent them to jail in Moscow. "We were constantly interrogated," Levon Ter-Petrosyan, one of those arrested, told me. "They were trying to make a case against us for inflaming national enmity. They went over all of our speeches, which they had on videocassettes. But they couldn't find any real evidence that we had inflamed national enmity. We were released on May 31, 1989."

Now that the central authorities no longer seemed prepared to railroad political dissidents through the courts, politics in both Azerbaijan and Armenia opened up considerably. In Baku, members of the Popular Front managed to convene a conference in a hall that one of them had rented, ostensibly for a wedding reception. Two busloads of police came, Leila Yunusova recalled, but they did not break up the meeting. By this time, however, a more militant element had entered the nationalist movement in Azerbaijan, and the Popular Front showed signs of splitting into two wings, moderate and radical. The moderate candidate for leader of the Front, a writer named Iosif Samedogli, lost a raucous, closely contested vote to a radical representative named Abulfaz Aliyev, a man who, one of his supporters proudly told me, had spent time in jail in the Brezhnev years for espousing pan-Turkic ideology. The new leaders of the Popular Front mobilized the small army of refugees in Baku in a series of mass demonstrations, strikes, and blockades of the roads and railroads leading to Armenia.

At this point, it seemed to members of the moderate wing of the Front that something curious was happening. They began to sense that the Communist Party leaders in Azerbaijan were prodding the movement to become more radical and nationalistic. Leila Yunusova recalled a meeting that December between the Front leaders, who were still seeking official recognition for their group, and Viktor Polyanichko, the second secretary of the republic's Communist Party. Polyanichko told them that their program was too European, that it needed to draw more on Azerbaijan's Islamic and Turkic traditions—traditions that could, of course, be used by the government to stereotype them as Islamic, nationalist militants. "It was a ploy to discredit us," Yunusova said.

As winter set in, the mood of the refugees in Baku grew angrier. The radicals in the Popular Front called for more strikes, more railroad blockades. There was talk of a putsch against the Party if it failed to support the militant course. Still, the Azerbaijani government chose to grant television access not to the moderates of the Popular Front but to its radicals. Tofik Gasymov, a physicist, who was one of the moderate leaders of the Front, told me that he and some of his colleagues pleaded for a chance to go on television to urge people to stay away from a mass rally in Lenin Square called by the radicals for January 13, 1990. They were refused. Instead, on the evening of January 12th several radicals, including Aidin Mamedov, appeared on television, calling for the protection of Azerbaijani sovereignty against the Armenians and recalling the injustices that Azerbaijan had suffered. A member of the city government who participated in the program said that the council would distribute apartments being freed by fleeing Armenians to people who were on the city's waiting list for housing—a decision certain to inflame the refugees.



"The boss is pregnant, but she's still dangerous."

• •

Small bands of Azerbaijani men had already been terrorizing the Armenians of Baku, banging on their doors and warning them to get out of town. The next day, this small-scale terrorism erupted into a pogrom. Although the pogrom coincided with the Popular Front's mass rally in Lenin Square, the accounts I heard, from both Azerbaijani and Armenian witnesses, suggest that it broke out independently, and was unrelated to the Popular Front.

Abram Kazaryan, a stocky old man with oily gray hair, had a few days' worth of stubble when I met him, in Yerevan. He was wearing blue pants, a plaid flannel shirt, and a floppy fedora. In an American city, he might have been panhandling, but in Yerevan he approached me because he had heard that an American journalist was looking for people who had lived through the Baku pogrom. He pushed into the room I was using, and, assuming a gruff and imperious air of authority, demanded to see my identification. Only after I showed it to him did he begin to answer my questions.

"I'm a military pensioner," he said. "I served in the Army for forty-five years, and my rank was lieutenant colonel. I lived in Baku from 1920 until this year. I had an apartment near the stadium. I lived alone. My son had lost his job and moved away. The pogrom started on the tenth of January. A man came to my door and said, 'Leave, old man. Your time is up. Your people have left, and you should leave.' If he had been alone, I'd have chased him away. But there were three of them. I

FREE DELIVERY
The Energy Efficient Log Home

Select from 3 full log or 3 insulated log styles with up to R-40 roof systems. Choose Northern White CEDAR or PINE logs. Complete kits priced from $9,900. Nationwide FREE DELIVERY. Quality dealerships available.
Order our full color Plan Book of 79 beautiful models and/or the Greatwood Log Home Video.
MasterCard, Visa or American Express accepted.
Call TOLL FREE 1-800-558-5812
In Wisconsin Call 1-800-242-1021

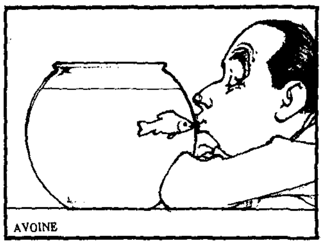
Greatwood Log Homes, Inc.,
Dept. NY41, P.O. Box 707, Elkhart Lake, WI 53020
Please send check or money order.
☐ $6.95 Full Color Detailed Plan Book (First class mail $8.95)
☐ $11.95 Dealership Kit with Plan Book
☐ $15.95 VHS Greatwood Log Home Video
☐ Free Information Brochure
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State______Zip______
Phone (___) __________
Own Lot ☐ Building Date__________
Hand crafted Greatwood Log Homes®
© Copyright 1990, Greatwood Log Homes, Inc.

"Tennis for me, a Spa for you... now that's paradise!"
The Inn at Manitou
An Exclusive lakeside Spa and Tennis Resort for only 64 guests
150 miles north of Toronto. Call for our brochure; Toronto (416) 967-3466 or New York (212) 772-0594
RELAIS & CHATEAUX

ENGLAND'S SECRET?
Travel back in time on our luxury walking tours around the enchanted villages and spectacular mountains of the
LAKE DISTRICT NATIONAL PARK.
Enjoy a unique combination of classic walks and historical tours, in *small guided groups; Private suites in a grand Victorian mansion;* Leisurely lighthearted fun.
ALAN ENGLISH ADVENTURES **(415) 726-6065**
2570 Purisima Creek Road, Half Moon Bay, CA 94019

A Romantic Lakefront Estate
just 90 minutes from Manhattan.
Intimate suites with fireplaces,
jacuzzis for two and stunning
views of the lake and woods.
"THE PLACE to get away from the rest of the world."
THE LAKEHOUSE INN . . . On Golden Pond
Stanfordville, N.Y. 914-266-8093

said, 'I'm an old man, I have no place to go.' On the twelfth, about twenty of them came, and they broke down the door. I tried to fight them, and yelled for help. A neighbor came, and they ran away. On the morning of the thirteenth, I went to the police and filed a complaint. They said, 'O.K.' and did nothing. I stayed at home and propped the door up as best I could, but there was nothing to repair it with. That evening, at six, they came again. They rang the bell and knocked. I could see there were a lot of them in the courtyard. I put my coat on and went to open the door. As I got there, it came down on me." Kazaryan walked to the door of my room and showed me how he had tried to ward it off with his arms. "It fell on me," he went on. "I think they had an axe. There were four of them, and then it seemed like forty. They beat me and threw me on the floor and started trampling me. They broke three ribs, right here"—he pointed to his side—"and threw me down the stairs. I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes, they were carrying my things away—the rugs, the TV, everything. My pockets and clothes were torn, and they'd taken my documents. Two of them stood guard over me to keep me from running away. I said to them, 'Why are you beating up an old man?' They didn't answer. They put me in a car and took me to a movie theatre and threw me into a basement with some others. We were there for a day and a half. Then, finally, they put us on a bus and took us to the harbor. They had a steamship there with room for about three hundred and fifty. They put fifteen hundred people on it. We were like dogs. And we sailed off, and after a day we got to Krasnovodsk. People met us there and gave us food."



Kazaryan was evacuated to Yerevan and spent about six weeks in a hospital, recovering. He had no money and no place to live. Eventually, the Armenian State Refugee Committee found him a bed in a workers' dormitory, but he was unhappy there. As he talked, his voice lost its tough edge and grew sad, slow, and pathetic. This was not the way he had envisioned the last years of his life. "I'm a war veteran," he said, almost in tears. "We're human beings. We need help."

By all the accounts that I heard in both Baku and Yerevan, the Armenians got no help from the Azerbaijani police during the pogrom. Azaddin Gyulmamedov, the young Azerbaijani whose father had been determined not to send him to a Russian school, told me that while he was working as marshal for the Popular Front at its rally someone came to the platform and informed him that Armenians were being beaten in the city's residential quarters. "We went to see what was happening," he said. "We saw these guys in the streets. I don't know who they were—drug addicts, maybe. They had sticks and clubs, and lists of Armenians and where they lived. They wanted to break down the doors of Armenian apartments and chase them out. The police didn't do anything. They just stood and watched. Same with the soldiers, who had weapons. We asked them to help. There were about a dozen soldiers and ten of us, and there were about twenty in the gang, but the soldiers wouldn't help. They said, 'You can do it yourself, Blackie. We're not getting involved.' "

The pogrom against the Armenians had largely run its course after four days. According to official totals, sixty-eight people died, the vast majority of them Armenians; the Armenian population of Baku, once two hundred thousand, fell to nearly zero. But the mobs remained on the streets. Thousands of Russian residents, feeling unsafe, began fleeing Azerbaijan. A crowd surrounded the building housing the Central Committee of the Azerbaijani Communist Party. Only at that point did the Soviet Army intervene. Late on the evening of January 19th, the troops arrived, without warning and not gently. According to accounts assiduously compiled by the Azerbaijanis, the troops shot at buses and civilian cars and into apartment windows. Their tanks crushed cars and people who got in the way. By the time the occupation was complete, a hundred and fifty people had been killed, and more than six hundred injured. A commission of the Azerbaijani Supreme Soviet investigated the events and calculated that twenty or thirty additional deaths were related to the occupation, such as that of a young woman who took poison after her husband was killed. The troops established a martial-law regime that included censorship of the press and prohibited political gatherings without the permission of the military commanders. The Azerbaijanis created a martyrs' grave site in a shady hillside park overlooking the Caspian Sea, and buried eighty of the victims in a long single row, with their pictures mounted on wrought-iron frames over their graves. By September, the troops and their armored vehicles had all but disappeared from the streets. But dozens of Azerbaijanis still made the long, sweaty climb to the grave site each day to walk past the row of portraits, listen to chanted prayers, and remember what had happened.

THE authorities' evident lack of interest in stopping the pogrom in its early stages, along with the suggestions that they had goaded the Popular Front into more radical positions, raised a number of questions. I asked for and received an opportunity to put them to Ayaz Mutalibov, first secretary of the Communist Party of Azerbaijan and president of the republic. Mutalibov had been the republic's prime minister during the January events, and had been named head of its government when his predecessor took the blame for failing to prevent the disorder. The Central Committee occupied a new red stone office building on a hillside with a fine view of the sea, in a neighborhood of old Beaux-Arts buildings left over from the nineteenth-century oil boom. Mutalibov's suite of offices, on the seventh floor, was decorated in the style that might be called Soviet Power: herringbone parquet floors and red runners; long, polished conference tables; and huge, empty anterooms.

Mutalibov, who is fifty-two, is a Communist leader of the traditional type—an engineer who entered Party work after proving himself as an industrial manager. During our long conversation, he expressed regret over the passing of many old Soviet institutions, and skepticism about the reforms that have taken their place. "What do you do with a guy who is born to break things, steal, not work?" he asked me at one point. "Dialogue? Why in the United States do people fear like fire a tax audit? Because the auditor can catch Spiro Agnew. Here all order has stopped. We used to have the K.G.B., this giant monster. Now there's no K.G.B. There's no Ministry of Internal Affairs. They don't do anything."

An aide laughed, and said that the K.G.B. had become part of the Ministry of Culture. Mutalibov laughed in agreement. "Ministry of Culture," he said, nodding. "They've become the opposite of what they once were."

Mutalibov was responsible for introducing market reforms into Azerbaijan's economy, he said, but he doubted whether many people wanted such changes. "We say, 'O.K., there will be privatization,' but there are quite a few people who say, 'I don't want that, I don't need it.' You tell them there will be villas, and Cadillacs, and Mercedeses, and they don't care. They just want—" He tapped his index finger against his throat in the standard Soviet sign language for drunkenness, and laughed. "You have to take such people into account," he went on. "If you call law and order dictatorship, then I'm for dictatorship." He slapped the table. "They're for anarchy!"

When I raised the question of the pogrom, Mutalibov said he believed that it had been planned and provoked by the Armenians in an effort to convince world opinion that their desire to tear Nagorno-Karabakh away from Azerbaijan was justified. When I asked why he thought this, he replied that he had no evidence. "We just don't have the documents to unmask them," he said. "But when there is a special commission—and I believe there will be—then it will all be found."

I asked why the authorities had encouraged the radicals in the Popular Front, rather than the moderates.

"It wasn't because we wanted to bless the radicals," he said. "No, at that time the radicals had taken control of the Front, and the public had the opinion that they were the ones representing the Front. They demanded access to television, and we gave it to them." He shrugged, as if he considered the matter unimportant.

I asked why the police had failed to stop the pogrom in its early stages.

"They're just traffic police," he said. "They couldn't do anything, and there weren't enough of them."

I asked Mutalibov how many Interior Ministry troops had stood by and watched the killing.

"I don't remember," he said.

I told him I had heard that there

Golf at the Inn

Charming accommodations, memorable cuisine, impeccable service, and an attentive concierge offer amenities that have earned Golf Magazine's Silver Medal and Racquet Magazine's 5 Stars. 90 minutes from Los Angeles near the coastal city of Santa Barbara.

Since 1923, the golf course has challenged world-class players and is home of the Senior PGA GTE/West Classic.

LUXURY GOLF HOLIDAY $149
Sunday thru Wednesday Arrival

Includes a luxurious room with breakfast, dinner with your choice of menu, unlimited course play, and free range balls. Golf cart, taxes, and gratuities are extra.

2 night minimum stay-above rates are per person, per night, double occupancy and subject to change and availability. Effective thru 11/30/91

OJAI VALLEY INN
& COUNTRY CLUB
OJAI, CA 93023 • (805) 646-5511 (800) 422-OJAI

Union Square San Francisco

Service Service Service
We Give IT. You'll Love IT.
800-428-4748

SINCE 1914

CHANCELLOR HOTEL
433 Powell by the Cable Cars.

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only 28 pounds. For less than $800 you can buy more than a canoe.
Call toll-free 1-800-354-0190.

Speech Improvement

Do It Yourself. Correct the most common causes of unpleasant speech. Created by professional voice tutor. 3 audiocassettes & manual, $43.00 postpaid. Money-back guarantee.

AUDIO-FORUM® Room E430
Guilford, CT. 06437 (203) 453-9794

Ulysses S. Grant

Bachrach

Photographers since 1868

Glossies from $199.00 - Color Photographs from $245.00

We're Now in San Francisco

Boston 617-536-4730 Chicago 312-642-5500
Greenwich 203-869-6922 Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233 Philadelphia 215-563-0551
Washington, D.C. 703-548-2111
San Francisco 415-296-8231

MAINE. MUSIC.
AND OTHER SECRETS OF
UNWINDING THIS SUMMER.

Quisisana is a unique resort on the shores of beautiful Lake Kezar in Maine. It's cottages in the pines, superb food, sand beaches, all water sports, 3 clay tennis courts, etc. And, best of all, a staff of talented musicians from America's leading conservatories who perform everything from Broadway shows to classics and opera in the evening.

QUISISANA

A full American Plan resort
Center Lovell, Maine 04016
(914) 833-0293

Elegant Country Charm–
Luxury London Hotel

Telephone: 071-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 071-724 3328.
USA *Toll Free* 1-800-543 4138

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

NATHANS

Fine Food & Spirits

3150 M Street, N.W., Georgetown
Washington, D.C. 20007
(202) 338-2000

were a few thousand in Baku when the pogrom began.

"Well, yes," he said. "About six thousand in the barracks."

Why had they not intervened?

"We didn't have the right to give them orders," he said. "Today, we have the right to command internal troops on our territory. But we just got it."

Had he not telephoned Moscow asking for orders?

"We not only telephoned. We sent a mass of telegrams to Moscow. They were top secret. It's too bad you can't read them. But if you could you would see that we asked for five thousand Interior Ministry troops, well armed. We said, 'Give us help. We've got a pogrom—you need to save the situation.' "

Mutalibov and his aides suggested that Moscow might have been reluctant to authorize force against the pogrom because there had been a backlash against the use of troops to break up a demonstration in Georgia in April, 1989.

Mutalibov's entire account was directly contradicted by Arkady Volsky when I spoke to him a few days later in Moscow. Volsky had been in Nagorno-Karabakh at the time, monitoring the situation in Baku and in Moscow closely. When I told him what Mutalibov had said, he responded bluntly, saying, "That's a lie. I'll say openly that Moscow responded on the day after the troops were requested. Before that time, I called several times to the leaders of the republic and said, 'What are you doing? Make a request!' I called Gorbachev ten times and said, 'Send troops!' He said, 'I don't have a request.' It's another question whether it was necessary to wait for a request. I don't think it was. But Gorbachev is a very tactful person. The request came only when the Azerbaijanis began to kill their own people. Then they asked for troops to be sent in."

Without access to the archives in both Moscow and Baku, it was impossible to know who was telling the truth. Most members of the Popular Front I spoke with believed fervently that Moscow had let the pogrom continue in order to win international support for repression of the growing separatist movement. But Moscow must have foreseen that the long-term result of the military occupation would be to strengthen the Azerbaijani determination to gain independence. Even Mutalibov, who supports Gorbachev's aim of creating a looser, confederated Soviet Union, told me that after a generation under confederation Azerbaijan might be ready for independence.

It seemed to me that the real beneficiaries of the January events in Baku were the leaders of the local Communist Party. By getting rid of Baku's Armenians, the pogrom largely solved their most pressing domestic problem, which was to find housing and work for the refugees. The pogrom and the ensuing occupation also discredited the Popular Front: to many Azerbaijanis, particularly in rural areas, the violence and destruction seemed organically linked to the Front's radicalism of late 1989 and to its mass demonstration on January 13th; and, under martial law, the Front could not freely call rallies or hold meetings to help organize its support and explain its positions. By September, the Front had become demoralized and divided. It failed even to nominate candidates in most of the republic's districts for the fall elections to the Supreme Soviet.

Mutalibov, meanwhile, took a strong stand against Armenian claims to Nagorno-Karabakh. The solution to the conflict, he told me with vehemence, was a very simple one: "Stop telling us what to do in Karabakh." He advocated the creation of special, well-armed detachments of police to act as border troops against Armenian incursions. Not surprisingly, the local Party won a resounding victory in republic elections in the autumn of last year.

IN Armenia, the Communist Party proved to be beyond salvage. Although the Party, thanks to its residual strength in rural districts, managed to elect a paper majority to the republic's Supreme Soviet in the spring elections last year, it could not elect a single candidate in Yerevan, the center of the republic's intelligentsia and the stronghold of the Armenian National Movement. And the Party had for too long been content to recruit men interested primarily in bribes and their own careers: once the Supreme Soviet convened, in August, and began to vote for a government, these men put fingers to the wind and gradually deserted the Party first secretary to support the National Movement's leader, Levon Ter-Petrosyan. On the final ballot, only twenty-four of a hundred and sixty-one Communists remained loyal to the Party, and Ter-Petrosyan became the President of the republic.

When I visited Yerevan in September, the Party still occupied the most imposing building in town, a palace of enormous pilasters with Doric capitals, set in a park that was surrounded by a wrought-iron fence. It was the only building I saw there flying the red flag of the Soviet Union. To enter the grounds, a visitor still needed to apply for a pass from a uniformed clerk sitting in a glass booth with a hole cut in it at waist height—a booth designed so that the petitioner had to bow to address him. But it was like Versailles after the fall of the Bastille: the trappings of power were lingering after power had departed. I spoke with Stepan Pogosyan, the new first secretary. People were resigning from the Party in large numbers, he told me, and it had no program at the moment. "We don't try to supervise anything anymore," he said. "We've learned our lesson." He and the remaining apparatchiks were thinking of holding a referendum among the Party members to decide whether to continue calling the organization the Communist Party of the Soviet Union or to seek some more palatable identity.

The Communists left Ter-Petrosyan in an unenviable situation. The periodic railroad blockades in Azerbaijan had exacerbated the general chaos of the Soviet economy. Although no one was starving, and there was ice cream in Yerevan's sidewalk cafés, many things were scarce. My hotel had no hot water, and the management shut the power off for a few hours every afternoon to save energy. I spoke with the manager of an Armenian-American joint venture that was supposed to be manufacturing plastic pipes and plumbing supplies for use in the reconstruction of the areas damaged by the 1988 earthquake. The joint venture had yet to get started, he told me. There were no materials to build a factory, and Moscow had informed him that, because of marketization reforms, it could not guarantee a supply of raw plastic. Of the first five Armenians I met, three wanted to emigrate. The two others wanted to fight the Azerbaijanis.

On some Yerevan streets, Kalash-

Indulge Yourself
A Lot. For
Just A Little.

$129*
with free parking

Indulge yourself in the purest luxuries and daily pleasures of the ANA Hotel, Washington, D.C. Our weekend package includes a most Continental of breakfasts, use of our sauna, steam room and pool in our Fitness Center, plus all the other Westin niceties just outside your door. And all convenient to whatever your pleasure in D.C.

For reservations, call 202-429-2400 or 1-800-228-3000.

*Rates from $129.00 per room per night. Does not include tax and gratuities and cannot be applied to groups. Subject to availability.

ANA HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D.C.
2401 M Street, N.W.

WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS

"REAL CATS" BLOUSE

A real work of Art!
All breeds in their natural colors.
Made in USA of Imported 100% Pima Cotton.
Slightly oversized, impeccably tailored.
Available in S, M, L, XL on Rose, Dusty Pink, or Periwinkle Blue.
$69 (3.95 S&H)
Major credit cards

1-800-REAL CAT

Real Prints

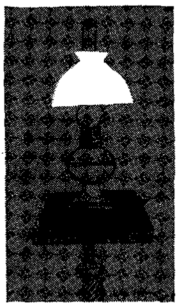
Blue Note™
WORLDS FINEST JAZZ CLUB·131 W. 3rd ST. 475·8592

McCOY TYNER TRIO
plus ROY HARGROVE
QUINTET
Tue thru Sun April 16-21 at 9 & 11:30
Third Show Fri & Sat 1:30am

PHIL WOODS
QUINTET
LOUIS BELLSON
QUINTET April 23-28

WEEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

nikovs, hijacked from government weapons stores or bought on the black market, were as common as briefcases. The men who carried them belonged to a variety of guerrilla armies, like the one that raided Baganis-Ayrum. The largest, the Armenian National Army, occupied a fortified house, with spiked tire traps in the street outside, about two hundred yards from Lenin Square, in the center of town. When Ter-Petrosyan assumed office, his first task was controlling the guerrillas. He sent an emissary to the Armenian National Army headquarters one morning, and its occupants shot the man dead on the street. Ter-Petrosyan formed a new, heavily armed police unit of two thousand men. The Armenian National Army leaders surrendered, and the rest of the guerrilla units, recognizing Ter-Petrosyan's government as legitimate, submitted to its authority and were formally disbanded. That did not mean that they turned in their weapons, though. "We've so far collected very few weapons," Ter-Petrosyan told me one afternoon in his office at the Supreme Soviet. "But we haven't paid attention to that. Our attention was fixed on the destruction of these structures."



I asked him how many guerrillas there were.

"The numbers in the press—forty thousand, fifty thousand—were largely myth," he said. "In all of Armenia, in all those groups, there were no more than five or six thousand men."

Ter-Petrosyan, like several of the other nationalist leaders who have come to power recently in the Soviet republics, springs from the segment of the intelligentsia which specializes in its republic's culture. Ter-Petrosyan had worked in the Matenadaran, the repository of ancient Armenian manuscripts in Yerevan. He is a tall, stooped man with a drooping left eyelid, an indoor pallor, and no apparent muscles in his arms or neck. He wore a short-sleeved shirt with the collar unbuttoned and his tie pulled down, and he compulsively smoked a succession of Austrian cigarettes called Milde Sorte, frequently snuffing one out before it was done and immediately lighting another.

Since making the switch from leader of a movement to leader of a government, Ter-Petrosyan had generally stayed a careful step behind the more radical separatists in Lithuania. He advocated, and the Armenian Supreme Soviet adopted, a declaration *on* independence rather than an immediate rupture with Moscow. It merely announced the beginning of an indefinite process leading to statehood. Even after independence, he told me, Armenia would favor some kind of Common Market-style affiliation with the Soviet Union and would be happy to consider a military alliance. More conscious than many Armenians that contemporary European institutions take a dim view of irredentism, he told me that Armenia had no claim on Nagorno-Karabakh. "It is a question of self-determination for Nagorno-Karabakh," he said. "We support that right. Nothing more."

It was not hard to find more militant Armenians. Across Marshal Bagramyan Prospekt from the Supreme Soviet, a group called the Republican Party had established quarters in an old gray stone mansion it had seized from the Armenian Union of Architects. A red-blue-and-orange Armenian tricolor hung from a flagpole mounted on the façade. Inside, I met a man named Levon Akopyan, a member of the Party's governing board. We sat down under a map of the Middle East that showed, in a broad pink swath, the lands that had belonged to Armenia under Tigran the Great two millennia ago. Modern Armenia would settle for somewhat less than this, Akopyan assured me: eastern Turkey, Nagorno-Karabakh, and the neighboring province of Nakhichevan, which is also now part of Azerbaijan. "We have our rights, we have our land, and we'll get it back," he said, sternly. "If the world doesn't become moral and give it back to us, then we'll use force, as much as we can."

His party, he told me, had begun as a military organization, called the Army of Independence, with several thousand men under arms. When Ter-Petrosyan's government declared the dissolution of the various guerrilla groups, the Army of Independence had formally complied, becoming a civilian party. Its soldiers had either taken their weapons home or smuggled them into Nagorno-Karabakh.

I asked Akopyan what would happen to the Turks now living in those lands

TRY A LITTLE Tenderness!

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER... SAVE $22.00!
#464 8 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS, each 1" thick
Regularly $61.95... for just $39.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 5/31/91
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)
Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. AD1042 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?
Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your pattern. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.
Beverly Bremer SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

The Inn on Martha's Vineyard
A gracious, comfortable, serene hide-away. A Country Hostelry for just 22 adult guests in the CHILMARK-MEMENSHA area of this captivating Island. Our private hundred acre estate with its woodland nature trails, exquisite flower gardens, towering trees, vast lawns & 300-year-old glacial fieldstone walls encircle the Inn and Tennis complex. Minutes away, superb beaches, sailing, fishing, golf, safe bike paths & horseback riding beckon. All rates include copious country breakfasts, bulging picnic hampers for alfresco lunch at the beach or on our lawn under a tree, hors d'oeuvres at cocktail time, and our legendary dinners.
4 NIGHT MINIMUM • OPEN JUNE 24-SEPT 7 • WRITE FOR BROCHURE
Blueberry Hill Farm
BOX 309 - CHILMARK, MASSACHUSETTS 02535 - PHONE (508) 645-2643

which the Armenians meant to regain.

"There has to be a decision that they leave somehow," he said. "I think the Armenian people, given their independence, will flourish and be strong, like Israel, and we'll solve those problems. Nature created the nation. The idea that there could be a mixing of the nations is vulgar."

Ter-Petrosyan, when I mentioned this conversation to him, dismissed the militants. "Such people exist," he said. "They try to raise their issues in the press and in parliament. We easily persuade the people that this is all harmful." But he had no more plausible suggestion to make about how to resolve the conflicting claims to the land, and that conflict at present shows no signs of abating; it bubbles along, with sporadic killings and bombings.

It seemed to an outsider, I said, that there was only one solution that might be acceptable to all involved: to improve the conditions of life inside Nagorno-Karabakh, so that living there would be as acceptable for Armenians as living in Switzerland is for the French-speaking people there. Ter-Petrosyan said he didn't think that such a solution was possible. "I don't think that the prerequisites exist—that there's a sufficient level of civilization," he said. "The Soviet Union isn't Europe. There are still feudal relations here—real feudalism, psychologically. That's why I don't think such a thing is possible."

Psychologically, the people in both republics seemed intent on preparing for war—on erasing objective traces of the other side and on forming an image of the enemy that could serve as a receptacle for all their loathings and frustrations. An Azerbaijani publishing house last year reprinted thirty thousand copies of a 1904 tract about Armenians which begins by asserting that they are descended from Jews and commenting on the breadth of their foreheads.

In Yerevan one night, a friend took me to see a pile of rubble behind an apartment building at 22 Ulitsa Knunyantsaya. It had been, he whispered, a small, simple Azerbaijani mosque back in the days when Azerbaijanis still lived in Armenia. Then, during the cycle of pogroms and *izgnaniya*, the Armenians of the neighborhood had descended on the mosque and torn it apart with picks and crow-

THE NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES

Timely Information

Special Promotions

Retail Location

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1·800·447·6553

"Antiquing at Macy's"
Macy's & The New Yorker invite you to an evening of antiquing in New York City, with our special guest, noted interior designer, columnist, and author, Alexandra Stoddard. Wednesday, April 10th, 7:30 p.m., at Macy's Herald Square. Tickets are $40.00 per person. All proceeds will benefit the Junior League.

For further information call:
30115

Windsor Court Hotel
The only Five Diamond hotel in New Orleans, where old world elegance meets southern hospitality. Of the 310 rooms, 254 are suites complete with kitchens or wet bars.

For free brochure:
30186

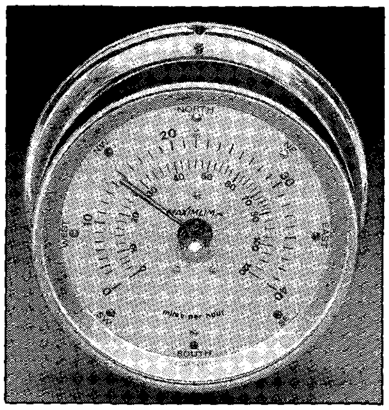
Karastan Rugs and Carpets
Maker of premier rugs and carpets for more than 60 years.

For a color brochure:
30179

Doral Saturnia International Spa Resort
Miami, Florida
Renew your spirits. Recharge your body. Make an investment in yourself at our renowned five-diamond spa resort.

For special rates and programs:
30119

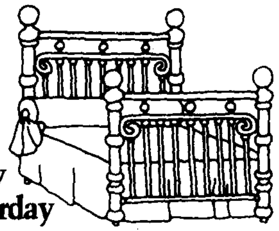
ADVERTISEMENT



Your Window On The Weather.

Full line of matched weather instruments are housed in 6½″ solid brass cases. Choose wind speed/direction, barometer, thermometer, clock and a wide variety of combination instruments, now including digital weather computers as well as analog displays.
Ideal for home or office, for a gift or for yourself, Maximum instruments are available through select dealers, or direct from us.
Maximum, Inc.,
Suite N-04, 30 Barnet Blvd., New Bedford,
MA 02745
(508) 999-2226.

Free Catalog
MAXIMUM



Getaway to Yesterday

Visit the Inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor Veal Oscar, homemade apple pie. Norman Rockwell Museum close by. 413-298-5545. Mass. pike, Exit 2.

THE RED LION INN
Since 1773, Box NY41, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

EVEN AN AD THIS SMALL RUNS THE RISK OF SPOILING IT.
Once J. Paul Getty's personal Shangri-la. Breathtaking. Gracious. Peaceful. And very private. Mexico's best kept secret. 800-223-1818.
PIERRE MARQUES
A PRINCESS HOTEL®

HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2 • Pgh., PA 15220

bars, and a bulldozer had come to level the pile. Once in a while, after listening to an Armenian passionately list the uncivilized and genocidal acts of the Azerbaijanis against his people, I would mention the destruction of this mosque. Almost invariably, the response was an indignant denial that such a thing could have occurred. Even Rafael Papayan, the chairman of the new Supreme Soviet's commission on human rights—a man who served several years as a political prisoner in the pre-*glasnost* days—insisted that such a tale could not be true. "Absolute disinformation," he told me. "The only mosque that was in the city is still preserved, and I can show you where it is." He was not lying; he simply did not know what had happened. It was not the sort of thing the Armenian press would report. It was not the sort of thing the people of Yerevan would talk about among themselves. To do so would threaten their self-image as civilized victims.

Almost the only leader I met on either side who seemed to retain any objectivity was the Armenian poet Silva Kaputikyan. "As a writer, as a principled person, I feel that one of our losses is that somewhere our philosophy of life was compromised, particularly with the young people," she said to me one day. "Now they're preaching a different philosophy, of violence. They think that you have to reply to a Sumgait with a Sumgait. In some of the border villages, our young people have started to act just the way the Azerbaijanis acted toward us in Sumgait. I consider this our very great loss. And it continues to this day."

BACK in Baganis, I told Araz Yedigaryan, the Armenian *sovkhoz* director, that I had heard a fair amount about the roots of the conflict. He nodded. Unfortunately, he said, the same kind of kidnapping and hostage-taking that preceded the battles in March and August was beginning again, and he blamed the Azerbaijanis. "We'll take it up to here," he said, gesturing with his hand to his neck, "and then the *boyeviki*, the Armenian guerrillas, will come again."

As it happened, the Popular Front and the National Movement had agreed to a hostage exchange that afternoon, on the road between Baganis and Baganis-Ayrum. Yedigaryan and I got into an olive-green jeep, and he drove down the road toward Azerbaijan. A few hundred yards from the border, we passed a cluster of a dozen dark-haired Armenians on the side of the road. They were friends and relatives of an Armenian from Noyemberyan whom the Azerbaijanis had kidnapped four days previously. A bit farther down the road, where we were within sight of the checkpoint that the Armenians had destroyed in August, another group of people stood, talking. One man, in a gray shirt and gray pants, who looked like a schoolteacher on his day off, was the Azerbaijan Popular Front leader from Kazakh. Another, a strapping blond Belorussian soldier with two bullet clips taped to his Kalashnikov, was supervising the transfer.

The Armenians walked cautiously down the road into Azerbaijan and over to where a green Zhiguli was parked. After satisfying themselves that their hostage was inside the car, they walked back. The Azerbaijani leader asked where his countryman was.

"They're feeding him," one of the Armenians cracked. It is an old Soviet custom to feed and fatten up a prisoner just before he is released.

The Belorussian laughed out loud. "Feeding him," he repeated, shaking his head.

After a moment or so, a car drove up behind us and several people got out. In their midst, surrounded, was a young man with a full beard, his head held high. They walked down the road toward the Azerbaijani side. A group got out of the green Zhiguli and walked toward the Armenian side. In their midst was a thin, middle-aged man in a blue sports shirt. The two groups met and made the exchange, then walked back to their own sides of the border. The freed Armenian looked haggard, and his hands trembled as he lit a cigarette.

"We want this to be the end of it," the man from the Azerbaijan Popular Front said before he walked back to his side of the border. But neither he nor any of the people on the Armenian side looked as if they expected that it would be.

"In my family," an Armenian with the Russified name Boris told me, "if a relative were taken hostage, I would tell my children about it, and they would tell theirs, and it would not be forgotten for two hundred years."

—ROBERT CULLEN

THE THEATRE

Storyteller

THIS is the season of solo flights. Julie Harris, an experienced soloist, is appearing at the Music Box as the Baroness Karen Blixen, who wrote as Isak Dinesen, in William Luce's "Lucifer's Child"—a play of sorts, which suddenly springs to life in the second act. The setting for both parts is Blixen's study in Denmark, and the first takes place on New Year's Eve, 1958, when, at seventy-three, she is about to leave for America, where she is booked to make speeches and other public appearances. Much of the time is given to the dispensing of information about herself, a lot of it familiar. We learn that she married her cousin, the Baron Bror Blixen, who infected her with incurable syphilis; that with him she ran a coffee plantation in Kenya; that she had a difficult love affair with an English aristocrat, Denys Finch-Hatton, who died in a plane crash. "A storyteller is what I am," she tells us, and, talking about her syphilis—"my scandalous infirmity," she calls it, and "the flowing of nemesis inside me"—she says that, in a bargain, she gave her soul to Lucifer in return for the gift of narrative. The mood is wistful, not especially dramatic, and, at moments, uncomfortably girlish; at one point, while packing for the trip, she takes out her elegant gowns, calling each of them by a pet name.

The second part is an entirely different matter. The time is April, 1959. Blixen has returned home, and New York, which she adored, has recharged her batteries. There is a pervasive excitement, and it never lets down. She has been to Harlem to hear jazz, she has met and immediately established a rapport with Marilyn Monroe—a rapport that meant dancing *à deux* in a ballroom while Arthur Miller looked on. "I worship the devil that possesses New York," she says. This time, her reminiscence of Africa and of Denys is vital and filled with emotion. But she is very frail, and although the doctors have forbidden it, she nips continually at a champagne bottle. (Thin as a thread, the real Baroness subsisted in New York entirely on champagne and oysters—my source for that information being William Maxwell, once her dinner partner—and ended up in Harkness, with severe anorexia.) In the midst of the act, she has an agonizing syphilitic spasm (I knew that syphilis was nasty, not that it was painful), but she recovers, snaps to her feet, and at the end, flashlight in hand, is about to go out in the middle of the night to gather mushrooms for her brother's breakfast.

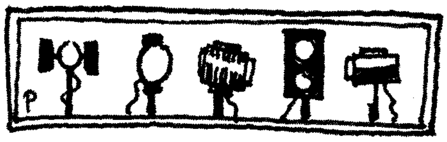
Julie Harris is both actress and dead-shot impersonator—two separate talents. Although I never met or heard Isak Dinesen, I accepted the character with complete confidence. The light, subtle accent—European and cosmopolitan—whether a reasonable facsimile or not, seems exactly right, and so do every movement and every expression. I feel on the one hand / on the other hand about the evening as a whole, but once the intermission was over I was entirely for Miss Harris and Mr. Luce. Charles Gross's incidental music adds a great deal to the atmosphere. Noel Taylor's costumes are as festive as required. The setting, by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg, is admirable, as lighted by Pat Collins. Tony Abatemarco directed.

—EDITH OLIVER

Ally in Theatreland

"ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR," which opened last week at the Lucille Lortel, represents the latest attempt on the part of a brat-pack actor to go legitimate. It stars Ally Sheedy in the role of a downtown artiste who (we are to believe) fashions serious, important art out of her family snapshots and home movies and has been exhibited by the Whitney, mentioned in the Warhol diaries, and discussed by the *Times*—all without ever once having to smear herself with chocolate or cry "Censorship!"

I found Miss Sheedy marginally appealing in "Betsy's Wedding," the Alan Alda movie, in which she played a young woman who didn't seem to have the time or the inclination for romance. Here, too, she plays a young woman who has to be rather forcibly wooed. (The deal is that Miss Sheedy, involved in a long-term relationship with a married man, is afraid of happiness, so that when her best friend's bisexual lover, with whom she is falling in love, turns out to be a really swell guy she is upset.) Unfortunately, in attempting to inhabit a stage persona Miss Sheedy seems unable to create a character whose fate one could possibly care about. Her range seems to stop short with angst and ennui.



It's a shame, because the three men who share the stage with her are all charming, though Dennis Christopher goes a little bit over the top playing Miss Sheedy's best friend, a gay performance artist. As the married man Miss Sheedy is involved with, Harley Venton keeps a stiff and morally reprehensible character from being too unsympathetic, and David Lansbury, who plays the young man shared by Miss Sheedy and Mr. Christopher—and who is here being directed by his father, Edgar Lansbury—is adorable.

"Advice from a Caterpillar"—I honestly don't know why it's called that—was written by Douglas Carter Beane, who (your program tells you) has spent the last five years supporting himself by working as a stage doorman at the Neil Simon Theatre, an endearing fact that makes me wish fervently that his play were better. It improves slightly in the second half, where Mr. Beane has dealt himself a surefire hand in the form of one of those "On Approval" situations (mismatched couples stuck in a weekend house). But the first act is so lamely arch that it makes you want to scurry for the door.

My advice to Miss Sheedy is that stage acting is different from film acting, and that if she wants to do any more of the former she should train her voice. To Mr. Beane, who probably has in him at least a good comedy series, it's that he needs to broaden his concept of irony. Throughout the play, which seems to equate "ironic" with "postmodern," the word is used incessantly to mean "not serious" or "self-conscious." That's fair enough, but there is another kind of irony—without which plays aren't plays (they're television scripts) and in which authors (and characters) use *indirection* to say what they mean. It's only the dullest kind of theatre that asks us to take everything literally and at face value.

—MIMI KRAMER

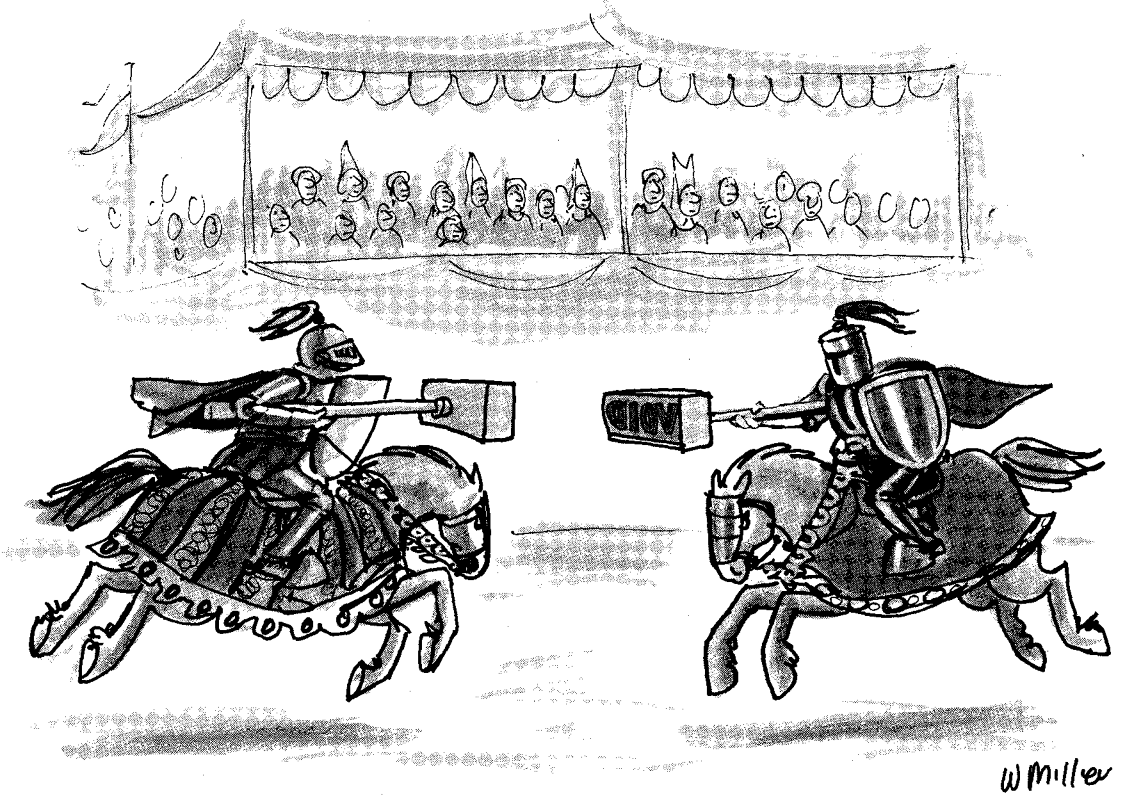
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

NEIGHBORING

IF you go to Penn's pharmacy, in Sidney, Iowa, on your birthday, you are entitled to an ice-cream soda on the house. Last July 31st, Evelyn Birkby turned seventy-one, and was sitting at a table at the back of Penn's soda-fountain counter, near displays of stationery and headache medicines. It was late morning, and customers were arriving for their dinner, as the midday meal is known in farm country. Evelyn had forgotten all about the free soda until her husband, Robert, rode into town, parked his bicycle on the sidewalk in front of the drugstore, and came in and reminded her. It had taken Robert about thirty minutes to get from Penn's front door to Evelyn's table, because all twelve counter stools in between were occupied, and Robert spoke with just about everyone sitting there. He discussed recent torrential rains, beans and tomatoes and how they were growing, and an upcoming local rodeo. "Are your toes webbed together yet?" he asked a woman who had spent the early morning wading in a flooded field to pick sweet corn before it rotted. A woman sitting nearby said that she had carried all her canned goods up from the basement the day before, she'd been so worried about a flood.

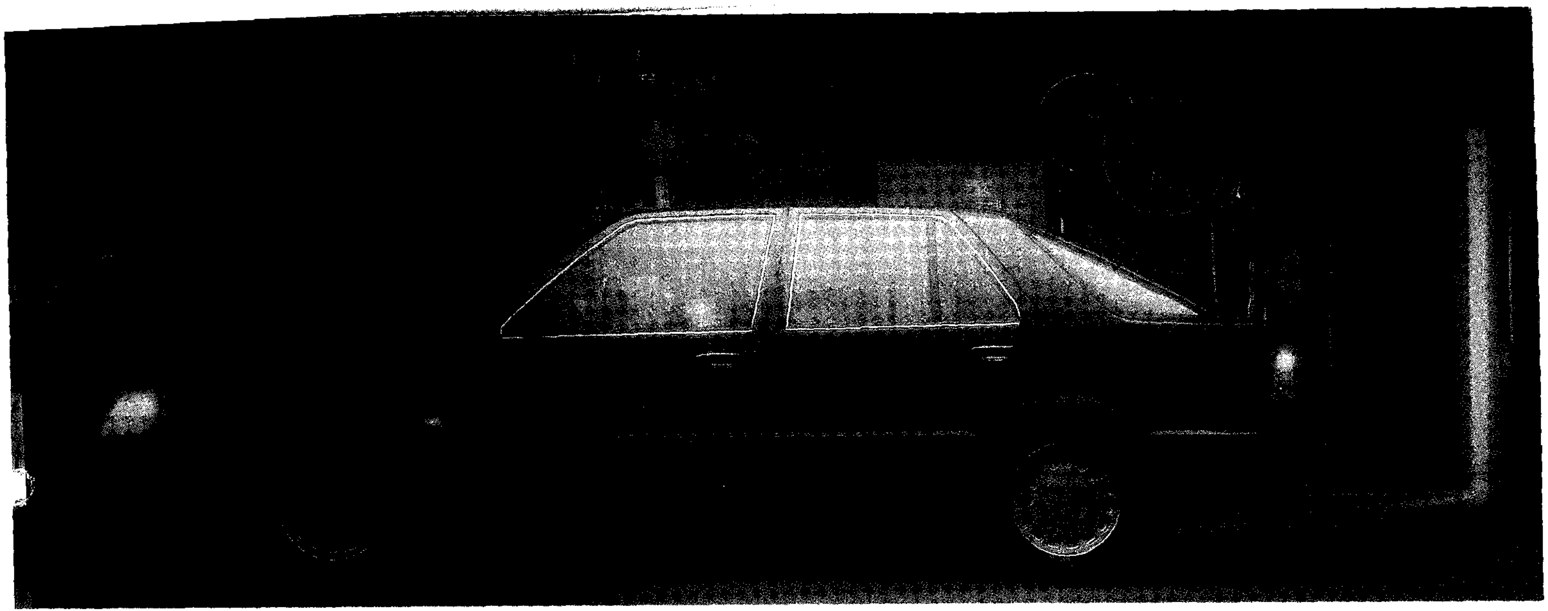
When Robert finally got to Evelyn, she told him he could have the honor of ordering her free soda. She wasn't thinking much about her birthday just then, because she was deep in a good conversation with the people who shared her table and with people at the adjacent tables and with a couple of shoppers in the medicine aisle and with some of the folks eating liverwurst sandwiches and drinking coffee on nearby counter stools. Evelyn has made a career of talking; she is one of the last practitioners of the craft of radio homemaking, which she calls "neighboring on the air." What she has done for more than forty years is to talk, sometimes daily, on such shows as "Down a Country Lane" and "Kitchen-Klatter," broadcast by radio station KMA, in Shenandoah, seventeen miles east of Sidney. On the air, she swaps recipes, reads personal letters, recites poems, and gives advice, always sounding as if she were chatting with a friend over coffee at an oilcloth-covered kitchen table. Radio homemakers like Evelyn have been neighboring on the air from Shenandoah since 1926, broadcasting to women in Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri. Generations of women have listened to their programs and have come to think of the homemakers as mentors, developing the kind of loyalty to them that people have to old friends.

Sitting at a table at the back of Penn's, Evelyn was doing what she likes best, neighboring, but in this case face to face. As is the etiquette in many coffee shops in American small towns, people at Penn's talked from table to table in voices loud enough for others to hear if they were interested. A hushed, private conversation would seem rude in this place, and as the subject of a recipe for mock mincemeat made from green tomatoes came up for discussion customers at the counter and at the tables interrupted their meals to offer opinions of the recipe and anecdotes about it. Ariel Stephens, a native Shenandoan, said that her husband, who was in a wheelchair and listened to several radio-homemaker shows every day, had heard the recipe and written it down, and since she happened to have plenty of green tomatoes on the vine she had made some. "He ate the whole batch," she recalled. "I had to make another."



From the next table, a woman who said she had listened to radio homemakers since before she learned to talk put down a chicken-salad sandwich and said of the tomato recipe, "It's good!" Her husband, sitting next to her, drank the last of the coffee in his cup and nodded in agreement. A woman browsing among school supplies called out, "You'd never know it's not real mincemeat! It's that tasty. But you can't always make it. You need plenty of tomatoes, and they have to be really green."

Just about everyone in the pharmacy that morning joined the conversation at some point; most people seemed to



LIFE IS FULL OF COMPROMISES. YOUR GARAGE SHOULDN'T BE.

You want a sporty car, but then family and practicality intervene, and you end up with a station wagon instead.

Or you're determined to get a safe car, which turns out to be all work and no play, and you end up bored with it.

The examples are quite real and are parked in garages everywhere. They're also an excellent illustration of what drives people into a Saab 9000S.

The Saab 9000S is a sports sedan powered by the largest engine Saab ever built—a computer-driven powerplant traceable to the Saabs that once roamed Europe's toughest rally circuits.

Its suspension is extraordinarily agile, and its anti-lock braking system takes the panic out of panic stops. Overall handling is surefooted and precise.

But unlike many sporty cars, you don't have to abandon practicality for performance. The 9000S is the only import EPA-rated as a "Large" car based on interior space. Its trunk is 62% larger than the Acura Legend's. With enough cargo space for a six-foot sofa or full-size refrigerator.

But unlike many roomy cars, the 9000S isn't a vehicle of barge-like proportions. Despite all its spaciousness, it's 2.1" shorter than a BMW 535i.

*The Saab 900 Series: From $18,295 to $33,295.**

*The Saab 9000 Series: From $22,895 to $33,995.**

For more information, call 1-800-582-SAAB.

Nor does the 9000S compromise when it comes to passenger safety.

In fact, according to the Highway Loss Data Institute, an organization of over 250 insurance companies that monitors safety through actual accidents out on the road, 9000-Series Saabs are among the safest cars in their class.

All that comes with an eight-speaker AM/FM stereo/cassette system, heated seats, a driver's-side air bag, and virtually every amenity imaginable—including some you probably wouldn't, such as an air filtration system that helps weed out pollen.

And at $26,995,** the 9000S costs substantially less than many of its one-dimensional rivals.

Of course, there are other ways to crowd all these automotive virtues into a garage. But that requires a multi-car garage.

We suggest a multi-car car instead: the 9000S, which is now at your nearest Saab dealer, awaiting your test drive.

SAAB

WE DON'T MAKE COMPROMISES.
WE MAKE SAABS.℠

*MSRP, excluding taxes, license, freight, dealer charges and options. Prices subject to change. **9000S MSRP: $26,995, excluding taxes, license, freight, dealer charges and options. Price subject to change.

© 1991 Saab Cars USA, Inc.

have some knowledge of the green-tomato-mincemeat recipe, and if they didn't they had plenty of knowledge of Evelyn and the rest of the radio homemakers. For women who grew up around Shenandoah, the broadcasts of the homemakers were as much a part of daily life as the morning school bell and the coming of the mailman. Dorothy Stewart, who ran a farm, with her husband, near Pawnee City, Nebraska, remembered setting aside an hour every day to listen to them. "I depended on them, because I couldn't get away," she said. "I had so much work to do. They were my only steady friends. I kept a notebook by the radio until it got full of their recipes and hints, and then I filled up another one."

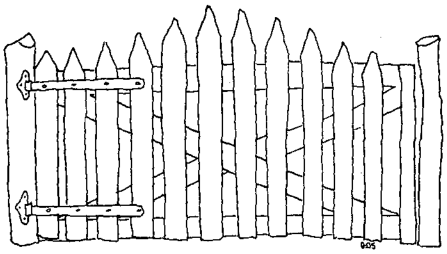
Nadine Elwers, who grew up in Shenandoah, said, "There were two occasions when we were expected to sit and be quiet—when there was a cake in the oven, and during my mother's homemaker show. That was a time that was hers. It was sacrosanct time. She ironed then. Fuel for the stove had to be gathered in advance, so there would be no disturbance. There had to be paper on hand to write down all the important advice from the homemaker."

Norma Schaaf, who had just lost five hundred acres of beans because of the rain and was afraid that her stalks of sweet corn were about to fall down, said she had won prizes in county fairs by using what she learned from paying attention to homemaker shows. "Now we have tractor radios, so it's easier to listen," she added. Another woman at the counter said she always took a transistor radio outside so she could listen when she gardened.

Talk about radio homemakers was temporarily suspended when Robert Birkby walked to the back of the store carrying Evelyn's birthday soda. It was presented in a classic soda-fountain glass—tall, broad-mouthed, fluted—and was crowned with a scoop of vanilla ice cream and a swirl of whipped cream. The cold liquid below was the color of pink chiffon, for the soda was Evelyn Birkby's favorite flavor—strawberry. She and Robert shared it, and then Evelyn went back to neighboring at her table as people came and went and chatted with her until dinner was through.

When Evelyn started broadcasting, in a show she created called "Down a Country Lane," on May 15, 1950, she neighbored on the air for fifteen minutes six mornings a week; she was one of fourteen radio homemakers who chatted throughout the day at that time from Shenandoah, which then had two radio stations—KMA and KFNF. She still does the show, but only infrequently—for special occasions—and there is only one homemaker on the regular daily broadcast schedule. Radio homemakers aren't as necessary as they used to be, but the ones who continue the tradition are cherished by the women —and the men—who grew up listening to them, and those people still take special pleasure in sociable conversation of the kind that was carried on all morning at Penn's on Evelyn's birthday. To many who came to visit with Evelyn at her table, she is a reminder of how precious a neighborly human voice once was in farm country, especially when winter fields lay frozen or spring rains made rural roads impassable.

SOUTHWEST Iowa is softly contoured; when you drive the roads between the east and west streams of the Nishnabotna River, past rows of corn and along pastures and vales where cattle graze, the undulation of the highway begins to feel like a gentle geological rocking chair. On a spring evening after a good rain, you can stand in a field on a hill and gaze across acres of soft earth and hear nothing but distant squeals and moos and inhale the loamy fragrance of the black dirt called loess topsoil. The land's richness inspired settlers not only to farm but also to start nursery businesses and provide growing plants and trees to farmers and householders. KMA, which called itself "The Cornbelt Station in the Heart of the Nation," began broadcasting in 1925, and by that time Shenandoah (it was named in 1870 by Civil War veterans who thought that it resembled the lush terrain of the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia) was well on its way to becoming the seed-and-nursery capital of the world.

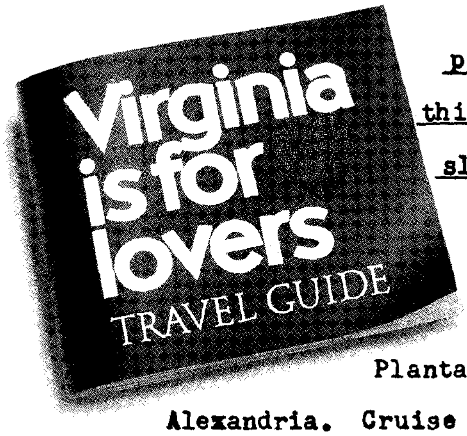


Earl May, the owner of Shenandoah's Earl May Seed & Nursery Company, believed that a radio station would be a good way to encourage people to buy his products, for it could intersperse news, music, and religious services with instructive talks about agriculture and horticulture. He had seen business double for one of his competitors in Shenandoah, the Henry Field Seed Company, in the year since February 22, 1924, when Field's five-hundred-watt KFNF, "The Friendly Farmer Station," began broadcasting songs by the Seedhouse Girls and the Cornfield Canaries and also discussions of subjects like "Flowers and Their Influence on the Home." On several occasions in 1924, May had taken busloads of his employees to Omaha's station WOAW (a fifty-mile trip on roads where the mud was sometimes axle-deep) to do live radio shows: they sang "Rose in the Bud," discussed chicken production and gardening, and convened the first radio camp meeting of the fraternal order of Woodmen of the World. At the time, federal regulations prohibited advertising on the air, but May offered free iris roots to the first ten thousand listeners who sent him a card for his mailing list, and also offered a fifteen-dollar prize to the listener who sent him a telegram from farthest away. (The winner had heard the broadcast in Blythe, California.)

Radio was still so new and receivers were so scarce that May helped equip several buildings in Shenandoah with receiving sets and folding chairs, so townspeople could hear the broadcasts that originated in Omaha, and then he set up a remote studio in the May flower-and-garden-seed room, in Shenandoah, and connected it to WOAW by a transmitting wire. Shenandoans eager to hear the programs crowded into the May company seed house, and also into the Benedict Piano Studio, the Delmonico Hotel, and the Woodmen of the World hall, and were provided with free crackers, cheese, candy, and apples by Earl May as they listened to broadcasts by the Mandolin Musicians, the How-Do-You-Do Boys (also known as the Apple-Sauce Twins), J. V. Barborka ("The Bohemian Harpist," who performed "Glow Worm"), and a rousing version of the alfalfa song of Pennington County, Minnesota.

"Radio is the greatest factor in modern life today," Earl May told listeners on one of his last WOAW broadcasts, and on September 1, 1925, his own station, KMA, officially went on the air, using its call letters as an acronym for the slogan "Keeps Millions Advised." Like KFNF, it was only a five-hundred-watt station (WOAW was bigger: a thousand watts), but on a clear night in the mid-twenties, unimpeded by static from big-city electrical fields and under a sky still fairly uncluttered by other transmissions, KMA and KFNF signals—sometimes boosted far beyond the assigned five-hundred-watt limit—bounced around the globe. In 1985, Evelyn Birkby's son Bob wrote a history called "KMA Radio: The First Sixty Years," in which he noted that Henry Field had said of KFNF, "We would pour on the kilowatts and really tear a hole across the Midwest." Earl May was thrilled to receive a letter from a Hawaiian listener, who had enjoyed hearing the Delmonico Dreamers (a group of local farmers and businessmen) sing "Aloha, Oe"; and a radio operator in Balclotha, New Zealand, reported listening with pleasure to Mary Chase, a secretary from one of Shenandoah's nurseries, operate her typewriter for three minutes. (The listener who guessed how many words she typed won a prize.) Henry Ford wrote from Detroit to tell May that he thought the flower-and-garden talks were "wonderfully instructive." Passengers on a radio-equipped Canadian National Railways transcontinental express heard Earl May's lecture on "The Liming of Your Yard."

During KMA's first year on the air, the Earl May Seed & Nursery Company added a million names to its mailing list. Radio in its early years was especially appreciated by the isolated farm families of the rural Midwest, for whom solitude was a constant problem; it not only brought music and fun and information and weather reports but also provided an easy way to enjoy the pleasure of other people's company. Actually visiting another farm was a special event, with guests often putting on dress clothes and the host and hostess serving cakes and lemonade in the parlor, and bad weather or the press of chores could make such visits impossible. But with a radio women could listen to a friendly voice as they went on with their housework, and men working in the barn had access to weather reports and farm programs. And not only that: to all those settlers who had come to the American Mid-



P. 5: See the exciting things George Washington slept through.

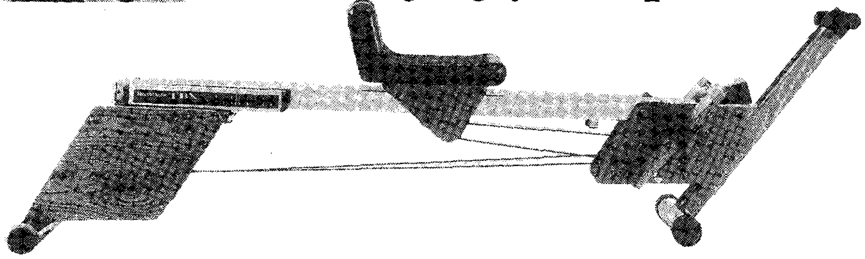
Tour Mount Vernon and the Woodlawn Plantation. Shop in Old Town Alexandria. Cruise the Potomac. Do all that and you've covered just two pages in our 144-page color travel guide. Call for your copy today. Or just write Virginia Division of Tourism, Dept. D701, Richmond, VA 23219.

For your free travel guide, call 1-800-248-4833.

©1991 Virginia Division of Tourism

NordicTrack introduces...

Simple instructions for changing your spare tire:



1 Burn more calories. Studies show that the combined use of both your upper and lower body during exercise burns more calories in less time. Unlike exercise bikes, treadmills, and stairclimbers that only work your lower body, NordicRow TBX is a total-body exerciser.

2 Put NordicRow TBX to work for you. *Split-resistance settings* for the upper and lower body allow you to fine-tune your own workout and burn maximum calories. A revolutionary *Back Stress Management System* works to support your lower back for safe, effective exercise.

3 Take just 20 minutes a day, three times a week. With NordicRow TBX there's no need to drive to the health club. You can work out in the comfort and convenience of your own home! NordicRow TBX gives you a superior cardiovascular workout that tones and shapes *all* the muscles in your *entire* body.

Try NordicRow TBX in your own home for 30 days with no risk or obligation!

NordicRow TBX™ BY NORDICTRACK

FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE CALL 1-800-468-4491 Ext. 713D1

Or write: NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. 713D1, Chaska, MN 55318

©1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company

PROFESSIONAL QUALITY WEATHER STATION NOW AFFORDABLE ENOUGH FOR HOME USE!

The new WeatherPro weather station uses state-of-the-art technology to give you full monitoring capability at an incredibly low price. The WeatherPro includes a weather computer, remote precision wind direction vane, wind speed sensor, external temperature probe, mounting hardware and 40' of cable-**all for only $189!**

- WIND SPEED
- TEMPERATURE
- WIND DIRECTION
- TEMPERATURE HI/LO
- RAINFALL (OPTIONAL)*
- WIND GUST
- WIND CHILL
- TIME
- AUTO SCAN
- 1 YEAR WARRANTY
- 14-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

DIGITAR WEATHERPRO
WEATHER STATION: ONLY $189!
ORDER TODAY:1-800-678-3669, ext.NY
M-F 7AM-5:30 PM Pacific Time

*Automatic-emptying electronic rain gauge-$49.95
Add $5.00 for shipping. CA residents add sales tax.
Fax 1-415-732-9188 • M/C and VISA

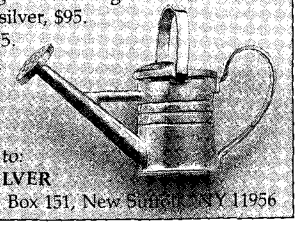
DIGITAR®
3465 DIABLO AVE, HAYWARD, CA 94545

GALAPAGOS

You, nine others and our naturalist will explore by yacht more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. From simple adventures to splendid yacht charters, from scuba diving to serious hiking and even college credit, no one else offers as many ways to experience the Galapagos because no one else specializes exclusively in the Galapagos. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.

FREE BROCHURE

Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-YL 63rd. St., Emeryville CA 94608

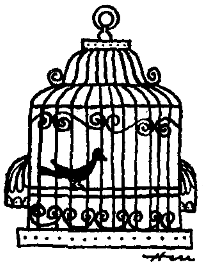


Gardener's Pin *actual size*

The classic English watering can in sterling silver, $95. 14K gold, $385. $3 shipping. In NY add sales tax. AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check to:
EAST END SILVER
Dept. N6, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

west from Germany, Central Europe, and Scandinavia, and who yearned to speak English well, the radio's roster of well-spoken homemakers, lecturers, and announcers provided continuous daily examples of the fine art of conversing in the language of the New World. Whether they huddled close to a homemade crystal set on a kitchen table or sat politely around a mahogany console in the parlor, KMA's far-flung listeners began to think of the signal coming out of Shenandoah as a beacon that could guide them through their days. "The radio was the outside world to us," Nadine Elwers recalled during the conversation in the pharmacy. "It was entertainment, enlightenment, and a knowledge that the horizon was not the end of things."



As KMA's audience grew and its regular on-the-air personalities became familiar voices for miles around, many regular listeners came to think of themselves as members of a big radio family. Earl May encouraged this idea, and found a way to bring this radio family together. In November of 1926, he organized the first KMA Jubilee—an event that became an annual tradition in Shenandoah and continued until the Second World War. The Jubilees, week-long gatherings in Shenandoah of friendly strangers who shared an enjoyment of the radio, were a chance to visit on the grandest scale. They were an opportunity to eat free pancakes in a big circus tent equipped with griddles, tables, and chairs, visit the famous seed houses and admire perfect roses, squashes, and tomatoes on display there, enjoy live music outdoors and at the radio station, and see favorite radio personalities in the flesh. In 1930, over four hundred thousand pancakes were served at the Jubilee, and within a few years it was featuring carnival rides, an eighteen-hole miniature golf course, fiddle and accordion contests, and competitions in nail pounding, potato peeling, and husband calling—a handy skill for anyone whose duties included hollering "Dinner's ready!" to somebody in a distant field.

Even before Shenandoah became known for its radio stations and its Jubilees, seed-and-nursery businesses had made it an important destination for the region's farmers: they came to buy seeds, sell some of their best seedlings, and stock up on flour, coffee, and perhaps even a loaf of factory-made bread. "I thought it was the most glamorous place in the world, because there were always flowers," one woman has said of her childhood trips from Nehawka, Nebraska, to Shenandoah in the nineteen-thirties. "When the seed houses had too many plants, sometimes they just let people have them. Free roses—roses everywhere." Sixty years ago, Shenandoah was about the same size and shape it is now—with a population of six thousand, and the downtown ranging along a broad main street and providing the necessary apparel and appliance stores, a town café (then run by Earl May), a movie theatre, and a drugstore with a soda fountain. Once KMA and KFNF had begun broadcasting, the town also attracted musicians, orators, and storytellers as performers on their programs. The boarding houses on Sycamore Street were occupied by hot-blooded accordionists, handsome harmonizing quartets, guitar-playing gypsies, and lovely songbirds—a whole swarm of entertainers who made their living in the early days of broadcasting by travelling from one small station to another, staying as long as their repertoire lasted, and then moving on to another station or to a barn dance or a state fair. (Lawrence Welk began this way, in North Dakota in the nineteen-twenties, with a group called the Hotsy Totsy Boys.) Among the ones who came to KMA in its first few years were the Dixie Girls (sisters who sang and played guitar); the Southland Jubilee Singers (four black men who harmonized); the Ray-O-Vac Twins, of Wisconsin (who later became the Farm Belt Paint Boys); William Cunningham (the Farmer Scotsman, a balladeer); Joe Fox (a vaudevillian with a concertina); Maja, Son of India (who conducted radio séances); the flamenco dancer Rosa Rosario (who told a Shenandoah reporter that her two ambitions in life were to appear in Movietone films and to raise chickens); and the Ruby Trio (who played banjo, trumpet, and piano). In addition to such itinerants, Shenandoah's radio stations became a magnet for local talent, including professional and semi-professional musicians like Hugo Heyn (a marimba and xylophone artist from Omaha), William Powell (Iowa's champion old-time fiddler), Estella

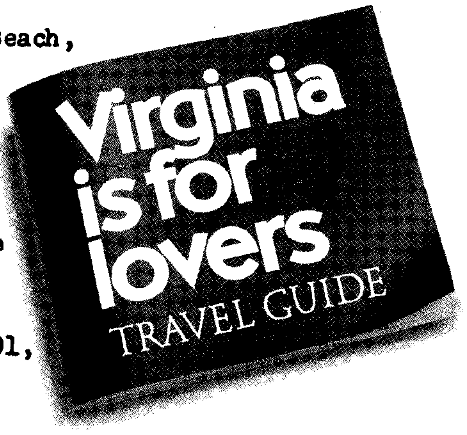
Murray (trumpet solos and whistling), the Elks' Municipal Band, and the singing Pancake Sisters.

Forty thousand people visited Shenandoah in 1926; in 1927, to encourage even more to come to town, socialize with other citizens of radioland, and tour the nursery, Earl May built Mayfair. It was a radio hall—the largest one between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains—which featured an auditorium with a stage that could be made into a soundproof broadcasting studio by lowering a three-ton sheet of glass between performers and audience. Above the seats, a vapor machine produced indoor clouds, and miniature electric lights twinkled in a dark-blue canopy ceiling. Like many of the grandiose movie palaces built during the nineteen-twenties, Mayfair resembled a mosque, with minarets outside and its interior modelled on a Mediterranean garden, complete with decorative columns, balconies, niches, fountains, hanging vines, and twin white stuffed pigeons soaring above the proscenium arch.

Earl May knew what appealed to the farmers and other workers who listened to KMA and bought his seeds. An extraordinary showman, and a prosperous one, he strove to present himself as a friend of the average man. He was not only the owner of the radio station but also its "official announcer" and its most recognizable personality; in fact, he was chosen by the readers of *Radio Digest*, a semimonthly national publication, as the world's most popular radio announcer in 1926. He was described in early KMA publicity booklets as "the happy voice of the air," known for "the informal manner of his announcing, coupled with a natural pleasantness of voice and accompanied by a hearty laugh." A visitor to Mayfair described him as having long been an "unseen friend" and wrote this account for the first souvenir booklet: "While I am still milling around and wondering how it is possible to attract such a large number of common and uncommon folks . . . I'm attracted by a familiar voice and my hand just starts itching for a handshake and a howdydo. Many times have I sat by the hour and listened to this same voice—and that laugh, who could mistake it! Earl May himself, as I live!" Photographs of May at this time show him at a desk in front of a large microphone: he has a scrubbed round face, a bright

p. 69: Proof that the Loch Ness Monster and the Big Bad Wolf really do exist.

In fact, in our new 144-page travel guide, you'll visit their home at Busch Gardens. And that's just for starters. You'll see the Blue Ridge Mountains, Virginia Beach, Colonial Williamsburg and historic Richmond. Call for your copy today. Or just write Virginia Division of Tourism, Dept. E701, Richmond, VA 23219.



For your free travel guide, call 1-800-248-4833.

©1991 Virginia Division of Tourism

MOVING?

ATTACH YOUR MAGAZINE LABEL HERE
(Or write in current address)
Please give us 4 weeks' notice.

☐ **I'm moving** to the new address indicated below.

Name (please print)

Address Apartment

City State ZIP

☐ **I'd like to renew** my subscription for one year at $32.

☐ **I'd like to subscribe** for one year (52 issues) at $32.

☐ My check for $________ is enclosed.

Charge my ☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Account Number Expiration Date /

Signature 4151

Canada 1 year $56.00 (plus 7% GST); other foreign 1 year $66.00. Payment in U.S. funds with order.

☐ Remove my name from THE NEW YORKER subscriber lists available for rental.

MAIL COMPLETED ORDER TO:
THE NEW YORKER
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, P.O. BOX 56447, BOULDER, CO 80322

smile, large hands, and a tight three-piece suit.

KMA built its reputation as a station that catered to the tastes of farmers, townsfolk, tradesmen, new wives in humble bungalows, and elderly shut-ins. Probably its most popular show in the early years was one called "The KMA Country School, District No. 9," broadcast six days a week from Mayfair. The stage was decorated to resemble a one-room schoolhouse and was filled with adult KMA performers dressed as yokel schoolchildren, in outsize overalls and floppy shoes, with hay in their hair and untamed cowlicks. With Earl May playing the schoolmaster, the mischievous pupils sang, told jokes, and, in general, behaved like unruly country bumpkins. It resembled an early Midwestern version of "Hee Haw," and audiences relished the caricature of their own rural lives.

THE RENDEZVOUS

How narrow the bear trail
through the forest,
one paw print following
the other in the manner
of good King Wenceslas
tagged by his faithful serf.

How, according to the legend,
a bear is able to feel shame
and if a woman meets a male bear
she should take off all her clothes,
thereby causing him
to run away.

How I meet a male bear.
How I am careful not
to insult him. I unbutton
my blouse. He takes out
his teeth. I slip off
my skirt. He turns
his back and works his way
out of his pelt
which he casts to the ground
for a rug.

He smells of honey
and garlic. I am wet
with human fear. How
can he run away, unfurred?
How can I, without my clothes?

How we prepare a new legend.

—MAXINE KUMIN

• •

ENTERTAINMENT, however, was only part of KMA's appeal. From the beginning, the station, as part of its service to listeners and as a way of encouraging their interest in the seed business, went in heavily for information aimed at farmers, growers, homemakers, parents, and children. "The chain stations have become monotonous and the programs they present are not desired or appreciated by the average public and especially by the rural folk . . . to whom the radio has given most service," Mr. and Mrs. Jno. P. Ellis, of La Grange, Missouri, wrote to Earl May in January of 1928. What the Ellises appreciated were such programs, listed in the earliest KMA program booklets, as instructive addresses by the "well-known lecturer and world traveller" George Van Houten, stories for children told by "Auntie Blossom" every Friday night from six to seven, radio sermons for shut-ins and "others denied the pleasure of church attendance," advice on solving "the actual problems of the present-day farmer" from a farmer named Frank Coykendall, tips for raising better poultry offered by Mrs. Archie Perkins, and tales of "Life in the Wild" written and read by Jim Whilt, known as "the poet of the Rockies."

Tuning in to KMA to hear George Van Houten lecture on "History of the Children of Israel," as he did in 1926, or listening to the sports announcer, Burke Schriver, give the scores every night during the baseball season was a family event in many households, but during the day, when children were at school and men were off at work or in the fields, women with chores to do spent time alone with the radio. From the start, KMA put women on the air to broadcast programs designed specially for those women at home—programs with such names as "Home Hour" and "Visit." Lina Ferguson, who began each broadcast with the salutation "Good morning, flower friends and fellow gardeners," was billed as "the flower lady with the million-dollar voice." Eva Hopkins had a show called "Beauty Aids," and used it to sell her homemade "House of Hopkins" beauty products. An afternoon program called "Domestic Science" provided instruction by Mamie Miller, who was a voice-and-piano teacher but also expounded on the subjects of cleaning, cooking, and home beautification. One of the most enduring of these broadcasters—she was on the air from 1929 to 1981—was Edythe Stirlen, an ordained minister. She had a daily program called "Send Out Sunshine," on which she sang hymns, accompanying herself on ukelele, guitar, or pump organ; requested help for the needy; and presented recitals by her singing canary. Earl May's wife, Gertrude, was a regular performer on the air in the early days, singing solos and conducting a Sunday-morning religious show, and she seemed to have a real talent for selling. Bob Birkby's book, "KMA Radio: The First Sixty Years," tells about a time when Earl May found his retail grocery store (adjacent to the radio station) overstocked with prunes. Gertrude May and another KMA announcer took to the airwaves and sang the praises of prunes, discussing their health benefits and staging a contest for the best prune recipes sent in by listeners. The surplus prunes vanished from the store shelves forthwith.

The first of the woman broadcasters at KMA to become known as a radio homemaker was Jessie Young. May hired her in 1926, when she lost her job as a bank teller because the bank failed. She had sung duets with her husband, Floyd, on the earliest Earl May broadcasts from WOAW, and her job at KMA was to sing and also to write and read commercials. Her ability to read commercials in a down-to-earth manner, together with the success of a chatty show for women on KFNF called "The Mother's Hour," convinced Earl May that Jessie ought to have a daily women's program of her own on KMA. "The Stitch and Chat Club," which was soon renamed "A Visit with Jessie Young," became the exemplary radio-homemaker show—a show on which a woman regularly discussed the details of housekeeping, including cooking and sewing, and also created an easygoing daily radio companion whom listeners could depend on. Jessie didn't lecture; she neighbored. Her voice said, "Trust me—I'm just like you." She talked into the microphone as though she were chatting with a friend over a back-yard fence.

"A Visit with Jessie Young" was quickly distinguished by its authenticity. In 1932, to underscore Jessie's folksy manner and encourage the audience to consider her an equal, a transmitting wire was run to her home kitchen from KMA, and she did her broadcasting there; on Saturdays, the show featured the comings and goings of her four children and her husband, including musical selections on the Novachord by their son Robert and vocal duets by Floyd and Jessie. In the course of a week, Jessie might discuss how to make cloverleaf lace and the best way to skim fat from gravy, but she would also muse about what she was fixing for supper that night and worry aloud about family problems; she would talk about her daughter Eileen, whom she and Floyd had adopted, and would invite her elderly mother, Rosa Susanka, to join her at the microphone and share her maternal wisdom. As air time approached, according to Bob Birkby's book, Jessie chased the kids out of the room, lowered the fire under a pot on the stove, wiped her hands on her apron, and sat down in the middle of a working kitchen in the middle of a working day to visit for half an hour with listeners engaged in exactly the same sorts of activities.

As a child growing up in Essex, seven miles north of Shenandoah, Jessie had worked hard: she went door-to-door selling her mother's baked goods and subscriptions to magazines. As a radio homemaker, she ad-libbed all her commercials, never using a script. She was a natural salesperson, and a homemaker show proved to be a lucrative medium for advertising, not limited to cleaning and cooking products. "I sold cosmetics, roses, fish, horse collars, harnesses, jackets, boots, jam, tires, blankets, and dress goods," she recalled. "But I never sold anything I didn't believe in." And listeners believed in her. Jessie Young was soon receiving three or four thousand letters a week from housewives and farm wives offering advice and product recommendations of their own and telling their own domestic stories. The Shenandoah post office built a special repository in front of her house to hold the daily mailbag, so that it could be dropped off each morning by truck and then toted to her front door by the mailman as he made his rounds. She said, "The people who wrote me those letters visited with me just like I talked to them on the air."

THE idea that a home should be run according to scientific principles and that snow-white sheets, fluffy

p. 12: Meet Saltwater cowboys and spend the night in a bird's nest.

You'll go from the Pony Penning on Chincoteague Island to a quiet night in Birdsnest, Virginia. You'll enjoy Bull Run, Kings Dominion, Virginia Beach and the Skyline Drive. In fact, you'll find an adventure on every one of the 144 pages in our new full-color guide. Call for your copy now. Or write Virginia Division of Tourism, Dept. F701, Richmond, VA 23219.

Virginia is for lovers
TRAVEL GUIDE

For your free travel guide, call 1-800-248-4833.

©1991 Virginia Division of Tourism

Hurry! Limited-time offer

FREE SyberVision® Language Tape.

Learn to speak a foreign language in 30 days or less!

SyberVision's audio tape series makes learning a foreign language a snap! There are no books to study. No time-consuming memorization either. Simply listen to the tapes in your car, on your lunch hour or in the comfort of your home and follow the clear step-by-step lessons. It's that easy!

Amaze your friends and co-workers!

Developed by Dr. Paul Pimsleur, world renown language professor at Columbia University, this revolutionary program is *guaranteed* to teach you the language of your choice in 30 days or less. Don't wait.

Call for your FREE sample tape today!

There's no obligation. No risk whatsoever. Simply choose the language you'd like to learn and we'll send you a free sample tape immediately. To receive your FREE tape, clip and mail the coupon below or call toll-free:

1-800-777-9237 Ask For Dept. 30288

SPANISH ITALIAN FRENCH GERMAN HEBREW GREEK RUSSIAN

Yes! Please rush me the FREE language tape as indicated with no obligation.

☐ Spanish ☐ Italian SYBERVISION®
☐ Hebrew ☐ Russian ☐ Greek
☐ French ☐ Spanish II ☐ German

Name:
Address:
City: State: Zip:
Daytime Ph: ( )
Evening Ph: ( )

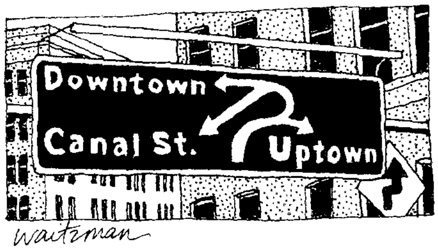
Mail To: SyberVision Systems Dept. 30288 7133 Koll Center Pkwy Pleasanton, CA 94566

cakes, and a knife-sharp crease in a husband's trousers were the prescription for domestic bliss had been popularized around 1900. Crusaders of the time championed housewifery as a skill at least as necessary to the progress of the human race as the masculine vocations, and some of the upholders of these principles became well known. Fannie Merritt Farmer, of the Boston Cooking-School, for example, advocated level measurement in all cookery and wrote a cookbook that is still an authoritative guide in its newest editions. Isabel Bevier transformed the Ladies Department of the University of Illinois College of Agriculture into the Department of Household Science, which included an experimental home with a full complement of electrical appliances and a resident chemist to research subjects such as what makes jelly jell. Lydia Ray Balderston, instructor in housewifery and laundering at Columbia University's Teachers College, wrote, "Housewifery is the business of the mistress of the family," and added, "The accepted fact to-day is that every housewife ought to become as proficient in her realm as the business man is in his." The way to proficiency was through a serious study of housekeeping, and for women living on isolated farms radio homemakers were an invaluable source of knowledge about it.

One veteran KMA listener who never attended a formal class in laundering, housewifery, or cooking said last summer, "It meant so much to me to have the homemakers tell me how to clean off the spots that the baby made when she spat up and how to wash the diapers to get them clean. It was very important—you soaked them in the products they told you about and got them all nice and clean. That was still when a white wash was the sign of a good homemaker. You hung your clothes outdoors; and some of the neighbors had to get the laundry out on the line first in the neighborhood to prove they were the best of the homemakers—by first light . . . You did the white things first, and as the water cooled you did the other things, and on the farm you wound up with the overalls. Once a week: Monday was washday. So said the homemakers, and so it was."

Radio homemakers were so deeply trusted by their listeners that many of them were hired—and some were invented—to be spokeswomen for companies with household products to sell. "Kitchen Club," first broadcast on KMA, was syndicated throughout the Midwest by a Shenandoah company called Tidy House, makers of Perfex all-purpose cleaner, GlossTex starch, Dexol bleach, and Shina Dish. From a show called "Kitchen-Klatter" came Kitchen-Klatter laundry soap, salad dressing, and a selection of food flavorings touted as the brand that "will not bake out or freeze out." A rustic duo named Sara Peters and Aggie Tuttle were sponsored by the Dr. W. B. Caldwell Company, of Monticello, Illinois, to broadcast "Sara and Aggie's Party Line"; between discussions of recipes like Baked Potatoes Mortimer and Theresa's Sunshine Cake they told listeners about Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, "the liquid family laxative." Sometimes the effectiveness of a homemaker's endorsement was phenomenal. As recently as the early eighties, a radio homemaker named Billie Oakley happened to mention on her show, "It's a Woman's World," that she used Bag Balm, a cream for cows' udders, as a moisturizer, and Bag Balm sales at Jay Drug, a pharmacy in Shenandoah, went from six cans a year to two thousand in a few months.

Well into the thirties, strict standards of correct housekeeping and scientific nutrition saturated textbooks, women's magazines, and brochures published by big food companies, which pitched nearly every product as scientifically beneficial. (Morton's advertised "health salt"; Fleischmann's described yeast as "the richest known source of water-soluble vitamin"; and the Postum Cereal Company boasted that Grape-Nuts cereal "generally digests in about one hour.") Prim ladies in starched white smocks appeared in innumerable photographs of spotless test kitchens expatiating on the connubial rapture that could be inspired by the proper use of Spry in a piecrust, or worrying about the health problems that might occur if you didn't eat enough Sunkist lemons. Home economists warned in popular magazines of dire consequences for wives and mothers who fell below the line of acceptability, and illustrated their warnings with photographs of rickety, wan children alongside robust classmates who drank enough milk, enjoyed sunshine, and wore clean clothes. They told about glum husbands who came home after a hard day at work only to face the disgrace of a sagging layer cake or stained kitchen curtains. In 1919, one of a series of manuals titled "Housewifery" devoted eight well-illustrated pages to bedmaking: they included instructions in how to clean springs and create a hospital corner, and noted the importance of a spread or counterpane, which could be arranged with a valance to make the bed look "quaint and attractive."



Domestic science was a set of principles that promised to make the home a happy place; it was also set forth as a joy in itself, because it gave women the same satisfaction that men discovered in a job well done. "Housewifery" suggested that any woman who researches how to dust, launder, set the table, and wash windows will soon "become so interested in the study that the so-called drudgery of housework becomes an interesting game." Nearly all radio homemakers' programs were full of tips for turning monotonous chores into rousing little challenges—some dreamed up by the resident homemaker, many others sent in by listeners. In the spring of 1942, Mrs. George Honold, of Scranton, Iowa, wrote to *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* to suggest, "Don't throw away small pieces of soap. Put them into an empty talcum box, cover with hot water and set away. Sprinkle the liquid into your dish water. It makes a splendid suds." Mrs. William Wildebaur, of Lennox, South Dakota, wrote, "My rag bag was full and I needed more room in it." Her solution: remove the old lace curtains and use them for dishrags. "I wondered what I was saving them for . . . tried them in the dish pan and have been thankful ever since." Mrs. Will Loder, of Marquette, Kansas, advised turning overalls inside out before washing them and hanging them on the line to dry: "They blow out much nicer, also in winter the pockets dry better." The swapping of such nuggets gave the homemaking programs real practical value and let listeners know that they were sharing the burdens and rewards of their job with companions, however physically remote from the companions they may have been and however alone they may have felt. Neighbors were helping neighbors to perfect the noble task of keeping house.

By the mid-thirties, homemakers were a staple on radio stations throughout the country. The NBC network broadcast "Mrs. Blake's Radio Column," "Sisters of the Skillet," and, on the West Coast, "Woman's Magazine of the Air." The home economist Martha Bohlsen, of Omaha's WOW, began broadcasting the tremendously popular "Kitchen Club," and in 1949 it became one of television's first cooking shows. Even some down-to-earth men became women's radio friends. Procter & Gamble sponsored regular radio talks titled "The Care and Feeding of Husbands" and featuring Dad Dailey, a cheerful old gent, whose advice to wives included "Keep the cookie jar full, say I. So say I! And it's easy to make cookies if you use Crisco, the shortening that comes to you already creamed." In 1932, Procter & Gamble published a brochure called "Good Things to Eat from out of the Air—136 Tested Radio Recipes," each endorsed either by a well-known radio homemaker or by a radio performer like Guy Lombardo or Bing Crosby ("fresh from the West Coast" and "already one of the East's favorite baritones"). By the time of the Second World War, homemakers were such a familiar part of radio's repertoire that Billie Burke parodied them by acting the part of an earnest housewife perplexed by ration points on a weekly Saturday morning CBS program called "Fashions in Rations," but the show was not all parody: it promised to tell listeners how to cook well despite wartime shortages. Of all the nationally known radio experts in the domestic science of the thirties and forties, the most famous was Ida Bailey Allen. She broadcast on CBS what was called the "National Radio Home-Makers' Club," the goals of which were "happier homes, better health, and mutual helpfulness," and all women with a radio were eligible to join. "There is no fee and no obligation, except to listen to the broadcasts and to try to make your own home happier," she assured them. A picture of Mrs. Allen at the beginning of "Ida Bailey Allen's Modern Cook Book," published in 1935, shows a determined middle-aged woman with marcelled dark-brown hair, standing in a clean white kitchen and speaking into a plate-size microphone as she firmly grips a pot in one hand and wields an electric mixer in the other.

In 1926, the Department of Agriculture's radio service invented a character named Aunt Sammy (Uncle Sam's better half), who was played by different local women at stations across the country, on a show called "Housekeeper's Chat" that was built around recipes developed by the Bureau of Home Economics. Aunt Sammy's favorite foods ran the gamut from down-home watermelon pickles and plain boiled dinner to a dessert she called Parisian Sweets—figs, prunes, and nuts chopped, pressed together, rolled into little balls, and dredged in confectioners' sugar. Aunt Sammy stayed on the air until 1946, but because farm wives seemed to crave casual conversation most listeners in the Midwest preferred tuning in to their own, home-grown radio homemakers.

One reason that listeners around

Introducing
Ladybug the new magazine for children ages 2-7 from the publishers of CRICKET magazine!

A GREAT GIFT IDEA!

Discover... the pleasure of quiet moments with your child, in a world of ideas, adventures, and activities.

"LADYBUG is the happiest news for youngest readers, preschoolers, and their parents. In addition to a solid foundation of expertise in early childhood education, it's a delight to the eye, an adventure for the mind. LADYBUG sets a bright new standard of excellence."
—Lloyd Alexander, author/Newbery medalist

Give... your young child the best possible start on the path to becoming a successful and enthusiastic reader.

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us this coupon.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State_____ Zip_____

Ladybug
Box 58344, Boulder, CO 80322
1-800-BUG PALS
(1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5L)
5LCL0

Shenandoah have felt so close to the homemakers of KFNF and KMA is that many other broadcasters besides Jessie Young did their shows from home. This tradition was begun by chance, in 1930, by Leanna Driftmier, of "Kitchen-Klatter," who, after four years of daily shows from a studio (during which her preschool children sat in a corner and kept quiet, because they were promised popcorn at sign-off), broke her back in a car accident. A microphone was set up beside the bed in her bedroom at home, on East Summit Avenue in Shenandoah, and the show continued from there; when she recovered sufficiently to get about in a wheelchair, the microphone was moved to her kitchen. There, assisted by her daughters, Lucile, Dorothy, and Margery, and with occasional commentary or musical recitals by her sons, Howard, Frederick, Wayne, and Donald, Leanna visited and cooked and made "Kitchen-Klatter" into the longest-running of all homemaker shows—thirty minutes every day for more than half a century, first on KFNF and then on KMA. (From 1948 to 1972, it was syndicated throughout the Midwest.)

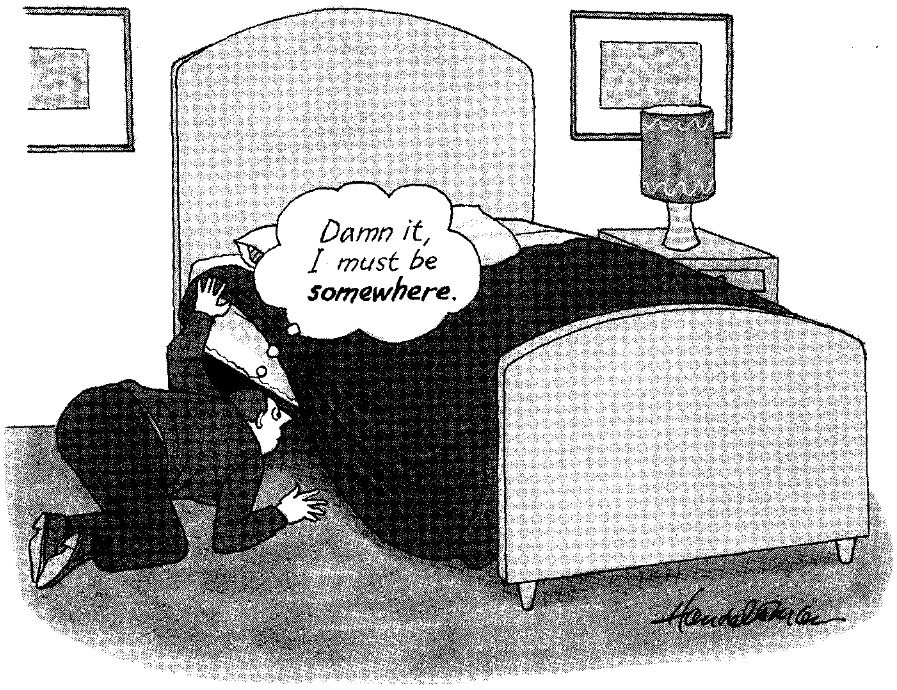
Like the radio shows, the monthly *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, which sold for ten cents, provided an opportunity to learn (recipes, sewing tips) and also to poke into other people's lives with neighborly curiosity. It began in 1926, as a leaflet called *Mother's Hour Letter*, which Leanna had created to enable her to answer all her correspondence; by 1937, it was a dozen pages long, and included detailed accounts, with photographs, of the comings and goings of the Driftmier family and advertisements for white lilies from Granville, Iowa (eight flowers with three buds for fifty cents), and acrobatic parakeets sold by Henry Field (four ninety-five a pair). Every issue began with "A Letter from Leanna" and, beside it, a picture of her behind her desk as she attended to business. Leanna appeared as a motherly-looking woman, her graying hair swept back with only a hint of wave, her frock decorated with posies, and her sturdy wrists looking capable of beating an egg white to towering heights. Below the salutation "Dear Friends," one of her letters sails into such topics as how the bus her son was riding in skidded on the icy pavement but no one was hurt, and the importance of covering your purple-martin house in the winter so that sparrows don't take it over. The issue also includes all the usual "Kitchen-Klatter" features: letters from readers; poems; a health-hints column ("Vitamin jitters give all of us the jimjams at times"); capsule book reviews titled "What Shall We Read?" and "Neighbor Bob's Dinner Table Almanac"; an "Our Hobby Club" article, by Miss Betty Wion, of Clarion, about her nine hundred and twenty-seven pairs of salt and pepper shakers, including replicas of the Last Supper, Abraham Lincoln, and six of the seven dwarfs; and a long column called "Over the Fence," devoted to such miscellany as "Little Charlie Hayden, four year old entertainer, knows ninety-seven songs," "Mrs. Arden Kissel . . . wishes to thank those who sent her cards, letters, and gifts while she was in the hospital at Iowa City," and "Rusty, my little cocker spaniel, is in disgrace. He snapped at the paper boy and now has to wear a muzzle . . . Rusty thinks the paper boy is throwing at him when he throws the paper onto the porch."

The "Kitchen-Klatter" radio family came to include not only Leanna's daughters and, eventually, her granddaughters but also many young homemakers who went on to have their own shows and become regional celebrities. To have cooked on the radio with Leanna—who was selected Iowa Mother of the Year in 1954—earned a radio homemaker more respect among listeners than any domestic-science degree. Leanna was a regal presence on the air, and visitors to Shenandoah frequently drove past her house in the hope of seeing her, for she was known to sit out on the front porch in her wheelchair, sometimes holding sprays of roses, and wave to passersby. Her audience respected and trusted her and wanted to know all about her; they relished overhearing the friendly banter as she and her daughters and other reliable helpers mixed batter, kneaded dough, and discussed family matters as well as recipes.

Next to Leanna, the homemaker best known for her regular broadcasts from home was Florence Falk. She made her radio début in 1949, after a tornado levelled her farm and she was invited to speak about the catastrophe on the programs of two KMA radio homemakers, Adella Shoemaker and Bernice Currier. Listeners expressed so much sympathy for her and enjoyed her rough-hewn, folksy delivery so much that KMA asked her to become a regular on-air homemaker. After the tornado, Florence and her husband, Byron, renovated an old family farmhouse eight miles northeast of Shenandoah, and KMA strung a wire to it for remote broadcasting. From a table in her dining room, Florence Falk created a morning program called "The Farmer's Wife," which almost always included the sound of the family's red rooster crowing from the yard. Florence frequently spoke about her husband on the air, but never by name. He was called simply "the farmer," and it was not unusual for her to ask her audience to give the farmer a message if they saw him in town. The farmer's wife talked about life on the farm as it happened, telling listeners when the mailman drove past and what he brought, excusing herself from the microphone for a minute if the buzzer on her oven sounded and she had to pull out a cake, and, on one well-remembered occasion, describing her amazement when she looked out the window and saw the farmer fall headlong into the stock tank. If a caller came to her door during a show, she was known to call "I'm broadcasting, come on in!" and might ask whoever it was to join her at the microphone and visit awhile.

It became a custom for listeners to pay social calls on favorite radio homemakers. Tours started at the KMA studio and wound their way around Shenandoah, stopping at the homemaker's farm or house for tea and cookies. Sometimes the social calls were impromptu. Jessie Young recalled the time a group of radio friends knocked on her door and asked to use the bathroom. When she said yes, they all went in and took baths. Leanna Driftmier's son Frederick remembered that after getting married, in Washington, D.C., he took his bride back to Shenandoah to meet the family. "While we were eating breakfast that first morning, an entire busload of radio friends walked through the house. . . . [My wife] very quickly learned what it meant to be part of a radio family."

Each homemaker had her own style. Whereas Leanna was Mother Iowa, the authoritative, well-starched matriarch of a huge and loyal family, Florence was the salt of the earth, with an unvarnished rustic accent and a pioneer woman's tenacity. In photographs, Florence wears a housedress and a print apron. Her shoes are sensible, her eyeglasses utilitarian. And, in contrast to Leanna's husband, Martin, who is pictured in *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* gardening in a suit and tie, Florence's husband—the farmer—seems never to have been photographed wearing anything but overalls. Florence was once filmed to appear on the television program "See It Now," in an episode devoted to "The Crisis of Abundance." Her role was to appeal to other "corn-country gals" to eat as much pork as possible and thereby help reduce the hog surplus. Although her segment was cut from the program before it was broadcast, Florence proudly described to her radio listeners the breakfast she served the crew from New York when they came to her house to film her: eggs, pecan rolls, Swedish rye bread, peaches, and plenty of ham, bacon, and sausage.



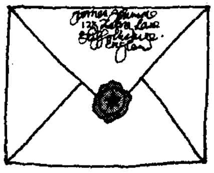
Phil at Fifty: Still Trying to Find Himself

• •

EVELYN BIRKBY has discussed virtually everything of importance to her on the radio: she has swapped recipes for the likes of "Hay-Hand Rolls," "1-2-3-4 Ice Cream," and "Myrtle Brooks' Favorite Banana Cake"; she has delivered motivational talks when crops were bad; she has discussed the toilet training of children, the dressing of chickens, and the decorating of farmhouse interiors; she has shared her tribulations as a new wife struggling alongside her husband to raise chickens and hogs and to start a dairy farm; and she has chronicled the history of the radio homemakers of Shenandoah not only on the air but also in a book, published by May Broadcasting, called "Cooking with KMA—Featuring 60 Years of Radio Homemakers," and in a forthcoming book, "Neighboring on the Air." If there is a poet laureate of radio homemaking, it is Evelyn. She was a fan of the homemakers well before she became a practitioner, forty-one years ago.

When Evelyn Birkby was a high-school girl in Sidney, she listened to homemaking shows because her mother did. She listened to Leanna, Bernice Currier, and Jessie, but neither housewifery nor cooking nor farming was what she did naturally. Evelyn was a dreamer, encouraged by her parents to read; and her father, a Methodist minister, inspired her to take up public speaking. Before she was married, she often talked to youth groups and women's clubs on topics like looking for the bluebird of happiness. (You search everywhere and find it on your own doorstep.) "I always had my nose in a book, and I had a good education, but I didn't have any good sense about homemaking," she said last summer. "That is why the homemakers were so important to me when I first got married." As a new bride, she listened to the homemakers after she and her husband moved to Ames, where he attended college. For Evelyn, they were friendly voices from back home as well as teachers of domestic science, but what she appreciated most about them was that they spun out such enchanting images of country living—white laundry flapping on the line, sweet berry pies emerging from the oven, the warmth of a newly laid egg—and in doing so they inspired her to endure some of the less romantic realities of rural life, like loneliness, drudgery, and failure. "There were so many things in normal life that could drag a person down," she said. "I realized this especially when I got on the farm and saw how life could be so dull if you don't have something for inspiration." Evelyn discovered her own inspiration in the voices of the radio homemakers, whose daily broadcasts were for her the folklore of rural life. She fell in love with the picture of Iowa as it was created each day on the radio by those women, who spoke of so much more than housewifery and inspired Evelyn when she began writing a column about rural life for the Shenandoah *Evening Sentinel* in 1949. The column was called "Up a Country Lane," and when KMA asked her to do something similar on the radio in 1950 the name was changed to "Down a Country Lane" because it sounded more poetic.

Two years after Evelyn began broadcasting "Down a Country Lane," KMA sent a photographer to take pictures of her outside her farmhouse. In the picture, she wears a housedress with rolled-up sleeves and is kneeling in one rut of a driveway that leads back through unmowed grass to a few sheds and a grove of trees. Her husband is barely visible, on a tractor in front of a distant barn. Standing close to Evelyn and held in her left arm is her son Bob, wearing clean overalls and a plaid shirt; he is so small that, even stretching up as tall as he can, he can't bring his head level with his kneeling mother's. In front of Evelyn and next to Bob sits Sparkle, the family dog, tongue dangling. Evelyn explains that the picture was taken when she and Bob and Sparkle were at the end of the drive waiting for the school bus to bring her daughter, Dulcie Jean, home from kindergarten. But it is not a candid snapshot; it is a sentimental scene, evoking a sense of lonely pastoral beauty.



However, farm life as Evelyn experienced it was no pastoral idyll. Her listeners know that Evelyn has suffered real pain. "Robert always wanted to be a farmer," she explained. "We called our first place the Green Farm, because everything was green, including us. There wasn't a year when things went right. The crops died. Dulcie Jean died." A year and a half after the death of their daughter, from an unidentified viral or bacterial infection that struck overnight, the Birkbys decided that they simply could not make a living as farmers, so they gave up and moved to town. With such defeat in her background, and with her admiration for farm wives intact, Evelyn has seldom ventured to address listeners as an expert; she still talks about country living with the enthusiasm of a beguiled outsider. She has written that after a year on the Green Farm she was "beginning to suspect that it has always been an ugly rumor that farmers tucked away the last bushel of corn and then settled down to the life of Riley until the spring planting started." She goes on to describe her and Robert's gruelling regimen of mending fences, repairing equipment, wintering livestock, and studying the nutritive values of different feeds and feed mixtures. In the unsuccessful struggle she found a lifetime of inspiration to tell stories of country life. "The secret of the homemakers was being willing to share the bad times with radio friends," she writes. "That is how I had grown up—in a parsonage family that shared your life with the whole community. So sharing on the radio was not strange to me at all."

When Evelyn's program first went on the air, *The KMA Guide* (printed monthly) told listeners that Evelyn Birkby's hobbies were textile painting, crocheting, embroidering, and also sewing her children's clothes, making curtains and slipcovers, raising chickens, and cooking. Despite all those skills, the first "Down a Country Lane" offered nothing in the way of domestic science. True, there was a recipe (how to candy violets) and a few thoughts about which flowers looked nice in the garden, but mostly Evelyn just visited. She talked about her fear and fascination when Robert found a "house snake" while mowing the lawn; she described the sandpile under the grove of mulberry and Chinese elm trees where Dulcie Jean liked to play; she said that she half expected Robert's Duroc hogs to start blooming flowers out their ears, since they got out and ate all her hyacinths and crocuses; she talked about the dimple in her daughter's chin, which she got from Robert; she described the fried chicken and mashed potatoes served at Robert's parents' house for a recent family reunion (for Mother's Day), which were followed by a cake decorated with red-and-pink frosting carnations and also by a chocolate heart-shaped cake decorated with candied violets (her sister-in-law had been taking a course in cake decorating); and she told listeners how to find her farmhouse ("Come on south until a good old country dirt road and there in the middle of the cornfield is where the Birkbys live"), and invited everyone to come calling and pull up a chair at the kitchen table.

"One of the good old country customs I hope will never be abandoned is that of sharing recipes," Evelyn wrote in 1949. Most of the recipes she has read on the air over the years have stories connected to them that evoke country manners. When she describes how to make a yeast bread—the perennially popular "Favorite Rolls," say, or their variation, "Butterscotch Rolls"—she often prefaces the recipe by telling listeners that this was the first bread she made as a bride, and that she was intimidated by the process. Evelyn also likes to tell about Etta Mae Fifer, a radio friend from Council Bluffs, and how she got the recipe for "Refreshing Salad." While Etta Mae was driving to work one morning and listening to KMA, Evelyn Birkby began to read the recipe on the air. Etta Mae grabbed a pencil and a piece of paper from the glove compartment, then heard a siren and saw flashing lights behind her. She pulled over as she jotted down the last of the instructions. The patrolman asked why she had been weaving all over the road. Evelyn tells the rest of the story:

" 'Well, sir,' my radio friend said to the lawman. "Do you like Jell-O salad?'

" 'Sure I like Jell-O, but what does that have to do with your dumb driving?'

"Etta Mae explained that she was writing down a recipe being given on the radio. She even held up the paper and showed him. "I can make a copy for your wife and you can have her make the salad for you,' she suggested." The officer made Etta Mae promise never again to write a recipe from the radio while she was driving her car, took the recipe for his wife, and let Etta Mae go.

When we visited Evelyn Birkby at home, a modest house on a tree-shaded street in Sidney, she prepared what she called a real Iowa supper—some of her favorite things to cook and eat, each of which had a story to go with it. As she greeted us at the front door, Robert came around front from the back-yard garden, nibbling on some just-picked wild plums that looked like cherry tomatoes. We ate at twilight, at a table on a screened sun porch at the back of the house, where we could look out at the garden, listen to a family of nesting wrens, and see a moisture gauge and some other monitoring equipment that Robert uses to report conditions to the National Weather Service in Des Moines. On every shelf and in every nook of the Birkbys' house there is something representative of rural life: a hooked rug, a quilt, a piece of cross-stitch, a loom, a doll's house, Mason jars filled with preserves, and also a stock of empty jars ready to be filled and sealed. The scene is not exactly an Iowa farmstead, but it is like a personal tribute to the rural life.

Though the Birkbys do not farm anymore, the garden yields enough produce to fill the Mason jars and a twenty-two-cubic-foot freezer every year and to keep the family in tomatoes and sweet corn all summer. At seventy-one, Evelyn is robust. She wears her hair in a tight perm and favors the big-lensed eyeglasses that were popularized by Sophia Loren. She had on an elastic-waisted wraparound pink skirt of no-wrinkle fabric and a white man-tailored shirt with the sleeves rolled up. She spoke to us with the same friendliness she expresses when she broadcasts, taking every opportunity to enthrall us with the rural customs that enthrall her.

Evelyn prefaced the meal with an account of her trip to a butcher in Farragut, who had assured her that the evening's pork chops came from an Iowa pig. The chops were what people call "Iowa cut," she said—nearly two inches thick. They were prepared according to a recipe from Virginia Miller, a longtime KMA listener and friend, who lives in an old farmhouse east of Anderson, and who, Evelyn said, is famous as "a gourmet cook." Over the years, Evelyn has shared many of Virginia Miller's recipes with listeners. Mrs. Miller found the pork-chop recipe in a farm magazine and adapted it to her own tastes by using more sugar than the recipe had called for, and using her own ketchup (from Miller tomatoes) instead of Heinz. The thick chops are marinated for hours, then topped with a tomato-and-sugar sauce and baked in a moderate oven. The result was succulent and simple: hefty slabs of pork in a baking pan bubbling with thick red syrup.

VIRGINIA MILLER'S ELEGANT PORK CHOPS
6-8 thickly cut pork chops
Marinade:
2 cups soy sauce
1 cup water
½ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon molasses
¾ teaspoon salt
Baking Sauce:
⅓ cup water
1¾ cups ketchup
1½ cups chili sauce
½ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons French salad dressing (the pink kind)

Combine marinade ingredients and marinate pork chops several hours or overnight.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Remove chops from marinade and place in a 9-by-13-inch baking pan. Put the pan in the oven as you prepare baking sauce—for about 10 minutes. In a saucepan combine all ingredients of baking sauce and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Pour sauce over chops and return baking pan to the oven, uncovered. Bake 15 minutes, turn, and continue to bake for 1 hour or until done, turning twice more.

SHENANDOAH is different from what it was when "Down a Country Lane" had its première. It is still arranged along a cheerful main street, but now there are a strip mall and franchised restaurants on the outskirts of town, and Sycamore Street, where radio personalities used to stay in boarding houses, is no longer glamorous. May's seed-and-nursery business continues to thrive, as does the Henry Field Seed Company, but KFNF has been off the air for fourteen years, and the Field seed house stands unoccupied. KMA's Mayfair is gone; it was torn down in 1963 and replaced by a rectan-

TAKE YOUR FAMILY BACK TO SUMMER THE WAY IT USED TO BE.

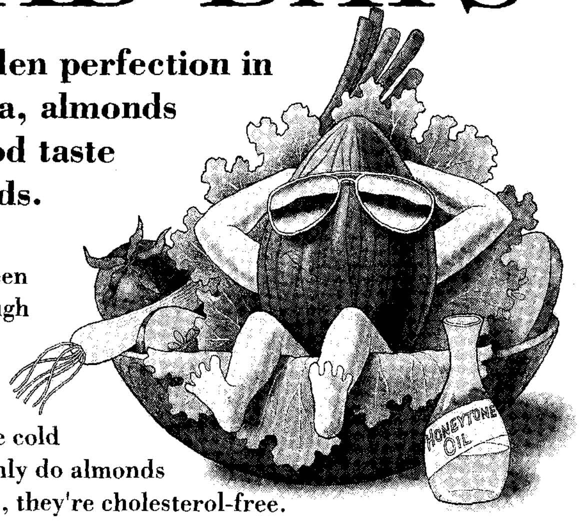
In this fast-lane,
frantic,
future shocked world
it's nice to know
some things
never change.
Summertime
and
Basin Harbor.

Basin Harbor Club. 700 acres on a secluded cove on Lake Champlain. Private country cottages, two main guest houses, and our own airfield. Golf, tennis and water sports, and a daily children's program. American plan. Our season is May through October. For reservations, more information, or to request our free video, please call 1-800-622-4000. (Within Vermont, call (802) 475-2311).

VERMONT'S
BASIN HARBOR CLUB
on Lake Champlain • Box NY, Vergennes, VT 05491
Owned and run by the Beach family since 1886

SALAD DAYS

Ripened to golden perfection in sunny California, almonds add natural good taste to summer salads.



Experiment. Toss almonds in a leafy, green salad. Mix them through a fresh fruit salad. Sprinkle them over vegetable salads, or use them to enhance cold chicken salads. Not only do almonds add texture and flavor, they're cholesterol-free.

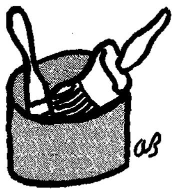
And, each crunchy nut is a storehouse of good-for-you nutrients, including Vitamin E, riboflavin, and magnesium.

Give summer salads a touch of California sunshine. For just $19.75, we'll send you a 5 lb. box of almonds. Money-back guarantee.

You can even send them as gifts – we'll gladly do the shipping. Send your check or money order – with the street addresses to which you want packages sent – to:

MARIANI NUT COMPANY
Mariani Nut Company, P.O. Box 664, Dept. 073
709 Dutton Street, Winters, CA 95694

gular one-story brick radio center. Records superseded live radio music in the early fifties, and there was no longer a place on the schedule for well-remembered KMA personalities such as Elmer and His Axelbenders, Dick Hart (whom the *KMA Guide* touted for the strangely non-aural résumé of "trick rider, cattle roper, expert rifle shot, a graduate taxidermist, and on top of all that, a fancy knife-thrower"), and the Everly Family (including Brothers Don and Phil), who used to broadcast "The Everly Family Program" at five-thirty each morning, featuring inspirational songs, guitar blues, and advertisements for XIT rat poison and Foster's Thirty-Minute Wonder Corn and Callus Remover.



Much of what is broadcast on KMA today is what you would expect to hear over any independent five-thousand-watt radio station in farm country. There are network news updates, a syndicated medical minute, McDonald's advertisements, Paul Harvey commentaries, and top-forty hits. Paula Abdul and the New Kids on the Block are as familiar to young people in the small towns around Shenandoah as they are to big-city children. There are soybean reports and sow-belly-market updates and other programs that serve the farmer, but now fewer women depend on radio homemakers to learn housewifery and to alleviate rural boredom. They are too busy shuttling their kids to Little League, or they are out of the house all day working at jobs. Even in traditional farm families, few women consider homemaking the sublime occupation it was advertised to be when domestic science reigned.

In 1950, KMA broadcast six homemaking programs every day. Now there is one, called "Lifestyles." On occasion, veteran homemakers return to the airwaves for special events and commemorative broadcasts, and Billie Oakley manages to carry on three ten-minute visits each week. Some homemakers got too old to broadcast anymore; some moved away; a few have retired. Whatever the reason for their leaving, it is bad news for radio friends who grew up relying on them for advice and company. Emily Bengston, who runs a café in Farragut called the Anchor Inn, recalls the time, just a few years ago, when KMA replaced the nine-to-ten-o'clock homemaking show with a syndicated call-in program featuring Joy Brown, a psychologist from the West Coast: "Here I was making my pies, and she took the first caller. It was a man who said, 'I'm having trouble getting an erection.' The manager of KMA came in for lunch a few days later, and I went over to his table, slammed my fist down, and said, 'This is enough! I cannot make meringue with somebody's erection on my radio.' " Ed May, Jr., a grandson of Earl May, and the owner of KMA, said that he has tried to make the station more contemporary and increase its appeal to a younger audience, who would lure advertisers, and that most young women aren't as much interested in radio homemaking as their mothers and grandmothers were. But he knows that the homemakers are an important part of the station, and doesn't want to lose the loyal listeners who depend on them. "They are what has made us unique," he said. "There are all kinds of places you can hear Billy Joel records but nowhere else you can go for the homemakers. Their personalities have made our personality."

Billie Oakley, described with affection by others at KMA as "Mother Earth," "a salty old broad," and "Mrs. Gumption," is the current queen bee of radio homemakers. She was syndicated to twenty-four stations, from Worthington, Minnesota, to El Dorado Springs, Missouri, until last winter, when illness forced her to cut back to her three-times-a-week show on KMA. She began her career on the radio in 1931, singing "Lonesome Road," and went on to become the host of "It's a Woman's World" and "The Billie Oakley Show," women's director at KMA, and the keynote cook at the 1965 Homemaker Day Meat-Arama, in Shenandoah. On show day, she arrives at the KMA studio with her hair majestically sculptured into a white pouf, and her face smooth with meticulously applied makeup, but she is leaning on a black lacquer cane she resents with every step. Her delivery on the air is seamless and, like Jessie Young's visits sixty-five years ago, unscripted. She is seductively folksy as she discusses a recent trip to a "Christmas in July" fund-raiser over in the town of Macedonia and interweaves her narrative with advertisements for the Eastman House Sleep Magic Electrically Adjusted Bed at Shenandoah's J & R Furniture & Carpet ("You go in and try that bed") and for Peterson Mercantile, in Clarinda ("Look things over and meet the girls"). On being asked why she has remained popular among listeners for so many years, Billie answered, "I'm average, average in everything. I have never excelled in anything except maybe broadcasting. Radio friends like that, because I am their peer. When I am on the air, I am talking to them."

Verlene Looker is the current women's director at KMA and the only full-time radio homemaker, broadcasting "Lifestyles." She is forty-five years old and has a face and figure familiar in small-town Iowa but hardly ever seen in cities on either coast. Tall and broad, with close-cropped salt-and-pepper hair and bright pink cheeks, she is a farmer's daughter and talks with ease about birthing cows, rolling piecrusts, and "walking beans" (the farmer's term for weeding). Verlene grew up listening to the radio homemakers, and worked on the air with the "Kitchen-Klatter" women in their last days, in the early eighties.

Evelyn Birkby has become KMA's pinch-hitter, called in to neighbor on the air when a gap appears in the schedule. On such a day some months back, after "The Billie Oakley Show" and "Lifestyles," Evelyn was scheduled to do a thirty-minute "Down a Country Lane." Unlike Billie and Verlene, who had sat behind the microphone looking collected and in complete control, Evelyn arrived at the studio juggling an armload of notes and listeners' letters, a box of Kleenex, a cup of coffee, and a spray bottle of Chloraseptic—the last in case her throat got dry. When the engineer signalled to Evelyn that she was on the air, she drew a deep breath before speaking. Her delivery was bumpy. She sighed, she cleared her throat, she paused to sip coffee, her eyes teared, and her voice broke over many of the subjects she discussed: a recent visit to the Methodist church up in Brooks, where the nice young minister helped wash the dishes after tea; a recipe for "Spectacular Frozen Corn" that reminded her of the listener who sent it to her, many years ago; a recent weekend phone call from her son Bob who had been showing Estonian and Latvian youths the conservation efforts under way near Yellowstone Park; Birkby family camping trips when the children were young; letters from listeners about recent heavy rains. Compared with the velvet tongues of conventional radio personalities, her delivery was ruffled, but she was hypnotic, because she invited her listeners into the comforting privacy that only radio can engender. Anxious though she was, she still radiated excitement. "How nice it is to be here on such a beautiful morning!" she began. "What I wish I could do would be to have every one of you sitting on my porch. It was so attractive this morning to sit out there and eat breakfast and listen to the birds. We have little wrens that live over our patio, and they were just singing their hearts out. They've had two families, and they're probably going to have another one before very long, because they're just having a great time, entertaining us in the morning and in the evening. I think back to the time when the radio homemakers used to be in their own homes, and Adella Shoemaker one time said to me, 'I like to be out in the kitchen making ketchup or canning corn. Then, when it's time to sit down and visit on the radio, I can just go in the other room into my little nook, and there I can sit and visit, and not even take off my apron.' It really would be nice to do that again. It's been a long time since the microphones were in the homemakers' homes. I really do think there was an advantage there, maybe just a neighborliness, which was special."

As she has done so often before, Evelyn ends with a poem. "It's been such fun to be with you today. I enjoy visiting with you always. I like poetry, and I have a little poem by Grace Noll Crowell to close with:

"The day will bring some lovely thing,"
I say it over each new dawn,
"Some gay, adventurous thing to hold
Against my heart when it is gone."
And so I rise, and go to meet
The day with wings upon my feet.

No day has ever failed me quite:
Before the grayest day is done
I find some misty, purple bloom,
Or a late line of crimson sun.
Each night I pause, remembering
Some gay, adventurous, lovely thing.

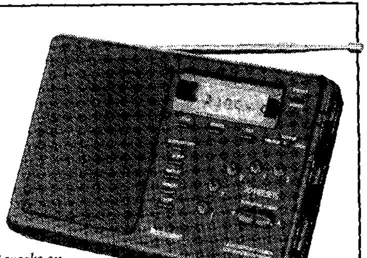
"I hope your day today is gay and adventurous and lovely. You've already made it lovely for me because I was able to share. This is Evelyn, saying goodbye."

—JANE AND MICHAEL STERN

Get an ear on the whole world, with...

AS-138 4-Band Digital Shortwave Receiver only $99.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*



• *The* AS-138 *works on three AA-cells (not included) or, with any AC/DC adapter, off regular household current. The* AS-138 4-Band Digital Shortwave Receiver *is beautifully styled and measures 4½" x 7½". It's good for traveling—use it as a radio/snooze/alarm.*

Through the advanced technology of PLL (Phase Lock Loop), frequency synthesizer circuitry, and the precision of digital tuning you can now listen to shortwave broadcasts from all over the world. In addition to the 3.2 to 7.3 and 9.5 to 21.75 MHz shortwave bands, you also get flawless reception on your standard AM/FM broadcast bands, of course. With this superior Receiver, you can pre-set up to twenty stations and simply tune them in by the push of a button. In addition to manual tuning, you also get auto-seek tuning, which lets you lock in on the most powerful stations broadcasting at the time. The *AS-138 Band Digital Shortwave Receiver* continuously displays time on its digital readout. The alarm pre-select lets you wake up to your favorite local or shortwave station.

The *AS-138* is another superior product of the Rodelvox line of fine electronic instruments. We are the exclusive importers of Rodelvox products in the United States and can therefore bring you this breakthrough unit for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: *Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!* Be no longer in the dark. Find out what's happening all over the world, stay in touch with fast-breaking news from around the globe and here at home. Enjoy the most advanced digital shortwave reception and get your *AS-138 4-Band Digital Shortwave Receiver* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order #5391A795. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $6.95 for one; $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

THE SENATOR *Executive Swivel*

Sleek graceful lines distinguish this executive swivel. The styling is impeccable. The construction the finest available. Choose from supple top-grain leathers. Solid brass trim. Fully guaranteed.

$799

Send $5.00 for catalog (credited to your first purchase). Or charge to your VISA or MC by phone.

H 49" W 29" D 30"

VISA, MC Shipping costs extra. No COD. Prices subject to change.

YORK LEATHER
COLLECTION OF HICKORY
Dept. N-4 · Box 785 · Hickory, NC · 28603 · 704/327-8118

Spring in Santa Fe

Brilliant sunsets, crisp mountain air, centuries of history and culture, and the finest expression of Southwest style and hospitality at Santa Fe's Inn at Loretto. One block from the historic Plaza.

THE INN AT LORETTO

211 Old Santa Fe Trail
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
(505) 988-5531

Best Western

THE VINE by Clive Coates, Master of Wine

"...the only periodical devoted solely to wine that I look forward to getting and reading cover to cover."
—Robert M. Parker, Jr., The Wine Advocate

Write for your **FREE SAMPLE ISSUE**

THE VINE Post Office Box 48414, Chicago, Illinois 60648

If a family member should require extended care for a psychiatric illness, you may want to consider the Greystone Program as an alternative to hospitalization. Since 1980, we have been providing services for a small group of residents in a warm, distinctive setting within our arboretum-like campus. The Greystone Program emphasizes personalized care in the Quaker tradition of respect for the individual. For more information, call (215) 831-4779 or write Barbara Hines, R.N.,M.S.N., The Greystone Program at Friends Hospital, 4809 Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124.

CANADA BY RAFT!

Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin & mighty Fraser. Yacht cruise up coastal fjord, flight over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 exciting yet very safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery in Canada! $2175, 11 days Vancouver to Vancouver.

CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS (604) 738-4449
Suite 402, 845 Chilco St. Vancouver, BC, Canada V6G 2R2

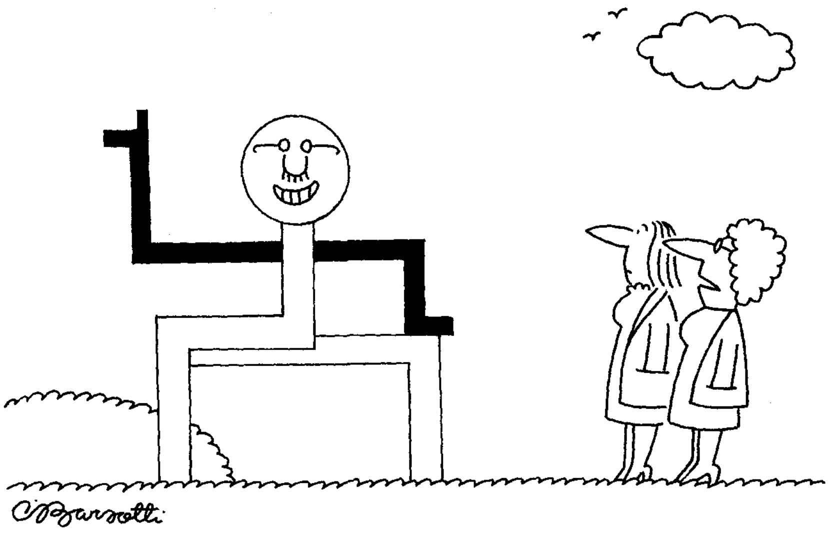
AROUND CITY HALL

He Made So Many of Them

ON April 2nd, Mayor David Dinkins announced details of the plans for a June 10th parade up Broadway, billed as "the greatest ticker-tape parade in this or any other city's history," to honor the troops returning from the Persian Gulf. As with many loudly trumpeted pronouncements of the Dinkins City Hall, it turned out that the parade still needed a lot of work. So far, for example, only about a million dollars, a third of its estimated cost, had been raised. No one was sure how many of the local troops would be back in time to march. The Mayor announced that two of the war's top stars, Generals Norman Schwarzkopf and Colin Powell, had "accepted invitations to participate." However, a military spokesman said that Schwarzkopf had agreed to come only if he was in this country, adding, "*If* is a big word." Fortunately, Powell, although he has had little to do with his home town in recent years—he was born in Harlem, raised in the South Bronx, and got his higher education at New York's free city university—could dazzle the crowds as a local boy who surely made good. Parades can raise a city's spirits and also those of its mayor. Dinkins' predecessor, Edward Koch, was asked at the end of his first four-year term (he eventually served three terms) to name the most memorable event of his time at City Hall. Hands down, he said, it had been the January, 1981, parade he threw for the American hostages just released from Iran—"and me in the lead car." Dinkins' spirits can stand some lifting, and so can those of the city, which is currently threatened by a fiscal crisis much like the one that brought New York to the verge of bankruptcy in the nineteen-seventies. Partly because of this glum outlook, and a sense that Dinkins hadn't been decisive enough in handling the city's growing crisis, a *Newsday* poll last December showed that the Mayor had an approval rating of thirty-three per cent among New Yorkers.

If the June 10th event is as big a success as has been predicted, it will be the second parade this year to boost Dinkins' spirits. The annual St. Patrick's Day Parade, which is presided over by an organization known as the Ancient Order of Hibernians, was held on March 16th. The members of a local group known as ILGO, which stands for the Irish Lesbian and Gay Organization, had asked to march, but the Ancient Order had turned them down, saying that there were many, many groups ahead of them waiting to be allowed to march: their turn would probably not come for years. Dinkins, a longtime supporter of gay rights, interceded, but the Hibernians rejected the group anyway. Eventually, Patrick Clark, a former *Daily News* reporter who is a member of the A.O.H., proposed that the ILGO members should march under the banner of his own A.O.H. branch. Dinkins chose to give up his place at the head of the parade—a mayoral prerogative—and march with the contingent that included ILGO. On the reviewing stand, members of the A.O.H., in top hats, gave elaborate thumbs-down gestures as he and his companions passed; four of them turned their backs on him. Even more distressing was the jeering and heckling of Dinkins by spectators, who also threw objects—including tomatoes and beer cans—at him. (His acting press secretary, Leland Jones, referred to them as O'Scuds.) By angering Irish-Americans, Dinkins was not taking a great political risk. In the 1989 mayoral election, the smallest percentage of his support came from white Catholics—which was understandable, since his Republican opponent, former United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, is an Italian-American Catholic. Moreover, a large share of those Irish-Americans who turn out on St. Patrick's Day and talk of County Cork and County Mayo now come from County Westchester and County Rockland—the suburbs—and can't vote for a New York mayor anyhow. When the *Daily News* was founded here, in 1919, its slogan was "Tell it to Sweeney"—that is, cater to the views not of the city's swells but of the Sweeneys, the paper's generic term for first- and second-generation representatives of the great wave of European immigrants who had come here in the decades just before and after the turn of the century. Now Sweeney was long gone to the suburbs. The sight of the Mayor boldly marching up Fifth Avenue under siege from O'Scuds dispelled for the moment the notion that he was an irresolute sort. Then, on April 1st, a *Newsday* front-page headline read "DINKINS DID THE RIGHT THING," reflecting results of a poll showing that sixty-one per cent of New Yorkers approved of his marching with the gay and lesbian group. Not only that ("New York is full of surprises," the British publishing tycoon Robert Maxwell said last month as he prepared to buy the *Daily News*); forty-four per cent of local white Catholics said they approved. However, his over-all approval rating was still only two points above the thirty-three per cent measured last December. It would take quite a few parades to raise that score.

"I'VE been getting the *Daily News* up in the Finger Lakes region for a long time. Why can't you print happy events on the front page? I'm getting tired of reading about all your city crimes," said a letter to the *News* early this year from Auburn, New York, signed "S. Dugan." Nobody knows whether the city's crime figures (twenty-two hundred homicides last year) will improve, so that the reader from Auburn can enjoy cheerier headlines. Until the end of last month, however, it appeared likely that S. Dugan would have to learn of the latest New York events—happy or gory—from a source other than the *News*. Nearly everyone is familiar with the critical dates of the war in the Middle East: August 2nd, January 16th, and February 27th, which brought the ceasefire. In the conflict over the life or death of the *News*—which as recently as the mid-seventies had more than two million daily readers and last October still had more than a million—the first critical date was October 25th, when most of the paper's employees either struck or were locked out. (An article published in the *News* itself just after the crisis ended stated that differences over the two definitions would never be settled to the satisfaction of all sides.) On February 28th, it was announced that there had been a final breakdown in talks between the paper's owners and its unions. On March 4th, the owners, the Tribune Company of Chicago, which also publishes the Chicago *Tribune*, declared that the *News* would close forever on March 15th if no buyer had appeared by that day; the fact that it was the Ides of March did not raise the spirits of employees and readers who hoped for the paper's survival. Wherever the blame for the death of the *News* might eventually have been laid, the prospect loomed that future printed versions of "Guys and Dolls" would have to attach a footnote to Nicely-Nicely's line that, however it appears in the script, comes out onstage as "What's in da *Daily Noos*? I'll tell *ya* what's in da *Daily Noos*."



"He had it commissioned just before he died."

The paper, the first American tabloid, was founded by Joseph Medill Patterson, who was a cousin of Colonel Robert McCormick, the Chicago *Tribune* publisher. Patterson, by philosophy a socialist, started the *News* as a paper dedicated to the concerns of the common man. Indeed, in 1930, when the *News*, by then a huge financial success, moved into the Art Deco structure on East Forty-second Street that is still its headquarters, those working there discovered on the building's facade a marble bas-relief showing the sun's rays shining down past skyscrapers on representatives of the masses. Carved into the marble above the door were the words "He Made So Many of Them." The motto had been intended as an elliptical reference to what Patterson had apparently been assured was a quotation from Lincoln: "God must have loved the common people; He made so many of them." In fact, two years earlier, in a book called "Our Presidents," a popular historian had foisted this fraud on history; there is no evidence that Lincoln ever said anything of the sort. In his final years, Patterson probably regretted this permanent symbol of his youthful liberalism. Once an ardent supporter of F.D.R., he later became just as ardently reactionary, and turned much of the operation of the *News* over to his far more conservative Chicago cousin, who never changed his political views—or entertained any doubts about them. A. J. Liebling once wrote of McCormick, whose corporate descendants prepared last month to close down the *News* forever, "If he is not in heaven, he is eternally astonished."

By the first weekend in March, the other local papers had their obituaries of the *News* at the ready. Then, suddenly, on March 5th, Maxwell, who had been wanting to buy a large American daily, gave the Tribune Company a letter of intent. He would take over the *News* if he could work out matters with the unions. On March 12th, it was announced that an agreement had been reached, and that the *News* would continue in business. "It's like raising Lazarus from the dead!" was the way New York's Senator Alfonse D'Amato put it. There was considerable ignominy in the ascension. The *Tribune* people were so eager to get rid of the paper that they paid Maxwell sixty million dollars to take it over, with all its financial obligations, such as pensions and severance pay. On March 22nd, the first edition of the Maxwell-era *News* appeared on the stands. The air of relief and jubilation among most members of the staff was so great that it survived even the announcement that James Hoge, the publisher of the *News* during the Tribune Company regime, would continue in that position. "It's like George Bush making Saddam Hussein Secretary of State" was the angry comment of George McDonald, the head of the Allied Printing Trades Council. However, as the members of the Newspaper Guild streamed back to work, piped into the News Building by the bagpipe-and-drum corps of the city's Uniformed Firefighters, Juan Gonzalez, the head of the strike committee, insisted that the ceasefire must hold. "The war is over, we have to make the peace," he said.

Under its new owner, the *News* made no pretense that the ersatz version of the paper that since October had been limpingly got out mainly by management and eight hundred so-called replacement workers (for whom the striking/locked-out employees had an uglier term) was the real thing. The big front-page headline on March 22nd was "ROLL 'EM." Television commercials, making a pitch for the return of advertisers, displayed "WE'RE BACK!" headlines. The first issue felt an obligation to bring *News* readers up to date on the plot lines of some of the comics they'd missed in the intervening months. ("It'll be as if you'd never left.") In "Dick Tracy," the latest villain was Hi-Top. "Hi-Top and a scurvy crew of modern-day thugs . . . are forming a new crime syndicate under the leadership of Little Boy, whose grandfather Big Boy founded a similar syndicate that Tracy"—the ageless one—"helped smash in the '30s." In another nod to history, Little Boy's moll, the paper reported, was "Restless Mahoney, niece of the late immortal Breathless"—who, of course, was played by Madonna in last year's movie. Some things in the comics haven't changed much in six decades; some have. In its update of "Spider Man," the *News* reported that the female character named MJ had made up with a character named Peter "in a scene that concluded with his making a veiled but clearly risqué suggestion"—possibly a tipoff that Madonna would fit right into the next "Spider Man" movie.

In the work of local cartoonists marking the Maxwell takeover, Superman was the favorite comic-strip character. In *Newsday*, a Doug Marlette cartoon showed Maxwell in a Superman outfit with a big "M" on it, standing in front of graphs demonstrating that circulation and advertising figures had plunged downward almost to nothing, and a city-room employee saying, "It's Maxwell—he says he'll save *The Daily Planet* but he has to lay off Clark Kent, Lois Lane and Jimmy Olsen!" The contribution by the *News* in-house cartoonist, Rigby, showed Clark and Lois in front of the News Building, with Clark sweeping up old papers whose headlines read "PICKET LINES" and "VIOLENCE," while a big-muscled Maxwell, getting ready to come to the rescue, stripped down to his Superman outfit in a nearby telephone booth under a balloon saying "Up and Away!"

However, the man Rigby portrayed as wearing a big "M" on his chest did not use the signing of the agreement as an excuse to swagger over the paper's union members—who were convinced that an underlying reason for the Tribune Company's unbending line in the *News* negotiations was to demonstrate how powerless unions had become in this country. The outcome proved, said Maxwell (who, of course, may change his tune in the future), that "naked capitalism cannot win if you destroy collective bargaining." He wore a red-white-and-blue baseball-style cap that read "Union, Yes." Some of the union leaders were understandably puzzled when they learned that he had described them as "Runyonesque"—that is, he said, "straight out of 'West Side Story' "—a judgment that would have surprised Nicely-Nicely. When discussing his predecessors at the *News*, Maxwell was careful to dwell not on Colonel McCormick but on the paper's founder, Captain Patterson, whom he referred to as Captain Joe, and who he noted had been both a millionaire and a socialist. He himself, he said, was known as Captain Bob (he was a captain in the British Army), and "everyone says I'm a millionaire" (some call him a billionaire), and he pointed out that he had been elected to Parliament as a socialist. He wanted the *News* to be "a paper that will be the voice of New York for the ordinary man," and, declaring that ahead lay not only a big comeback for the *News* but a big comeback for the city, promised "first and foremost to assist the town with its fiscal problems," by which, he said, it was "about to be overwhelmed." He speculated that he might have run for mayor if he had chosen to emigrate to America rather than to England from his native Czechoslovakia. (Originally, he was Jan Ludwig Hoch, the son of a poor Jewish Carpathian farm worker.) He made sure that David Dinkins was invited to oversee the signing of the agreements with the *News* unions.

It is unlikely that more than a handful of New Yorkers could identify pictures of the principal owners of the city's three other dailies—the *Times*, the *Post*, and *Newsday*—but in a few days' time Maxwell's big, beefy face had become a familiar sight on local front pages. Some New Yorkers could even tell you the name of his twenty-million-dollar yacht, called the Lady Ghislaine (after his daughter), which was tied up at the Water Club, in the East River, so that he would have a proper place to live during the negotiations with the Runyonesque characters. A city regulation that yachts could tie up there for a maximum of seven days was gladly waived. As a matter of course, the new major figure in the local newspaper-publishing world was invited to the Gridiron Club Dinner, in Washington; on discovering that his white-tie gear was still in London, he had it flown over on the Concorde. Dinkins also attended the Gridiron Dinner and, like Maxwell, was treated to a number in which a reporter playing New York's Governor Mario Cuomo sang a song proclaiming this city "the perfect place" for the Democratic Convention, which is scheduled to be held here next year: "New York, New York! It's a wonderful town! The crime is up, and the revenue's down. The city's great—if you're never around." Although Dinkins was described as looking wan at this poor review for his city, Maxwell greeted it with his now locally familiar ebullience. "MAXWELL—LARGER THAN LIFE" was the headline over a brief biography of him in his new journalistic property the day before he formally acquired it. The paper called him not only larger than life but "a symbol of an age of flash, big-time dreams and big-time deals," and it said, "Make no mistake. Maxwell . . . is a figure, indeed a fixture, of the 1990s."

THE especially big hello and accompanying headlines that have greeted Maxwell, the bumptious newcomer, may have come about because many of the New Yorkers who in the eighties dominated the front-page tabloid stories here and elsewhere ("A New York story is a national story," the comedian Jay Leno noted recently, explaining why he is partial to jokes about this city) aren't making the flashy headlines they used to. George Steinbrenner, for example, is no longer in a position to off Yankee managers' heads in his old "Wonderland" style. The latest flash from Bess Myerson is that she is taking courses in psychotherapy at Hunter College. Trump's diminished finances (a few weeks ago he became just another overextended son who had to borrow money from his father to meet the interest on a large note) have led to diminished headlines. An event that took place early this year could have given Maxwell—if he had happened to be in town and had been invited—some idea of the world he is now entering as a principal player. It was the eightieth-birthday party for the comedian Joey Adams, who writes a weekly column of jokes for the *Post*, and it was given by his wife, Cindy Adams, one of the *Post's* gossip columnists. It was not surprising that the *Post* declared editorially that the party proved that "New York, for all its ups and downs, will be the capital of the world for a long time to come." Liz Smith, more objectively placed (at the time, she was writing a column for the *News*, but last month she switched over to *Newsday*), called it "the party of the year," although she mentioned that the year was young.

Adams is available as a standup comedian and is in particular demand for political dinners. One memorable club date of this sort was the Bronx Democratic Party's annual fund-raiser five years ago, soon after the indictments of local pols implicated in the Koch administration's municipal scandals began to roll in. Looking around the room, Adams said, "If you're indicted, you're invited," which got a big laugh. His own recent party brought similar comments from the guests, and more laughs. The comedian Jackie Mason, for example, said there were so many indicted people on hand that he felt he had to go out and rob somebody as a credential to get him through the door. Actually, not many of the once-indicted guests had served time. Steinbrenner, for example, had been pardoned by Ronald Reagan. Bess Myerson and Imelda Marcos (who sang "Happy Birthday" a cappella for the birthday boy) had been acquitted. Leona Helmsley was convicted in 1989 of tax evasion and sentenced to four years in jail, but the conviction is under appeal. Not only was Mrs. Helmsley a welcome guest but the party was held in the Helmsley Hotel, on East Forty-second Street, right next to the News Building. (People who travel in certain circles—or follow their circumferences—could get the idea that this city is a much smaller place than it is.) The matter of Leona Helmsley's conviction for tax evasion was not a touchy one, at least for the partygiver. Cindy Adams said it had weighed so heavily on her mind that when she tipped the ladies'-room attendant she also gave her a W-2 form.

Among those not present—and it was probably just as well—was Giuliani, who had indicted Bess Myerson, Imelda Marcos, and Leona Helmsley, and had later parlayed his record as an aggressive prosecutor into the Republican nomination for mayor, losing the election to Dinkins by only forty-seven thousand votes. Among the Giuliani indictees who were not present were Stanley Friedman, the former Bronx Democratic boss, and Stanley Simon, the former Bronx borough president, both of whom are still serving time. It was probably also just as well that no one had brought along an artifact of the city's municipal-scandal period—a set of trading cards called Rotten to the Core. (The "o" in "Core" was an apple with a worm in it.) Several of the guests at the Adams party were among the "rotten," including Dinkins, whose nonpayment of taxes for three years had been judged sufficient to qualify him for the series. Although Giuliani was not on hand, the Manhattan district attorney, Robert Morgenthau, who indicted Leona Helmsley and Stanley Friedman in the state court, was there. (He was not seen in conversation with Sydney Biddle Barrows, the Mayflower Madam, another guest who was one of his indictees.) So was Robert Abrams, the state attorney general, who is investigating the finances of Imelda Marcos. Former Washington Mayor Marion Barry (out on bail after a conviction for cocaine possession) was not present, but Mrs. Barry was. Not all the lawyers present were prosecutors. Bernhard Goetz's lawyer, Barry Slotnick, was among the guests, though Goetz had apparently not been invited.

Of course, not all the guests had had serious brushes with the criminal law. Not only was the present mayor of the city there; so were two former mayors, John Lindsay and Abraham Beame (but not Koch). Jackie Mason, who was for a time an adviser to Giuliani in his mayoral campaign, and was dismissed after describing Dinkins as "a fancy schwarzer with a mustache," brought the matter up at the party, telling Dinkins, "You are a schwarzer. I can't help it." The Mayor said, with a big smile, "I want to announce the first Jackie Mason award for ethnic sensitivity." Senator D'Amato came, as did a former governor of New York, Hugh Carey, and the present governor, who was pictured in the *Times* having the arm put on him by George Steinbrenner, and in the *Post* smiling with Donald Trump and Marla. (Several papers caught Leona Helmsley at close quarters with Trump, whom she had called a snake and a skunk; no one could recall whether she said that before or after he called her "a disgrace to humanity" and "a living nightmare.") Governor Cuomo said he was not going to do jokes. "The Mayor's here," he explained. "I know he's going to be funny. I've just read his budget."

Of course, not all the guests at the party were indictees, lawyers, or public officials. Among the others were Tony Bennett, Barbara Walters, Beverly Sills, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski, Dr. Ruth Westheimer, Robert Tisch, and

Now Printed in New York

When You Travel Abroad, What's Your Favorite Paper?

Until now, you couldn't get the Paris-based International Herald Tribune in the U.S. Now you can—with same-day delivery available in some U.S. cities. For your daily brief on the world, with its features on travel, fashion, international investing and much, much more, call us toll-free:

1-800-882-2884
(in NY: 212-752-3890)

International Herald Tribune
Published With The New York Times and The Washington Post

Meet in Santa Fe!

Our elegant new ballroom will offer modern conveniences & old world charm for up to 600 people. Perfect for "meet, eat & show" events. On Santa Fe's historic Plaza, we offer colorful rooms & suites, some with balconies & fireplaces. Excellent restaurant. Nightly entertainment.

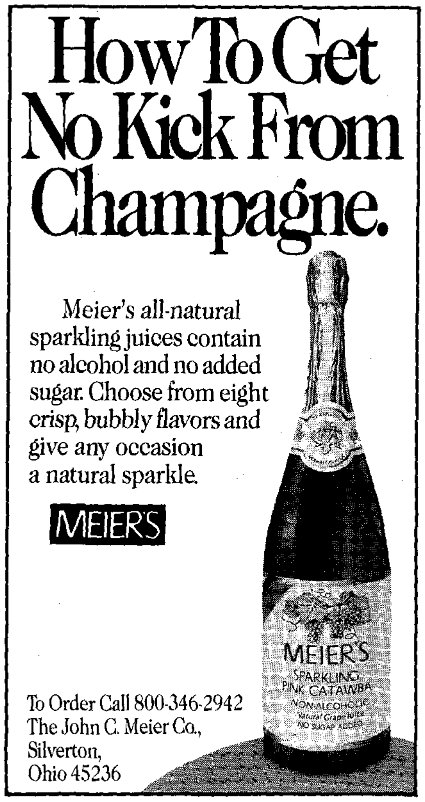
La Fonda
On the Plaza
100 East San Francisco
Santa Fe, New Mexico
(800) 523-5002
(505) 982-5511

HIKE THE SWISS ALPS

- 1 and 2 Week Tours
- Inn-to-Inn Trekking
- Scottish Highlands Tours

RYDER-WALKER ALPINE ADVENTURES
5 Lake Fork Junction
Box 947 Dept. Y
Telluride, CO 81435
303-728-6481

SLOOP PIN 1½" high
Moveable main and boom, #10-N,
Sterling: $51 ppd. 14K: $328 ppd.
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
TORY'S 1-800-67-TORYS
M-F, 9-5, EST
Catalog upon request
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945


How To Get No Kick From Champagne.

Meier's all-natural sparkling juices contain no alcohol and no added sugar. Choose from eight crisp, bubbly flavors and give any occasion a natural sparkle.

MEIER'S

To Order Call 800-346-2942
The John C. Meier Co.,
Silverton,
Ohio 45236

F·I·D·D·L·E·H·E·A·D·S
Vermont Fids

Fiddlehead ferns-a succulent, native green vegetable-have been known for their subtle, tasty flavor by generations of Northern New Englanders.
FRESH VERMONT FIDS, picked along the banks of the renowned White River are ONLY AVAILABLE during LATE APRIL/EARLY MAY.
TO ORDER AND FOR ADDITIONAL INFO. 1-800-752-3984

N. Y. FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
NEEDS VOLUNTEERS
Development Department
Typing/Clerical
(212) 633-9300 Ext.6979

Galley Bay
Antigua, West Indies
All Inclusive • Half-Mile Beach
Only 30 Rooms • Call 1-800-223-6510
"More a house party than a hotel"

AMERICA'S BEST RIVER TRIP
6-day Wilderness Vacations rafting Idaho's Middle Fork of the Salmon. $1,045. per person
Outdoor Adventures P.O. Box 1149
Pt. Reyes, CA 94956 1-800-323-4234

Ronald O. Perelman, one of America's richest men—possibly even richer than Maxwell. Anyone who attended the party and wondered whether Maxwell would have fitted in among the guests —not the guests who were rich but those who had had trouble with the law —would have been interested to learn that he was forced to give up his seat in Parliament in 1969 because of a dispute over the sale of stock in which a court eventually found him unfit "to exercise proper stewardship" over a publicly quoted company. This aspect of his life was pointed out in the *News* the day before he signed the agreement to become its owner. It appeared that he might fit right in here. Kosinski said of the Adams party that it "represents Jeffersonian democracy at its greatest." Perhaps he hadn't thought to quote Max Beerbohm, who once wrote that to give an accurate account of a historical era he was writing about "would need a far less brilliant pen than mine."

LAST month when *Daily News* reporters arrived in Room 9, the City Hall pressroom, to recapture the desks that had been occupied since late October by replacement workers, the other reporters gave them a standing ovation. The room has been City Hall press headquarters since the last century, and the *News* desks are clustered under large oil portraits of William J. Gaynor and John F. Hylan, two of six Irish-American mayors who presided over the city from 1910 to 1950 (when William O'Dwyer, New York's last Irish mayor, left office), interrupted only by the LaGuardia era. Although no desk in the room is more than a foot or two from its neighbors, civility between the replacement workers and the other reporters, nearly all of them Newspaper Guild members, had, for the most part, been maintained. Reporters in the room had helped raise funds to cope with medical expenses and other financial emergencies of the striking *News* employees. Now that the *News* was back in business, however, there was a certain uneasiness about the premises. A major reason for the paper's financial problems, it had often been pointed out, was that the city could probably not support three daily tabloids. During the long winter hiatus, both circulation and advertising had risen substantially at *Newsday* and the *Post* (which nearly went under last fall). There were bound to be some rough competitive days ahead.

The *News* employees weren't the only Room 9 reporters to have been away for a while. Two others had been taken off the City Hall beat, where the big news of the day might be the Dinkins administration's latest sludge-disposal report, and sent to cover the fighting in the Middle East: Mark Mooney, of the *Post*, and Chris Hedges, of the *Times*. Hedges, who had been at City Hall for only a couple of months, had previously been a foreign correspondent in Central America, among other places. In February, he was one of the American journalists who were captured and held by the Iraqis. There was an impression that he did not regard as a promotion his *Times* assignment on his return, which was Brooklyn. This choice, it was assumed, represented not the paper's belief that Brooklyn is foreign-correspondent territory but its conviction, shared by all the local dailies, that it should be paying more attention to what is going on in the parts of the city where five-sixths of New Yorkers live —that is, the boroughs outside Manhattan, where life often seems worlds away from local civilization as it is represented by, say, the company that gathered earlier this year at the Helmsley Hotel. The day before Maxwell signed the agreement that made him a New York publisher, Henry Allen wrote in the Washington *Post* of what it had been like to work for the *News* in 1948, when, in the city as he recalled it, "Puerto Ricans didn't exist, and there were hardly any blacks at all except for the boxers on the back page." Allen remembered a cub reporter who, as he was coming in from Brooklyn one day, "saw a gigantic fire, people jumping, mothers tossing babies out of windows, the works." The reporter, Allen wrote, called the city desk, which had one question: "Black or white?" "Black," said the reporter. "Give it to the Brooklyn page," said the desk. The man on the desk would not have adjusted well to the news that a black four-star general, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, would soon be moving up Broadway at the head of a parade put on by the black mayor of this city.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

REAL ESTATE SPREADS ACROSS U.S.
—Pascagoula (Miss.) Press

Can nothing save us?

BOOKS

Choices

SEAMUS HEANEY'S "Selected Poems, 1966-1987" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $20) represents an unsparingly severe winnowing of twenty-one years (eight volumes) of work. Heaney has been much reviewed, and there are already several acute book-length studies of his work. His early themes—a rural childhood as an Ulster Catholic; the awareness of death (his four-year-old brother killed in a road accident); the consciousness of minority status; the acknowledging of sexual fear and joy—as well as his later ones (Irish politics, self-exile in the Republic, the archeology of tribal hatred, domestic life, cultural taboos, the death of parents) have been often described, argued over, condemned, and defended. Predictably enough, a younger set of Irish poets, over whom the shadow of Heaney necessarily lies, have both imitated him and, in greater or lesser resistance, moved away from his styles (both realistic and allegorical) to compose either neo-surrealistic verse or verse defiantly populist. Writing now about Heaney (who is my colleague at Harvard), I would like to move away from his themes (which preoccupied me when I reviewed several of the volumes represented in the "Selected Poems") and think in more literary terms about Heaney's journey from his twenties to his fifties, which represents an unusually alert and self-taxing artistic evolution. Of course, all of us want a "Collected Poems" (as David Perkins said with impatience in his review of the "Selected"), but there is something to be said for a volume like this one, stringently self-chosen: it defines Heaney's own developing poetic, and suggests by its deletions paths that the poet found less profitable or instances in which he has silently criticized his own productions.

Much in Heaney has not changed over the years. He has never repudiated his early thematic masters, Wordsworth, Keats, and Kavanagh; he has simply found different parts of them useful at different times. The same is true of his early stylistic masters, Yeats and Auden, with their slant rhymes and stanzaic ingenuity. What was odd in Heaney from the beginning was his individual degradation (so to speak) of Keatsian organic richness into intimations of leaching, deliquescence, and rot; his enhancing of Wordsworthian natural fear (which in Wordsworth arises from the eerie or the sublime) into fear of the surreptitious (a rat), of natural evil (drowned extra kittens), of moral dubiety (an illegitimate child drowned by its mother). Heaney, unlike Wordsworth or Keats, grew up on a farm, and his view of nature is both more down-to-earth than theirs and more wary. Though Patrick Kavanagh's poetry of rural Irish life ("The Great Hunger") helped Heaney find his way, Heaney's verse was always more symbolic than Kavanagh's. The youthful Heaney was beset, always, by moral riddles that suggested symbols in everything, even—as the title poem of his first book, "Death of a Naturalist," shows—the ooze of frog spawn. The frog spawn is a delightful object to the young child:

> But best of all was the warm thick slobber
> Of frogspawn that grew like clotted water
> In the shade of the banks.

But when the child grows old enough to connect the frog spawn (and its coarse producers) to his own emerging sexuality, he is terrified:

> Right down the dam gross-bellied frogs were cocked
> On sods; their loose necks pulsed like sails. Some hopped:
> The slap and plop were obscene threats. . . .
> I sickened, turned, and ran. The great slime kings
> Were gathered there for vengeance and I knew
> That if I dipped my hand the spawn would clutch it.

Heaney's enviable descriptive powers pointed his morals with insidious images. After picking blackberries:

> We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.
> But when the bath was filled we found a fur,
> A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.

The young poet could not resist adding a moral:

>   It wasn't fair
> That all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.
> Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.

When we leave the Heaney of 1966 and pass to the Heaney of twenty years later, we can still find poems ending with a conclusion, though the conclu-

PIZZA
PLEASE
PARDON OUR
APPEARANCE
DURING
RENOVATION
BOOTH

sions tend to be far more equivocal. Here is the first section of "Terminus" (1987), almost a riddle-poem about Heaney's origins in a rural part of the industrialized world:

> When I hoked there, I would find
> An acorn and a rusted bolt.
>
> If I lifted my eyes, a factory chimney
> And a dormant mountain.
>
> If I listened, an engine shunting
> And a trotting horse.
>
> Is it any wonder when I thought
> I would have second thoughts?

The rich Keatsian vocabulary, the "English" pentameters, and the neat rhymes of the blackberries have been abjured here in favor of bare statement, short lines, and an absence of rhyme as such.

Heaney now moves freely among several such sets of poetic resources. The main challenge to his English inheritance came from his deliberate work of translating a medieval Irish poem, "Sweeney Astray": the "thinner music" of the Irish language was a second training for his pen, which had already, in his great volume "North" (1975), begun to use terse lines to enormous effect—for example, the description in "Funeral Rites" of an imagined burial cortège for those killed in the political "troubles," a cortège now working its way back to the prehistoric chamber-tombs in the Boyne valley:

> Now as news comes in
> of each neighbourly murder
> we pine for ceremony,
> customary rhythms:
>
> the temperate footsteps
> of a cortège, winding past
> each blinded home.
> I would restore
>
> the great chambers of Boyne,
> prepare a sepulchre
> under the cupmarked stones. . . .
>
> Quiet as a serpent
> in its grassy boulevard,
>
> the procession drags its tail
> out of the Gap of the North
> as its head already enters
> the megalithic doorway.

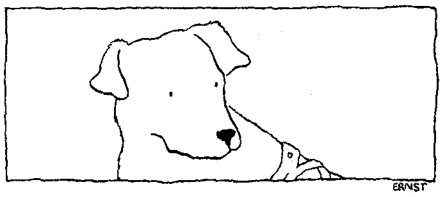
This is unquestionably splendid writing, deriving its strength as much from its savage irony ("each neighbourly murder") as from its metaphor (the serpent-cortège dragging its tail).

Such a poem is unmistakably political, and allusively Catholic in its use of religious words like "ceremony" and "sepulchre" to sanctify the cortège. The poet is the aloof Yeatsian master of ceremonies: "I would restore / the great chambers of Boyne." There were aesthetic dangers for Heaney in the role of spokesman for one side of the Northern Irish conflict; and in his unwillingness to be purely partisan (a position no intelligence can assume toward such complex questions) he delved deeper, behind twentieth-century history, into the ancient customs of tribal violence in a geographic belt including not only Ireland but other northern countries—Iceland, Scandinavia. In a move indicting both sides, Heaney wrote of murders centuries ago, of bodies of victims exhumed in both Ireland and Scandinavia—bodies that bore mute witness to the ineradicability of violence from human relations.

In describing these bodies, Heaney touched a vein that lies between his earliest luxuriance and his later austerity. The bog bodies are both inestimably rich and leached of all pulp, so to speak: they are almost stationary, and they take on the mute aesthetic authority of monuments whose reason for being has been entirely forgotten. Unlike wholly abstract art, however, Heaney's mummified bodies, though they are no longer of human substance, still exhibit human contours. This is Heaney's response to Yeats' insistence on marble or bronze as the aesthetic equivalents of flesh. Not marble, Heaney says of the exhumed corpse of the Grauballe Man, but tar, petrified oak, basalt, roots:

> As if he had been poured
> in tar, he lies
> on a pillow of turf
> and seems to weep
>
> the black river of himself.
> The grain of his wrists
> is like bog oak,
> the ball of his heel
>
> like a basalt egg.
> His instep has shrunk
> cold as a swan's foot
> or a wet swamp root. . . .
>
> Who will say 'corpse'
> to his vivid cast?
> Who will say 'body'
> to his opaque repose?

Who would not want such majestic writing to continue forever? Its severe two-beat and three-beat rhythms (elegiac drum taps), its alternation of "living" words ("weep," "shrunk") and petrified ones ("basalt," "cast"), its pitiless observation ("as if," "seems," "like," "cold as") restricting itself to similes (a more factual trope than metaphor)—these are marks of mastery, justifying the closing questions: Can we call this sublime figure a "corpse," a "body"? Yet such writing is another version of the writer's boast of perpetuity: "So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, / So long lives this." It is Heaney's organic, underground substitute for Horatian bronze or Yeatsian marble.



I believe that Heaney took his greatest aesthetic risk in departing from this triumphantly perfected classicism of the petrified organic to write, at the same moment, poems that depart from the oracular and the monumental to speak in an ordinary voice about the messy present:

> I'm writing this just after an encounter
> With an English journalist in search of 'views
> On the Irish thing.' I'm back in winter
> Quarters where bad news is no longer news,
>
> Where media-men and stringers sniff and point,
> Where zoom lenses, recorders and coiled leads
> Litter the hotels.

The "Irish thing" is written about in swinging, Drydenesque heroic quatrains, marking Heaney's decision to be satiric, and not solely reverential, about "the troubles."

Heaney's satiric bent was unleashed again in the long Dantesque poem "Station Island," which is included in its entirety in the "Selected Poems." "Station Island," under the guise of a pilgrimage during which Heaney meets a series of people from his cultural and personal past, attacks almost all the sacred cows of Irish writing, from nationalist piety to religious sentimentality, from elegiac decorativeness to colonial protest. "Stay clear of all processions!" shouts the first of Heaney's revenants; and the closing speech of the last of them, James Joyce, embodies Heaney's decision to find his own path:

> "That subject people stuff is a cod's game,
> infantile, like this peasant pilgrimage. . . .
>
> It's time to swim
>
> out on your own and fill the element
> with signatures on your own frequency,

echo-soundings, searches, probes,
  allurements,
elver-gleams in the dark of the whole sea."

SINCE "Station Island," the poet's radar and sonar have operated on various frequencies. "The whole sea" is an element different from both Heaney's early agricultural earth and his middle archeological bog, but there had been anticipations of the sea earlier in Heaney—notably in "A Lough Neagh Sequence," from his second collection, "Door Into the Dark." (I miss in this "Selected" both that sequence and the poem from which that volume takes its title.) "The whole sea" is matched in later Heaney by what one could call "the whole air," especially as Heaney takes on, in a brilliant series of poems ("Sweeney Redivivus"), the persona of the Irish poet Sweeney, who was punished by St. Ronan by being changed into a bird. Living in the sea, living in the air: both are perhaps ways of not living in social terrain, on earth, but they equally avoid living in what Yeats called "God's holy fire." One way of being in the air is to climb a tree, to be "In the Beech":

My hidebound boundary tree. My
  tree of knowledge.
My thick-tapped, soft-fledged, airy
  listening post.

What would a poetics of "airy listening" be like? It would have to forgo the grateful reciprocity with the fruitful earth which characterizes an agricultural poetics, rooted in the seasons, growth, and decay; it would have to do without the soaked immersion in history which characterizes a poetics of exhumed and petrified ancient bodies; and it would have to forswear the activist choices for or against present cultural pressures which characterize the poetics of "Station Island."

When the revived Sweeney asks himself in "The Cleric" what the result has been of his being driven into the kingdom of the air by St. Ronan, executor of the (clerical) politics of the day, he says:

Give him his due, in the end

he opened my path to a kingdom
of such scope and neuter allegiance
my emptiness reigns at its whim.

This "neuter allegiance" is a position of great psychological danger for a passionate poet, and yet it is the only recourse in the face of solicitations from all sides to betray the accuracy of art in favor of the tendentiousness of argument. Dangerous as it is, it is less dangerous than following the path of incipient grandiosity in "I would restore / the great chambers of Boyne."

Heaney had in his youth an ineradicable Hopkinsian sense of the pleasure principle, of a sensual richness manifest in objects, feelings, and words. It buttressed him against fears of weakness and the abrasions of politics; it generated, in "Bone Dreams," some of his most untroubled and beautiful lines:

I push back
through dictions,
Elizabethan canopies,
Norman devices,

the erotic mayflowers
of Provence
and the ivied Latins
of churchmen

to the scop's
twang, the iron
flash of consonants
cleaving the line.

But when earth stopped being a habitable element the pleasure principle seemed to dry up with it. Heaney imagined himself, in "On the Road," as a bird exhaustedly looking for water and a resting place and finding them only in a prehistoric cave without real water but with a wall-carving of a drinking deer:

For my book of changes
I would meditate
that stone-faced vigil

until the long dumbfounded
spirit broke cover
to raise a dust
in the font of exhaustion.

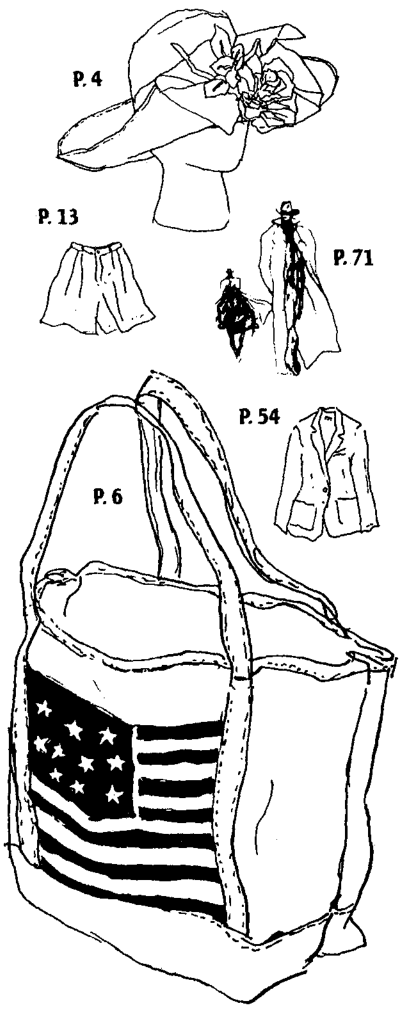
In the last volume excerpted in the "Selected," Heaney's airy listening has remade the entire earth-world in an airy dimension. The dedicatory poem, "For Bernard and Jane McCabe," is a simple couplet broken into two one-line "stanzas" of a sentence apiece, containing the resolve to re-create the forsaken and exhausted earth-and-water world in a virtual air-world:

The riverbed, dried-up, half-full
  of leaves.

Us, listening to a river in the
  trees.

This "aftermath," as Heaney calls it in the poem "Hailstones," is made "out of the melt of the real thing / smarting into its absence." Touching on a comparable instance in Yeats, Heaney wrote, "We are at that thrilling moment when the place of writing shifts its locus into psychic space." At that

No. 10
The new J. Peterman
Catalogue.



© 1991 The J. Peterman Company

Catalogue to ____________
name

address ____________

city ____ state ____ zip ____

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
(800) 231-7341

NY4/15

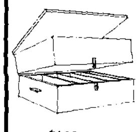
Pierced Earrings
14K Gold—$150

HUMMINGBIRDS

Vern Wayne Pond
609 E. Market St., #103
Charlottesville, VA 22901

(actual size)

VISA/MC/AMEX 1-800-284-8376



8" x 10" x 14"

$120.00
(plus $7 shipping)

THE PORTMANTEAU
(It's Never Too Late to Get Organized)
A UNIQUE SYSTEM TO CONSOLIDATE INCOMING MAIL & ORGANIZE BILLS ALL YEAR LONG. IDEAL FOR CREDIT CARDS, LOANS, UTILITIES, INSURANCE, ETC.
HARDWOOD HANDCRAFTED IN THE U.S.A.
Please send check or money order to:
S. Mitchell, 44620 W. 11 Mi. Rd., Novi, MI 48375. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

THE NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

Air New Zealand	1-800-262-1254
Art on Video	1-203-869-4694 x700
Bose Express Music Catalog	1-800-233-6357
Nuts D'vine	1-800-334-0492 x700
Pier Sixty-Six Resort & Marina	1-800-327-3796
Quebec Tourism	1-800-363-7777
The Teaching Company	1-800-832-2421
U.S. Mint 1991 Mt. Rushmore Anniversary Coins	1-800-972-0300

ADVERTISEMENT

moment, absence takes on the full freight of what it has replaced.

The fullest expression of "aftermath" can be found in the last of Heaney's sonnets commemorating his mother's death, No. 8 of "Clearances": in it Heaney remembers the felling of a chestnut tree that was planted in the year of his birth. Its virtual existence in his mind, now that its "real" existence is over, is "a space / Utterly empty, utterly a source":

I thought of walking round and round a space
Utterly empty, utterly a source
Where the decked chestnut tree had lost its place
In our front hedge above the wallflowers.
The white chips jumped and jumped and skited high.
I heard the hatchet's differentiated
Accurate cut, the crack, the sigh
And collapse of what luxuriated
Through the shocked tips and wreckage of it all.
Deep-planted and long gone, my coeval
Chestnut from a jam jar in a hole,
Its heft and hush become a bright nowhere,
A soul ramifying and forever
Silent, beyond silence listened for.

The "bright nowhere" of the virtual world is composed of memories of the dead, the visions of natural faith and hope, and the forms of art which stabilize such losses and unrealized visions. In Heaney, the "space / Utterly empty" has always originally been filled, often audaciously: one of the sonnets in "Clearances" begins, "When all the others were away at Mass / I was all hers as we peeled potatoes"—a far cry from either the sonnet tradition or the tradition of elegies for one's mother. Yet even this strong original grounding in earth is persistently sieved upward into the sphere of value, away from fact and history. Mud becomes "The Mud Vision."

Heaney said recently on Radio 3, Ireland, "I felt that my first poems were trying to write like stained glass but that I would like to write a poetry of window glass." Heaney's metaphor may recall Herbert's "The Elixir":

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heav'n espie.

The "poetry of window glass" has deep connections to the tension Heaney remarks in Wordsworth's poetry: the "contradictory allegiances . . . to the numinous and to the matter-of-fact." Heaney understands the "conflicting awarenesses of a necessity to attend to 'the calm that nature breathes' and a responsibility to confront the grievous facts of 'what man has made of man,' his double bind between politics and transcendence."

That double bind remains Heaney's own, but he has redefined its terms. In his recent, "airy" phase, he has written about politics via allegory (a strategy absorbed from poets of Eastern Europe like Zbigniew Herbert, Miroslav Holub, and Czeslaw Milosz). Religious and philosophical certainty have been left behind, and transcendence has been reimagined as that which can occur in "psychic space" so as to create a virtual world of both memory and value. Heaney fully recognizes the elements of hallucination and self-delusion in the realms of memory and value. On the other hand, he accepts the realm of imaginative force as one of indubitable emotional and historical power (as some who share his epistemological and religious skepticism do not).

Heaney is not entirely at home in allegory, I suspect; and that suspicion is borne out by the non-allegorical pieces he has been publishing subsequent to this "Selected Poems." They are, many of them, exquisitely reticent and unassuming poems, often recalling moments almost too evanescent to be described. They are "allurements, elver-gleams," expressing phases of sensation neglected by the poetry of sturdy fact or political contention. They retain air and water as their habitat, and have as their poetics the representation of "equilibrium; brim."

In a recent poem, "Fosterling," Heaney reviews his earlier attachment to silt, lowlands, "heaviness of being." The result was a "poetry / Sluggish in the doldrums of what happens." Now there is a change upward:

Me waiting until I was nearly fifty
To credit marvels. Like the tree clock of tin cans
The tinkers made. So long for air to brighten,
Time to be dazzled and the heart to lighten.

If, as both Auden and Stevens have suggested, every poet is part Caliban (earthiness, nature, gravity) and part Ariel (ethereality, invisibility, velocity), Heaney is now giving his Ariel voice its moment. Never pure air entirely, the latest Heaney poems bear traces of earth and water in their light-est and most vaporous forms: dust, silt, mist, clouds. Dispersion, aeration, reflection, and susurrus are the modes of the poetry following this "Selected Poems," insuring that the Heaney represented in these pages has not closed off his lines of aesthetic and moral inquiry.

—HELEN VENDLER

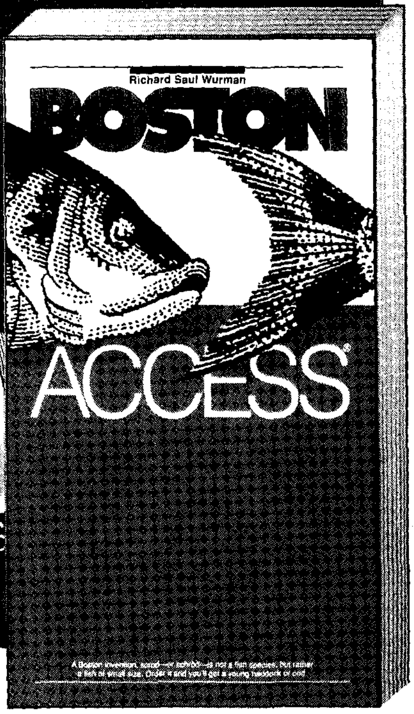
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KILLER DILLER, by Clyde Edgerton (Algonquin; $17.95). In this sequel to his comic novel "Walking Across Egypt," Mr. Edgerton starts off with a not very promising theme—it seems to be yet another satire about sanctimonious and hypocritical Southern evangelists—and immediately takes a sharp left turn into deft, low-key, kindhearted humor, the sort that has rarely been successful since the days of Booth Tarkington and *The Saturday Evening Post*. His hero is Wesley Benfield, a born-again delinquent, who is temporarily ensconced in a halfway house on the campus of an upwardly mobile Christian college in North Carolina, and who is trying to reconcile his desire to become a down-and-dirty blues musician with the demands of theological orthodoxy. The campus is also the site of the Nutrition House, a weight-reduction clinic for large believers, which provides Wesley with the opportunity to find love with a two-hundred-and-thirty-pound beauty named Phoebe Trent—a love that upsets a number of plans, both evil and naïve. But Mr. Edgerton's plot is largely incidental; his success here comes from a disarming sweetness of voice, as when Wesley watches his Phoebe walking away and thinks, "That's one group of a woman. . . . Man, she is *in* the world."

MARRIAGES, by Amy Witting (Penguin; $6.95, paper). This Australian writer tells stories with almost shocking economy, packing a novel's worth of impact into a few pages. Three of the six modest stories collected here make you wish they had gone on at book length. One is about a farm girl who lets herself get knocked up by a man who can hardly be bothered to learn her name but is nearly undone by her learning his. Another is about a man who has been sequestered from human com-

LONDON
SF
ROME
LA
ACC
ACCE
ACC
ACCES



Wherever you go you need ACCESS! "In a radical approach to the genre, Access Press has reinvented the wheel with a series of compact volumes that open cities through striking graphics, terse copy, and a tight format." —*Time*

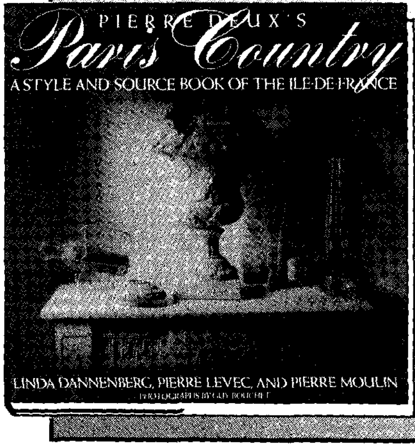
"Beautiful to behold, yet practical as a hammer and screwdriver." —*Travel and Leisure*

All new editions: London, Rome, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Also available: Paris, Washington DC, Hawaii, New York City

$16.95

HarperPerennial
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*


PIERRE DEUX'S
Paris Country
A STYLE AND SOURCE BOOK OF THE ILE-DE-FRANCE
LINDA DANNENBERG, PIERRE LEVEC, AND PIERRE MOULIN

There's more than one way to visit Paris this Spring...

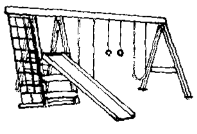
Now the authors of the bestselling FRENCH COUNTRY explore the glorious homes on the outskirts of Paris. From farmhouses and restored mills to manor houses and chateaux—here is the French flair at its most vivid.

Round trip to the Paris Countryside, $45.00

Now at your bookstore or gift shop.

Clarkson Potter/Publishers
The sign of a beautiful gift
A member of The Crown Publishing Group

PAUL REST ◆ FINE ART
Edward Borein
Oils • Watercolor • Etching
707-823-1823 • 800-333-9ART • Fax: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472
By Appointment Only



WOODBUILT

Hardware kits to build your own swing and slide sets. For a free catalog call or write:

WoodBuilt • One Parker Place
P.O. Box 92 - JJ1
Janesville, WI 53547-0092
(800) 475-5051 Ext. JJ1

YOU'RE SPENDING TOO MUCH FOR BOOKS.

We're America's #1 Book Sale Catalog. And we offer the lowest prices, largest selection and quickest delivery of quality publisher's overstocks, hard-to-find imports, exclusive reprints plus CDs, cassettes and videos. The savings? Up to 80%! Write for a free catalog:

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873
Dept. 854K, 126 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011

Fine Handcut Wooden
Jigsaw Puzzles

Each puzzle is carefully designed and individually tailored with whimsical silhouettes and intricate interlocking pieces. A guarantee of hours of family fun and entertainment. Prices start at $125. For more information call or write:

F.A. BOURKE Inc.
Dept. NY
P.O. Box 726
Middlebury VT 05753
(802) 388-3648

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
THE PLAINS OF PASSAGE
JEAN M. AUEL
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

(800) 626-3333
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

English Teak Garden Furnishings
Modular Architectural Trellis
Benches • Chairs • Tables
Swings • Planters
Free shipment from stock
Country Casual - NY1b
17317 Germantown Rd. Germantown, MD 20874
1-301-540-0040
40 page Colour Catalogue $3.00

pany by his mother, so that when her lawyers try to communicate with him the results are at first beautiful, then disastrous. The last story is about a lawyer who marries a model. After their baby is born, he realizes that he doesn't love his wife, but that he must stay with her because he adores the baby. Rarely has father love been depicted with such conviction, the intractability of the heart's reasons shown to be so frustratingly perverse.

GENERAL

Germany: The Empire Within, by Amity Shlaes (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $19.95). In this original first book, Ms. Shlaes, an editor for the *Wall Street Journal* who has reported extensively on Germany, explores the lost worlds that live on in the imaginations of contemporary Germans. Among those encountered are a military man who can trace his family's Army connections back three generations and now defends his profession to belligerent, conscience-stricken students; a group of aristocratic ladies who run a charity organization that likes to assist East Germans "of character"; a Russian immigrant child at the Jewish School in Berlin who knows that among his classmates there is not one German Jew, because none exist; and Eastern-bloc Germans, who, returning, bewildered, to Germany, speak an old-fashioned, grandparents' German—they still use the word *Führer*, which has elsewhere been erased from colloquial speech. The stories told here are unexpurgated fairy tales: when the author's Berlin landlady, a sympathetic woman named Karin, finally comes out with a childhood memory, her Rosebud is a motorized toy Volkswagen that was summarily taken away from her by her father, an automobile executive, to be given as a present to Hitler.

The Work of Nations: Preparing Ourselves for 21st-Century Capitalism, by Robert B. Reich (Knopf; $24). At once an argument and an analysis, this book is also a rarity—a work of economic theory that the layman can read with pleasure and intellectual profit. The author points out that every country's giant corporations have become international or multinational "enterprise webs," and that the nations that fare best in this new economic order are those whose work forces can meet "the worldwide demand for their skills and insights." Mr. Reich thinks that our country trains an élite who are superbly competitive in the world, but that it fails a majority of the population by offering it inadequate education, suitable only for routine jobs—hence the widening gap in real income between rich and poor, and the growing number of working poor. He notes that inequality has increased in other advanced economies as well, but he believes that a combination of government domestic policy, international coöperation, and public understanding of the meaning of "positive economic nationalism" can reverse the trend.

Turning Japanese: Memoirs of a Sansei, by David Mura (Atlantic Monthly; $22.95). The author, a poet, is a sansei, a third-generation Japanese-American, whose parents had been in American concentration ("relocation") camps during the Second World War. He grew up in a Jewish neighborhood of Chicago, and spoke no Japanese. In 1984, he won a grant to write and study in Japan for a year; this book is his account of the experience. Mr. Mura, who had always felt inferior because of his race, records his initial shock at finding himself among people who looked like him but with whom he couldn't communicate. Acclimatization was slow but sure. He accumulated friends, most of them English-speaking Japanese—artists, writers, dancers, and intellectuals—and he tells of strenuous bouts of eating and drinking in Tokyo restaurants and bars with them. (The alcohol intake of the Japanese is astonishing, but, Mr. Mura says, the idea of Alcoholics Anonymous is mystifying to them.) There is brilliant writing in this book, observations of Japanese humanity and culture that are subtly different from and more penetrating than what we usually get from Westerners.

•

He also favors the death penalty and a moment of silence for those who want to pray in school.—*Wayne King in the Times.*

Not necessarily in that order, however.

CAMRY V6

PASS THE ENTRANCE EXAM.

Going from zero to traffic speed in the length of an on-ramp can be a real test of nerve for the average sedan owner. Luckily, the Camry V6 is not at all average.

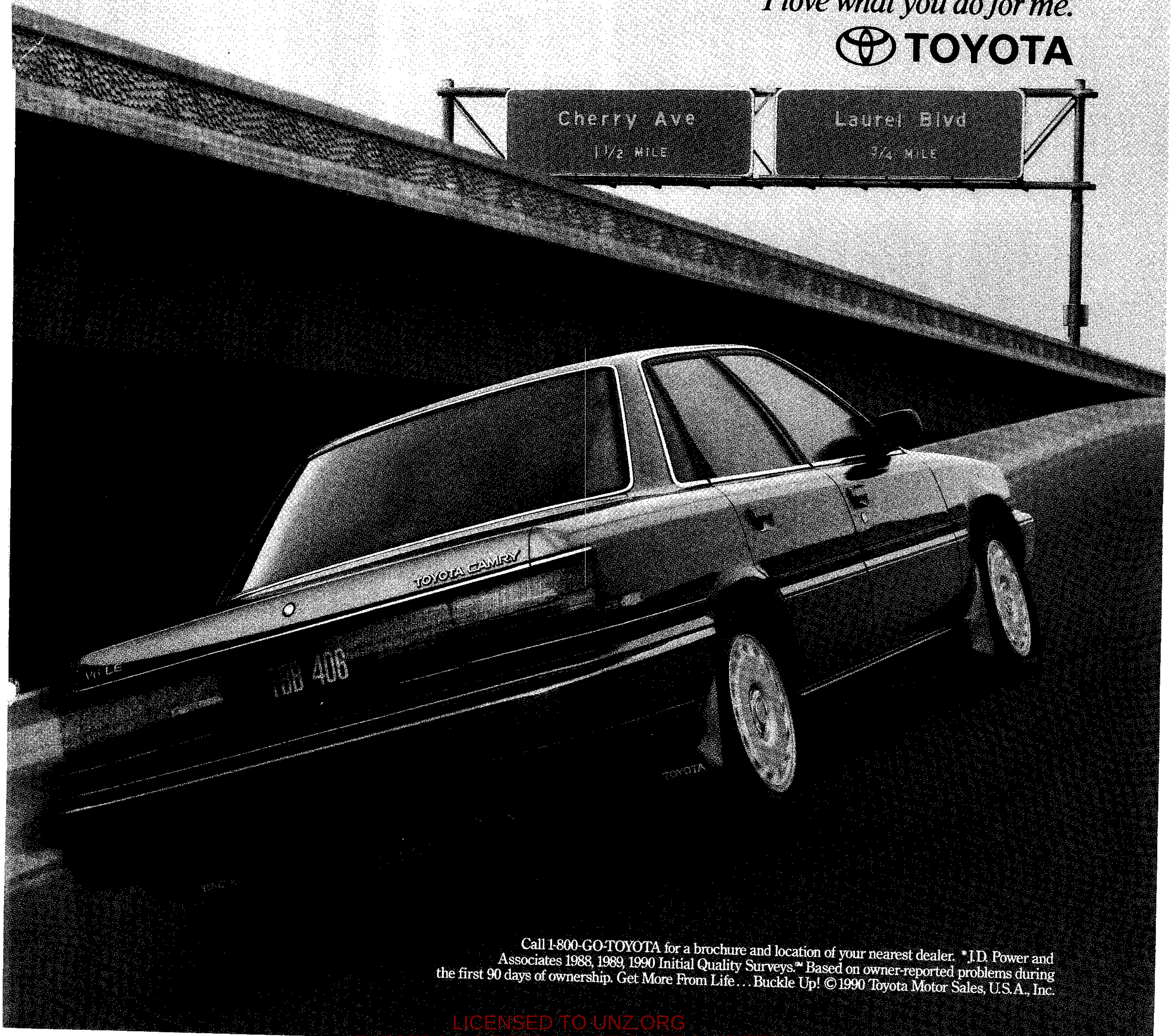
Thanks to a Four-Cam, 24-valve, electronically fuel-injected engine, the Camry V6 develops 156 horsepower and 160 ft.-lbs. of torque. So even with its generous passenger space filled, the Camry has plenty of power for on-ramps, traffic, or hills.

Of course, power isn't the only reason the Camry V6 is so special. For three years in a row, Camry has been the most trouble-free compact car sold in America.*

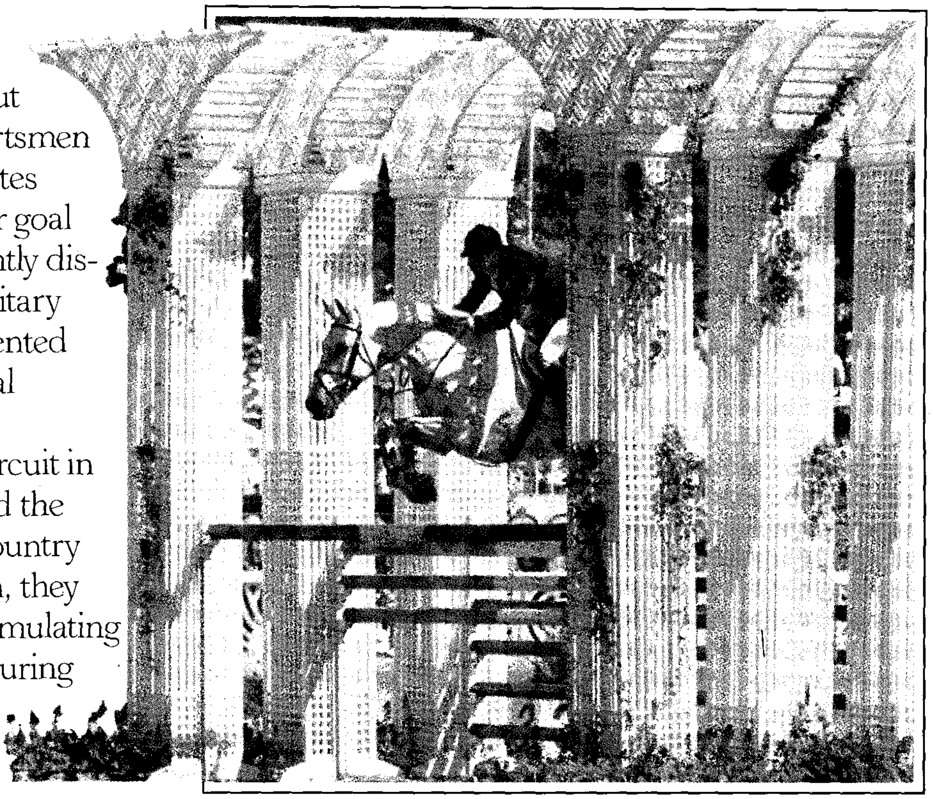
So whether the hills are mild or steep, the Camry V6 can be counted on to move to the head of its class. Further proof that with the Camry V6, you have just about the perfect car.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA



Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer. *J.D. Power and Associates 1988, 1989, 1990 Initial Quality Surveys.℠ Based on owner-reported problems during the first 90 days of ownership. Get More From Life... Buckle Up! © 1990 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.



Greg Best and Gem Twist, Olympic individual Silver Medal winners.

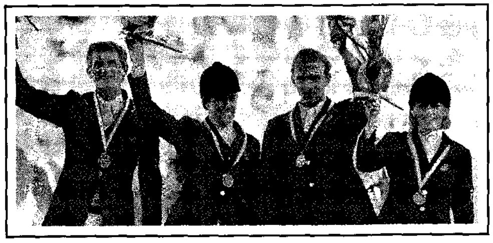
The U.S. Equestrian Team. A proud presence in a classic sport.

In 1949, a small but ambitious group of sportsmen founded the United States Equestrian Team. Their goal was to replace the recently disbanded world-class military squads that had represented America in international competition.

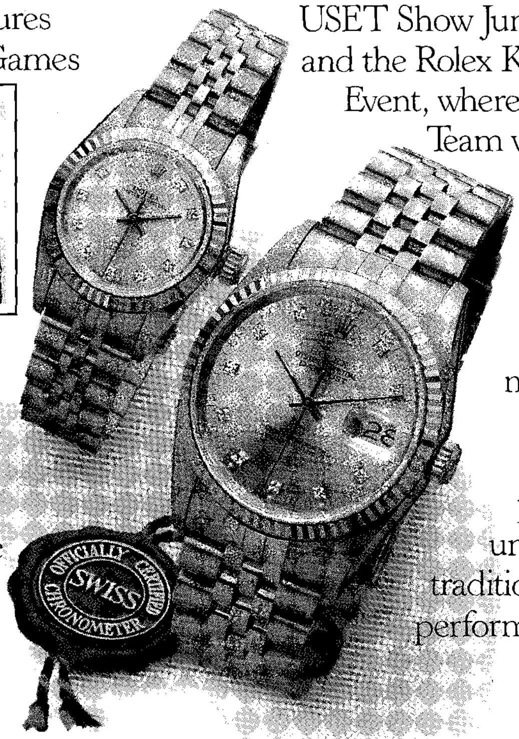
On its first Fall Circuit in 1950, the Team captured the Nations' Cup in a six-country competition. Since then, they have been steadily accumulating championships by nurturing new talent through extensive training and competition.

Recent honors include the United States' first Team Gold Medal at the World Show Jumping Championships and two Olympic Silver Medals in Seoul.

Already the USET has embarked on the quadrennial cycle that features the inaugural World Equestrian Games in Stockholm and ends with the Barcelona Olympics. Throughout this period, Team skills will be refined by a challenging series of Rolex-USET events, including the United States Equestrian Team Medal Classes and Finals, the USET Show Jumping Talent Derby, and the Rolex Kentucky Three-Day Event, where the U.S. Equestrian Team will be selected. The enduring bond between Rolex and the United States Equestrian Team is held fast by a mutual commitment to excellence. That dedication has preserved for each a universally recognized tradition of high performance.



U.S. Olympic Silver Medal Show Jumping Team.



ROLEX

Rolex Lady Oyster Perpetual and Men's Oyster Perpetual Datejust in stainless steel and 18kt gold with matching Jubilee bracelets and diamond dials. Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 362, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022-5383.

© 1989 Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc.

Rolex, Oyster Perpetual, Datejust and Jubilee are trademarks.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED